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The RING

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Journalist or Jerk-olist?

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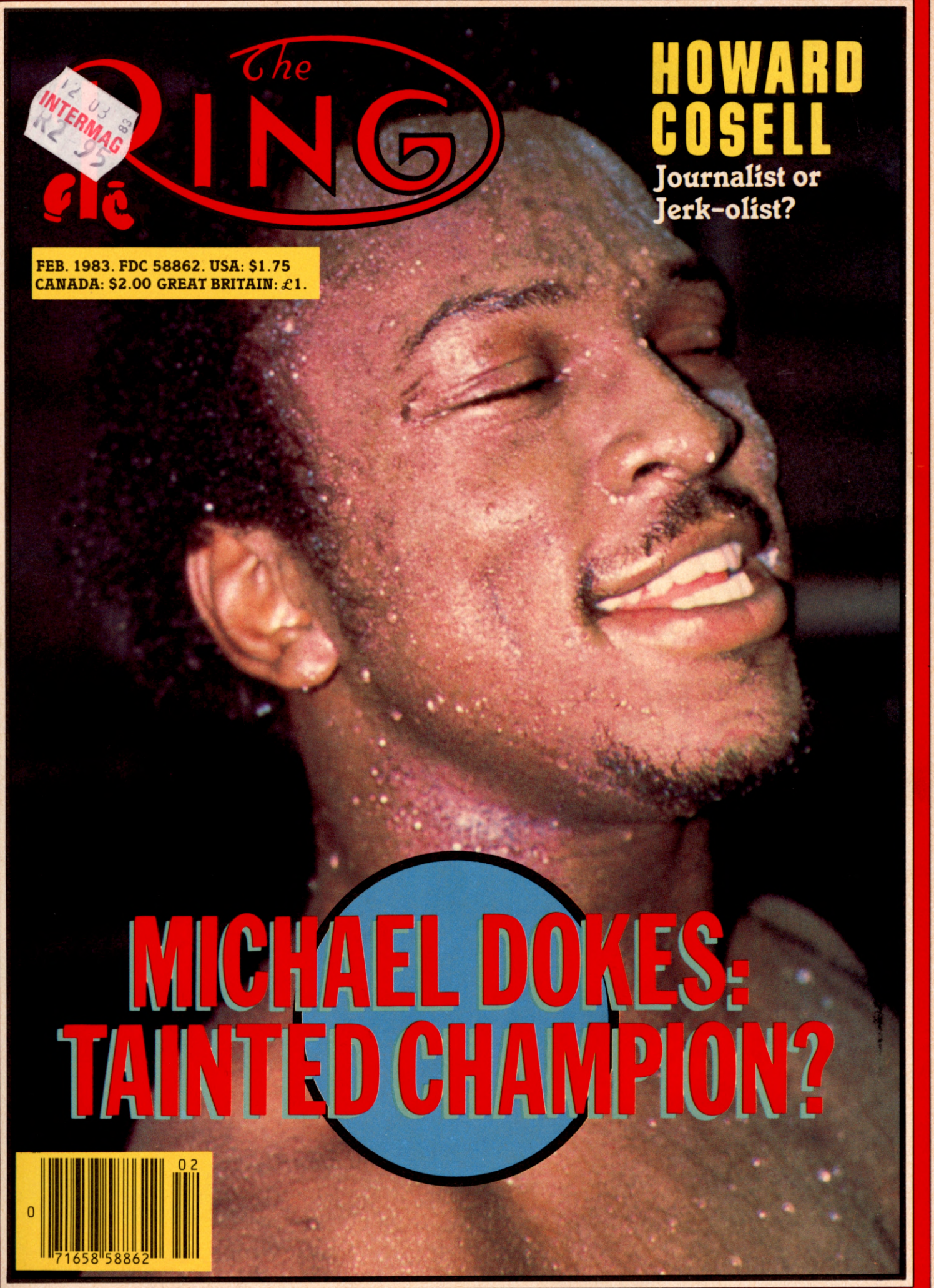

MICHAEL DOKES: TAINTED CHAMPION?

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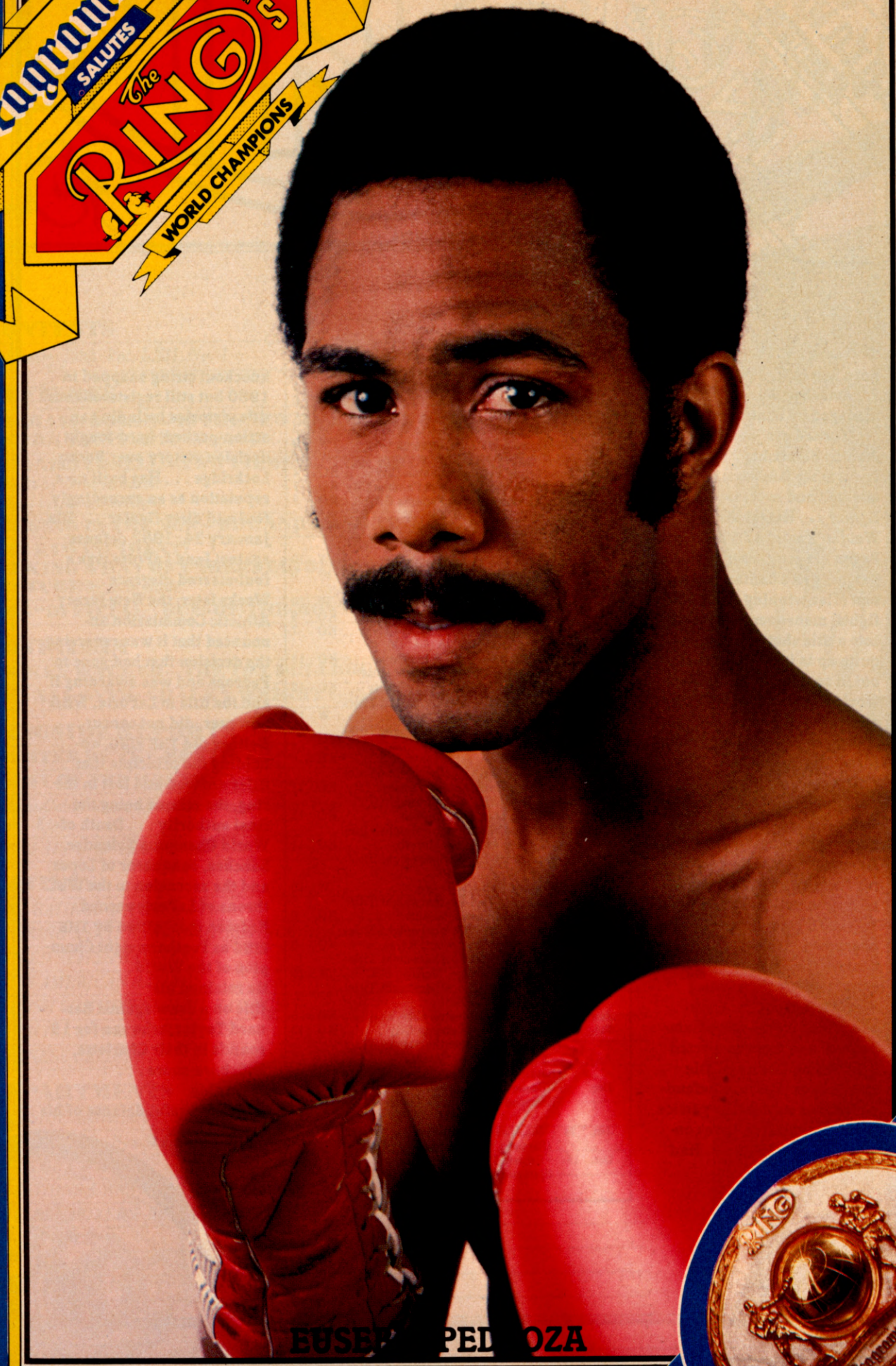

EUSE PEDROZA

Seagram's V.O. SALUTES The RING's WORLD CHAMPIONS

Born March 2, 1953 in Panama City, Panama . . . Managed by Santiago del Rio . . . Turned pro just three months before his 21st birthday, rather late for such a talented and successful fighter . . . Height: 5'9", Weight: a solid 126 lbs . . . Began his pro career campaigning as a bantamweight and after winning 14 of 15 fights, maneuvered himself into a title shot . . . Was not quite up to it and got knocked out in second round by then world champ Alfonso Zamora on April 3, 1976 . . . 1976 was a year he'd just as soon forget; he finished it with a sixth round knockout loss to bantamweight Oscar Arnal in Caracas . . . Nobody has beaten him since . . . Most Americans were too busy filing their taxes at the last minute to notice, but on April 15, 1978 he outlasted and overpowered Cecilio Lastra to capture the WBA featherweight crown on a 13th round knockout . . . Overshadowed by the more flamboyant, and more respected WBC titlist, Danny "Little Red" Lopez, Pedroza defended his title successfully twice that year and four times on knockouts in 1979 . . . Had knockout string snapped in 1980 but still registered four title victories including an action-packed, hard-fought decision victory over Rocky Lockridge . . . Has built up a reputation as an exceedingly foul and dirty fighter . . . His January 24, 1982 defense against Juan LaPorte was a foul-marred disgrace . . . Weeks later, the New Jersey Athletic Commission announced that it was reversing the decision that had gone to Pedroza and was awarding it and the title to LaPorte. WBA however, did not concur . . . Neither did THE RING, upholding the principle that titles are won and lost in the ring, the referee being the final authority . . . Death of World Champion Salvador Sanchez, conqueror of Lopez, and the ascension to the WBC throne of LaPorte earned Pedroza recognition by THE RING as Featherweight Champion of the World . . . He retained his title on a draw against Bernard Taylor, who ran for 15 rounds in their Charlotte, N.C. bore-snore . . . It was his 15th successful defense of his WBA title—a record.

EUSEBIO PEDROZA

		1973		
Dec.	1	—Julio Garcia, Panama City	KO	4
Dec.	22	—Jose Santana, Panama City	W	4
		1974		
Feb.	8	—Jorge Bernal, Panama City	W	6
Mar.	1	—Chacon Plata, Panama City	W	8
Mar.	30	—Jacinto Fuentes, Panama City	KO	1
May	4	—Ricardo Vega, Panama City	KO	2
June	14	—Ernesto Davis, Panama City	KO	1
July	20	—Vicente Worrell, Panama City	KO	1
Sept.	14	—Senen Rios, Panama City	KO	6
		1975		
Jan.	18	—Alfonso Perez, Panama City	KO by	3
Feb.	22	—Ernesto Mathias, Panama City	TW	8
Mar.	21	—Benicio Sosa, Panama City	W	10
Apr.	26	—Marcos Britton, Panama City	KO	4
July	19	—Guillermo Almongod, Panama City	KO	7
Nov.	5	—Orlando Amoros, Panama City	KO	9
		1976		
Apr.	3	—Alfonso Zamora, Mexicali (For World Bantamweight Title)	KO by	2
June	12	—Pablo Jimenez, Panama City	W	10
July	11	—Oscar Arnal, Caracas	KO by	6
		1977		
Apr.	2	—Jose Santana, Panama City	W	10
May	14	—Reynaldo Hidalgo, Panama City	KO	9
Nov.	26	—Rodolfo Francis, Panama City	KO	7
		1978		
Apr.	15	—Cecilio Lastra, Panama City (Won WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	13
July	2	—Ernesto Herrera, Panama City (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	12
Nov.	27	—Enrique Solis, San Juan (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	W	15
		1979		
Jan.	9	—Royal Kobayashi, Tokyo (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	13
Apr.	8	—Hector Carrasquilla, Panama City (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	11
July	21	—Ruben Olivares, Houston (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	12
Nov.	17	—Johnny Aba, Port Moresby (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	11
		1980		
Jan.	22	—Spider Nemoto, Tokyo (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	W	15
Mar.	29	—Juan Malvares, Panama City (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	9
July	20	—Sa-Wang Kim, Seoul, Korea (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	8
Oct.	4	—Rocky Lockridge, McAfee, N.J. (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	W	15
		1981		
Jan.	17	—Raul Silva, Panama City	KO	5
Feb.	14	—Patrick Ford, Panama City (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	13
Aug.	1	—Carlos Pinango, Caracas (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	7
Dec.	5	—Bashew Sibaca, Panama City (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	KO	5
		1982		
Jan.	24	—Juan LaPorte, Atlantic City (Retained WBA Featherweight Title)	W	15
Oct.	16.	—Bernard Taylor, Charlotte (Retained World Featherweight Title)	D	15

The RING

The bible of boxing

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RINGSIDE

COMING IN THE WAKE OF THE DEUK-KOO Kim tragedy, the Holmes-Cobb mismatch and the Howard Cosell verbal tirade, boxing has succumbed to the Chicken Little syndrome. Everyone seems to be running around screaming "The sky is falling, the sky is falling . . . " and overreacting more than any group of people since they abandoned cars and ran for their lives during an Orson Welles broadcast of "The War Between the Worlds-- some forty-plus years ago.

Whether this overreaction is pure paranoia based on guilt or on ineptness is not certain. But one thing is certain: The reformers are now screwing up our sport.

First we were treated to the moralists who came out of their collective closet to call for the abolition of boxing. Their cause seemed to be based on the brutality of boxing, its many deaths and its purpose, which they defined as the only sport which called for a man to strike another on the head to render him HORS DE COMBAT. It did no good to cite figures from the AMA which showed that boxing was only the seventh in a long list of grissly statistics pertaining to the incidence of fatalities per thousand participants, behind such sports as college football and horse racing. Nor that the real purpose of boxing was the intransitive verb "to win." They were so sure of their position that facts and statistics would only have confused them.

But if they were the announced enemies of boxing, their reaction was mild indeed compared to those actions from boxing's supposed friends, its supporters, who gave boxing its blackest eye. Time and again they were to prove that the inmates were running the asylum. First there was a hue and cry for a "two-month moratorium" so that something called a blue-ribbon panel could study the sport. Then several within the sport held out the specter of headguards and padded gloves. Next we witnessed rule changes emanating from that enlightened island of leadership from Mexico City which admits to the name WBC—and probably has its offices above a combination charm and beauty school and gas station—advocating a 12-round limit to championship fights, standing eight-counts and ninety-second rest periods between rounds. And, finally, we witnessed the spectacle of a referee jumping in to end a fight after only 63 seconds because, as he so cravenly said, "There will be no Deuk-Koo Kims in my fights."

God, save us from our protectors! With such wonderful forward think I'm surprised that someone in the boxing ranks hasn't come up with a way to mail in the results and save everyone the trouble of even answering the bell.

No, more, much more, is needed than mere pronounciamentos and wishful thinking. Maybe we should start with Larry Holmes' enlightened idea that there be a uniform pre-fight physical, one which more than counts the knuckles on a fighter's hands and checks to see whether he is breathing. An organized United States commission would be another idea whose time has come. And, if three ideas aren't too much to absorb in one sitting, we would also like to see an overall computer system which would serve as a central clearing house for information on boxers' records and condition.

These concepts, plus pensions and life and disability insurance for fighters, are far more pressing than the limitation of a championship fight to 12 rounds, padded gloves and headguards. And, if no one else can figure out how to implement them we would like to volunteer RING'S offices. We seem to be better fitted for the purpose at hand than the do-gooders and the do-nothings who seem to seek the headlines with every boxing tragedy.

For if nothing tangible comes out of the Deuk-Koo Kim tragedy we may have to endure more mismatches, more deaths and more verbal diarrhea from Howard Cosell. And it's a toss-up as to which is worse.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

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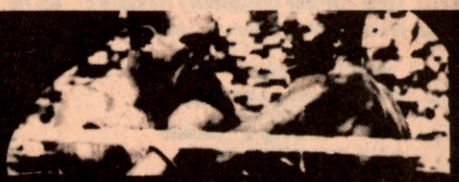

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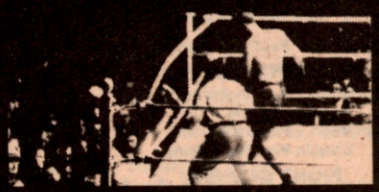

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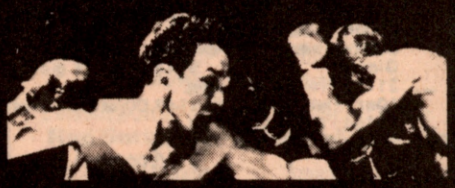

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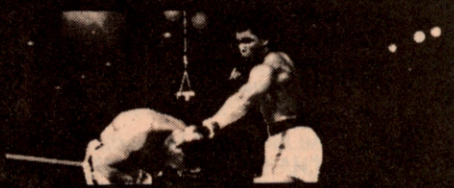

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A FISHY STORY: GOING ACROSS STATE LINES FOR IMMORAL PURPOSES

A SCHEDULED FIGHT BETWEEN two United States citizens, neither of exceptional talent, in the heart of mid-America, provided the platform for a blow to be struck against domination of boxing by a South American clique.

The Indiana Athletic Commission refused to surrender its responsibility for appointing officials to an Ossie Ocasio-Young Joe Louis 195-lb. bout scheduled for Gary, even though the WBA tabbed it something called a "junior heavyweight" championship fight. Don King, wanting that WBA imprimatur, appealed to Mayor Richard Hatcher, who did all he could to get the Commission to knuckle down.

The Commission stood firm, and at the last minute, King took the bout across state lines to Chicago, where the South Americans were permitted to appoint the referee and judges. This was the first time a championship bout had to escape across state boundaries since Fitzsimmons-Maher in 1896, one step ahead of the sheriffs. Oh, yeah. In the "championship" fight, Young Joe Louis, who disgraces the great name he stole, lost on points.

PUTTING THE Q.T. ON BOXING IN P.Q.

THE 1980 DURAN-LEONARD "BRAWL in Montreal" is a fond memory for boxing fans, for Roberto Duran — who beat Sugar Ray and copped the Welterweight crown — and for Bob Arum and Don King, who buried the hatchet for a night and made a killing.

But the backers — the city of Montreal and the Olympic Installations Board of Quebec province — remember the extravaganza with about the same fondness that the "town fathers" and bankers of Shelby, Montana recall the Jack Dempsey-Tom Gibbons heavyweight championship fight of 1923. Dempsey and manager "Doc" Kearns took their $200,000 cash advance — plus the gate — receipts and grabbed the first train east after that Fourth of July fiasco, and the town that had banked on the fight to "put Shelby on the map" went bankrupt instead.

Arum, King, Duran and Leonard didn't, at least as far as we know, hustle any cash out in suitcases on the flight back to the States, but the OIB, which oversees operation of Olympic Stadium, was taken for quite a ride. In this inflationary time, the total loss sustained by the OIB was $2.6 million.

"There wasn't any corruption in the OIB," an OIB spokeswoman told *The Ring*. Then why the heavy losses, when Arum and King did so well ($30 million in U.S. closed circuit revenues, reportedly)? "They arranged a favorable deal," the spokeswoman continued. "Professional boxing is a very complicated business. When that's what you do for a living, you have an edge."

The insurance companies aren't that understanding. Citing "poor management" as the culprit, they have refused to honor the OIB's $1.9 million claim.

Revelations hit the Quebec papers, that then-government minister Claude Charron, anxious to reduce the OIB's multimillion dollar debt left over from the 1976 Olympics, had secretly paid $55,000 to Pierre Gobeil, sports editor of the French language daily, *La Presse*, for his help in arranging and hyping the fight. The OIB neglected to properly arrange hotel accommodations and only 15,000 Americans — half of what was expected — came to Montreal for the fight.

Charron subsequently resigned from the government after being caught shoplifting and Gobeil was removed from his job as sports editor, but kept on staff, by *La Presse*.

In the wake of the revelations, Quebec Premier Rene Levesque has announced that the provincial government will not promote any more boxing matches.

A HEAVYWEIGHT SETTLEMENT

A $600,000 SETTLEMENT HAS FInally been reached between the estate of Oscar "Ringo" Bonavena and the insurance company for the Nevada brothel where the Argentine heavyweight was shot to death in 1976.

Bonavena hooked up with Joe and Sally Conforte, owners of the Mustang Ranch, and Sally became his manager only months before Willard Ross Brymer, Joe Conforte's bodyguard, shot him. Brymer was convicted of murder and freed after serving only 15 months in prison. Oscar's widow Dora sued the Confortes for wrongful death.

As for Conforte, the legal pimp fled the country two years ago while under sentence for Federal tax evasion. The brothel has just filed for bankruptcy and the Internal Revenue Service is trying to take possession of it. Reports are that the IRS intends to sell the best little whorehouse in Nevada rather than go into the pimping business itself.

THE WELTER WAIT

THE RETIREMENT OF UNDISputed World Welterweight Champion, Sugar Ray Leonard left boxing fans itching for the anticipated Milton McCrory-Donald Curry showdown to determine Leonard's successor. McCrory, the De-

troit "Iceman" who iced his first 18 professional opponents and whipped the highly-rated Roger Stafford, and Curry, the hard-hitting Texan who beat Marlon Starling were ranked 1 and 2 by *The Ring*, as well as by both the WBA and the WBC.

But typical boxing politics has gotten in the way and it appears that the welterweight showdown will be put on hold. As part of an agreement that all concerned were amenable to, the WBC will match McCrory against Colin Jones, ranked no. 7 by *The Ring* — but No. 3 by the WBC — for the Council's title. Don King, presumably will promote. And Curry? He'll meet Jun-Sok Hwang, another one of those mysterious WBA "finds," for the WBA title in a fight to be promoted by Bob Arum.

"It doesn't make sense for Milton to fight Curry now," explained Emanuel Steward, McCrory's manager. "It's better to split the title and have them fight each other for more money later, when they're better known."

Judging by recent boxing history, in which unification fights come about as often as perfect games in baseball, it may be quite a while before boxing fans see the two top welterweights fight for the title.

HERMANO, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

THINK THINGS ARE TOUGH? YOU ain't seen nothing yet, at least as far as the WBA is concerned, that is. Recently the newly-elected president of the WBA, Gilberto Mendoza, called U.S. promoter Butch Lewis from his home in Venezuela to get him to call his vice president in Panama and have the vice president, in turn, call Mendoza. Maybe the WBA should spring for a new telephone book. Or maybe just a dime.

MORE THAN THE CIRCUIT WAS CLOSED

WHATEVER THE PERILS OF BOXing may be, if you want to see danger, barbarism and wanton disregard for human life, the place to go is not ringside for the next big fight but your local theater for the closed circuit telecast.

At one Queens, N.Y. theater for the telecast of the Hearns-Benitez fight, the overflow crowd of paying customers was augmented by hordes more who climbed up a rope from the street and entered via the men's room window. At the Palladium in downtown Manhattan, so many tickets were sold that the aisles and railings, as well as the seats were jammed with people. "We rented out the theater to the promoter (Don King)," the Palladium's manager explained. "They sold the tickets and took care of security."

"Taking care of security" in this case meant locking all the exit doors from both sides. This criminal act, coupled with the deliberate overcrowding was an invitation to catastrophe and calls for investigation by the Department of Buildings and the Fire Department. Similar incidents occurred throughout the country. Luckily, the fight fans were, for the most part, well-behaved and no one was reported injured. But if promoters — and this has happened not only at Don King fights — continue to flout the laws pertaining to public exhibitions, next time we may not be so lucky.

DOLLARS FOR DOUGH-NUTS

IF YOU HAVEN'T YET HAD IT UP TO here, hearing Larry Holmes say "I'll fight Gerry Cooney again — only for $25 million," then you'll be thrilled with the nonsense being sent out by Aaron Pryor's business agent, "Dollar Bill" Waller. Along with a professionally made 8×10 glossy showing "Dollar Bill" in a fancy black suit and tie, gold watch and diamond ring comes a cheap-looking, mimeographed "news release" that asks the burning question "What time is it?" and provides the answer, "$8 million dollar time."

In two paragraphs replete with grammatical and typographical errors, "Dollar Bill" goes on to say that he is "taking bids starting at $8 million dollars" for a Pryor vs. Ray Mancini, "all Ohio — all World Championship Battle."

We wish Aaron — and Larry — luck in their quest to get maxi megabucks for their services. Economic theoreticians might surmise that Pryor and Holmes — whose earning power outside of boxing is limited — would fight for whatever offer they can get. Whatever practitioners of the "dismal science" might say about the "sweet science," ultimatums such as "Give me $25 million, or else" don't carry much clout. Look for Larry Holmes to take less money, against someone else, unless Gerry does something big — such as win the WBA title — first. And look for Pryor to fight Mancini for a small fraction of what he is "demanding."

Good money, still, and enough to hire an agent who sends out professionally prepared releases in addition to self-aggrandizing photographs.

KIM'S KIN

THE DEATH OF SOUTH KOREAN boxer Deuk-Koo Kim was tragic enough without the tragic, almost comedic, happenings in Vegas after his death. For almost immediately after the stricken boxer was carried from the ring on a stretcher he became a pawn in game of geopolitics. And part of a family he never had.

The scenario went something like this: When Kim arrived in Vegas a few days before the Mancini fight, he let it be known that his mother had been buried some seven years before and that he had been raised by a "wealthy" tea plantation owner. In fact, the "wealthy" plantation owner was hardly a man of means, but his mother's death was attested to by a certificate of death and verified by a spokesperson at the Korean consulate in Los Angeles.

So what was the "mother" who suddenly

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surfaced after the fatal bout doing? And who was she? Apparently the woman who arrived in Vegas claiming to be his mother had been sent over, together with four Korean acupuncturists, by the Korean Sports Federation. Their concern was that Kim, who was on life support systems at that time in a Las Vegas hospital, and was, according to American medical standards, "clinically dead," was, in accordance with Korean culture, still a living person. And as a face-saving device they had to conscript someone in Korea to come over to give their blessings to the removal of the support systems or face the righteous wrath of their Communist counterparts, the North Koreans.

When Kim's surrogate mother arrived, a press conference was called. However, instead of seeing the person claiming to be Kim's mother all reporters witnessed was ex-Harlem Globetrotter star Meadowlark Lemon handing out invitations to his new team's appearance at the Las Vegas Civic Center. After the four acupuncturist attested to the fact that Kim was "dead," at least according to American standards, a compromise was struck: "Mrs. Kim" would graciously donate some of the fallen fighter's vital organs to worthy recipients.

As a macabre postscript, it didn't stop some woman in South Korea, claiming she had been Kim's affianced, to claim that she was carrying Kim's kid and, at his funeral, "marry" him posthumously.

BARTENDERS' TRIVIACORNER

NAME THE FIGHTERS WHO scored knockdowns against these great Heavyweight Champions, before, during or after their reigns: Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, Muhammad Ali, Larry Holmes. Clue: The list has 15 men.

Last month's question: Name all the men whose last names start with *C* who fought for any version of the Heavyweight Championship of the World.

Answer: James J. Corbett, Georges Carpentier, Primo Carnera, Billy Conn, Ezzard Charles, Don Cockell, Cassius Clay, George Chuvalo, Henry Cooper, Jean Pierre Coopman, Gerrie Coetzee, Gerry Cooney and Randall Cobb entered the ring under those names. Joseph Paul Cukoschay and Arnold Raymond Cream won the title as Jack Sharkey and Jersey Joe Walcott, respectively.

NOBODY SELLS LIKE CO-SELL

NOW THAT HOWARD COSELL HAS turned his back on boxing because of its "hypocrisy," do you think someone should point out to him his own?

During the Holmes-Cobb mismatch telecast Howard was so anxious to pin something, anything, on the "print media," that he incorporated his favorite collective scapegoat, the "print media," into his Up-Close-and-Personal interview with Tex Cobb before the fight. "Do you," intoned Cosell, "agree with those in 'the print media' who thought this was a mismatch?" Cobb answered in the negative, as he was supposed to, and Cosell nodded in a there-you-have-it-fans, you-heard-it-here-first manner with all the gravity of someone who had just stumbled onto a Pulitzer-prize-winning story, closing out the interview. Two rounds later he was to change his tune and become a Howard one-note throughout the telecast, heaping abuse on everyone within sight for what *he* now termed a mismatch — the referee, boxing's "apologists," the promoter, the powers-that-be, ad nauseum. But nowhere in his verbal diarrhea could he find it in his heart, or in his mental capacity, to grasp that the one most culpable for bringing this mismatch to the airwaves was his employer, ABC-TV.

After 15 rounds, which could just as easily have been the first round replayed 14 times, Cosell laughably told what was left of his listening audience, there would be "no interviews after this fight," as if *he* had anything to do with it. If the truth be told, the remote truck parked outside the Houston Astrodome was already counting down for the close of the telecast and return to their line-up of ABC affiliates for the local news. Six minutes late.

The announcer on one of those local affiliates, Brian Leahy of WCVB, Boston, was not taken in by Howard's hypocrisy and told his audience that "ABC was in great part responsible for the mismatch."

As further proof of ABC's heavy hand in the heavyweight "mismatch," not only did they threaten to sue the A.C. Nielsen over its threat not to include the late evening news in their weekly ratings — the ones which came on six minutes late and which gave Howard no time to conduct his post-fight interviews anyway — but they benefited by the fact that the fight was the ninth highest-rated show on the weekly Nielsens and gave the network a hairline win over CBS in the week's ratings, the stuff of which money is made.

Now, Howard, what was that you were saying about hypocrisy? Whose?

TALK IS CHEAP

IN CASE YOU YAWNED THROUGH IT, Gerry Cooney made his first public ring appearance since his knockout loss to Larry Holmes in their Heavyweight Championship fight over six months ago.

Forty-eight hours before a four-round, "Toys-for-Tots" charity exhibition in Pasadena, Texas, Cooney shot off a telegram to the champion at his Easton, Pennsylvania office which concluded: "Since our fight you've been talking and talking. I hereby challenge you to be man enough to meet me in the ring on December 14. If you're still standing after four rounds, I will personally donate $10,000 to this worthy cause. I anxiously await your answer. Sincerely, Gerry Cooney."

We were kind of hoping that Holmes would have responded to the crass publicity stunt by wiring back "I'm taking the next flight to Houston. See you in the ring." Not because the heavyweight king needs to accept juvenile challenges, but because we wondered how many minutes it would have taken Cooney, who in one year pulled out of fights with Earnie Shavers, Holmes and Joe Bugner, to sustain something like a pulled pinky muscle, forcing an abrupt cancellation.

Holmes declined the offer and a rusty Cooney huffed his way through four slow rounds at Gilley's Nightclub with the 271-pound Harold Rice. Only in the fourth round did Cooney, who came in at 231 show any power. But by then the crowd of 800 had taken up a chant of "Holmes! Holmes!"

NO NEED TO HAGGLE

THE REFUSAL OF FAVORITE SON Marvelous Marvin Hagler to stage any more title defenses in Massachusetts has led his homestate to make a welcome turnaround. Until now, "Taxachusetts" had been taking a 5-percent cut on fight tickets and an outrageous 5-percent tax on out-of-state broadcast revenues on bouts emanating from Massachusetts. This latter tax made it economically suicidal to stage fights in the Bay State for national television when one

could so easily switch the promotion to a friendlier state.

Hagler whipped Fulgencio Obelmejias and Vito Antuofermo in Boston in 1981, but he and promoter Bob Arum said that that was more than enough. "5 percent of nothing is nothing," they told the state senators with whom they met. "2 percent of something is a little better."

A bill, co-sponsored by Brockton Democrat Sen. Anna Buckley and former middleweight contender — and now Democratic Representative — Joe DeNucci and signed into law by Gov. Ed King, lowers the tax to 4 percent on tickets and 2 percent on the out-of-state TV revenues. A seemingly selective and discriminatory provision that may be attacked as unconstitutional makes the new law retroactive to January 1, 1981, giving the promoters of the Antuofermo and Obelmejias fights a tax rebate.

Hagler, co-managers Goody and Pat Petronelli, and promoter Arum are putting the final touches on signing the middleweight champion's mandatory WBC defense against Tony Sibson for February 11 at the Worchester, Mass. Centrum.

PUNCHLINES

TEX COBB, ON SOME OF THE MEN who have hit him: "Holmes doesn't hit as hard as Shavers. Nobody hits like Shavers. If anybody hit harder than Shavers, I'd shoot him."

WBC President Jose Sulaiman, on the Holmes-Cobb TV commentary: "Stanley Cosell did a shameful attack on the sport."

Howard Cosell, backtracking on his publicized announcement to quit doing boxing: "I'm loyal to the network. If ABC wants me to do a Holmes-Cooney rematch, I'll do it."

Larry Holmes, thrilled at the possibility: "If Cosell's gonna call it, I won't fight Cooney again."

Dick Young, nationally-syndicated sports columnist: "Renaldo Snipes would have been heavyweight champ if he had Joey Curtis working his fight with Holmes."

BY BEN SHARAV

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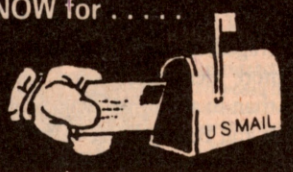

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COME OUT WRITING

HOWARD COSELL: THE MAN FANS LOVE TO HATE

WITH ALL OF THE BAD THINGS happening to boxing, at last one piece of good news: Howard Cosell is severing his connection with the sport.

If only it were true. Some years back, if memory serves me right, the same Cosell renounced Ali, only to be back within a month, clinging to his coat tail.

What Cosell is really doing is taking advantage of an opportunity to better his image. It will backfire.

CHARLES S. DELUCA, RUXTON, MD.

COSELL'S ROLE IS TO ANnounce, describe and comment on what is going on the ring. He is not there to preach sermons on the state of the world—or of the sport.

Cobb was a beaten, outclassed fighter. But he was hardly the defenseless, helpless, hospital-case Cosell wanted us to believe he was.

Please, ABC, give Howard professional wrestling to cover. His hysterics and theatrical posturing would be appreciated there.

BRUCE DETTMAN, CASTRO VALLEY, CALIF.

IN REPORTING THE HOLMES-COBB fight Howard Cosell achieved a new low in his vitriolic career as a boxing commentator. His biased distortions concerning the fight, the referee and his constant allusions to the recent death of the gallant Korean during the last lightweight title fight, did much to distract from the match which, it is assumed, he was hired to describe clearly and objectively. Furthermore, his bad taste in castigating the referee on public television was the epitome of crass pompousness.

It was obvious to even the most casual boxing fan that, based upon the record and experience of the two fighters, a mismatch was in the making. However in sports, more so than most human endeavors, there is always the intangible element of luck and/or fate. In the past, many fights have been won by sheer courage and determination against seemingly impossible odds. Against a much more skillful and experienced fighter, Cobb displayed courage and fortitude in keeping with the best traditions of boxing. I feel that in allowing the fight to go the distance, the referee was paying respect to the brave efforts of a courageous fighter.

Cosell is a hypocrite to have covered the bout.

HENRY C. BLAUD, CARON CITY, NEV.

DEUK-KOO KIM: MISMATCH OR NO?

I WAS SADDENED BY THE TRAGIC death of Deuk-Koo Kim, but am appalled by the comments I've been hearing from several "experts."

I have seen the WBA blamed by *The Ring* and by the Virginia Athletic Commission who point out that Kim had not earned his number 1 ranking. Well, Kim proved he deserved to be in the ring with Mancini in this fight. He gave Mancini the toughest fight he has ever had and furthermore I believe it was one of the greatest fights I've ever watched. It was better than the Pryor-Arguello fight and Arguello took more punishment than Kim did.

There is no one to blame in this tragedy. It goes with the territory in boxing, just as in many other endeavors that a small number of these tragedies will occur. I do not believe that more deaths have occurred in WBA fights than in any other type. Kim, like Willie Classen and Benny Paret before him accepted the risk. His death should not be exploited.

RALPH MORRIS, DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.

Ed. Note: Reader Morris has confused "competitive" with "mismatched." There is no doubt the fight was "competitive," but then so were the matches in the Roman Colisseum between the Christians and the lions—that is, until arms and legs started flying. But no one ever called them "even matches;" nor would we call the Kim fight one.

AARON PRYOR: UNLIKE RODNEY DANGERFIELD, FINALLY GAINING RESPECT

I DON'T THINK YOU'LL PRINT THIS, but I just had to have the last laugh. In your special Arguello-Pryor program, your predictions were almost all ridiculous. *Ring* columnist Charlie Spina predicted Arguello in 10 or 11; Bert Randolph Sugar predicted Arguello in 7, as did Randy Gordon; and Herb Goldman picked Arguello on points.

You didn't give Aaron a hope or a prayer. Next time give him the recognition he deserves.

GEORGE MARSHALL, OGDEN, UTAH

AARON PRYOR'S COMPLETE DOMination and utter destruction of the vastly overrated and mediocre Alexis Arguello doesn't surprise me at all. Arguello was pretty good, but not nearly as great as the mass media built him up to be. Alexis amassed such an attractive record against clubfighters, unskilled brawlers, bums, soft punchers, and at best, average boxers.

I wasn't impressed at all when I first saw the slow and plodding Nicaraguan and am now doubly convinced that he is far from being a complete boxer and doesn't belong in the class of Sugar Ray Leonard, Hector Camacho, Edwin Rosario, and Thomas Hearns. Arguello was never really tested against top quality puncher-boxers and was long overdue for a good whuppin'.

WENDELL B. SMITH, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

LARRY HOLMES: "CHAMP" IS NOT A FOUR-LETTER WORD

I HAVE BEEN A LONG-TIME ADmirer of Larry Holmes, the fighter. But I have always had my doubts concerning Larry Holmes, the man. Today I no longer doubt. Outside the ring, Holmes acts nothing like a champion. It's no wonder he doesn't get any respect.

I recently read an article on Holmes before his fight with Randy Cobb. In every other sentence he spoke, the word "bleep" was substituted for the four-letter words he really used. If he can't express himself any more intelligently than this, why even print these interviews? He also said he just purchased a machine gun because of vandals throwing debris at his house. This is our heavyweight champion?

Furthermore, another reason Holmes suffers from a lack of recognition is because most of his title fights have taken place at Caesars Palace. When Ali was champ, he defended his title around the world, in places like Ger-

many, London, Canada and Manila. Outside the U.S., Holmes is virtually unknown.

Looking at the sad state of today's heavyweights, Holmes can easily break Rocky Marciano's undefeated record (49-0) before he hangs them up. And he will go down in history as one of the all-time greats. Which he should—as a fighter, that is . . .

MIKE AOKI, BERKELEY, CALIF.

RING RECORDS: IT FIGURES!

IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO hand out some copies of *The Ring Record Book* to the writers currently working for you.

In your November issue Barney Nagler writes that Barney Ross "beat Jimmy McLarnin for the lightweight title." Ross must have been quite a remarkable fighter to accomplish this feat, because McLarnin never held the lightweight title.

Nagler also writes that Henry Armstrong lost his welterweight title to Fritzie Zivic on a 12-round TKO. Actually, Armstrong lost his title to Zivic on a 15-round decision—The 12-round TKO was the rematch.

Two months earlier Ed Schuyler dispensed the information that there were only four weight classes in U.S. boxing in 1902—"bantamweight, featherweight, middleweight, and heavyweight."

Joe Gans (rated by Nat Fleischer as the all-time top lightweight champion) and Joe Walcott (rated similarly by Fleischer in the welterweight division) would be interested to learn this.

No wonder these modern boxing "experts" are so quick to call Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard the "greatest of all time." They have no knowledge of anything earlier to compare them with.

ARNE STEINBERG, SILVER SPINGS, MD.

DOKES-WEAVER: NON-FIGHT OF THE YEAR

WEAVER-DOKES DESERVES THE "Farce of the Year" award. Do they really expect the public to buy this one? Three cheers for Larry Holmes for telling it like it is. I can't wait to see the WBA verdict on a rematch. In my opinion this should be a no-contest. I hope *Ring* comes out strong against garbage like this.

TODD POPPER, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q Could you give me some information on the "no decision" period?

—BRUCE MAROLF

A *The height of the "no decision" period stretched from about 1906 to 1925, with 1911 to 1917 (the days of the Frawley Law in New York) being its absolute peak. New York's Walker Law (1920) provided for decisions, and most of the other states soon followed suit, with Pennsylvania allowing official verdicts in 1924. The "no decision" situation was confined, mostly, to the eastern and midwestern states, but Alabama and a few other southern states did not permit decisions, either. The last few states to not allow decisions were in the midwest, but 1935 saw official dukes allowed throughout the nation. A good treatise could be written on the no decision era, but there's no space here for that.*

Q Could you please give me the record of "Irish" Art Hafey? He fought out of Pacific Beach, Calif. and was a friend of mine a long time ago.

—JACK WATSON

A *Hafey was a Canadian, and fought from 1968 to 1976. He was the world's top ranked featherweight in 1973, a year which saw him compile a 13-0 record with 11 knockouts. His overall log was 51-8-4 with 31 kayoes. Hafey's last fight was on August 6, 1976, when Danny Lopez stopped him at the Forum in Inglewood, California.*

Q Who was the first Japanese fighter to win a world's championship?

—GEOFFREY FINCH

A *Yoshio Shirai. He won the flyweight crown in 1952.*

Q Where and when was Benny Leonard's first pro bout?

—JACK KLAUSCH

A *At the Fairmont A.C., in the Bronx in 1911, when Benny was stopped via a bloody nose in the third round of a scheduled four by Mickey Finnegan.*

Q Did *The Ring* ever recognize Jackie Jurich as world's flyweight king?

—HARRY GOLBERG

A *Yes.* The Ring *listed Jurich as world champ for three months in 1938 after Benny Lynch came in overweight for a title defense against him on June 29 of that year. Benny won their bout by kayo, but he forfeited the crown. Jurich lost whatever claim he had when Peter Kane beat him on September 22, 1938 in Liverpool.*

Q What was Battling Levinsky's first professional fight?

—JAY MEYER

A *Some accounts say it was against Matt Ryan, who Levinsky (then fighting as Barney Williams) kayoed in the first. I can't verify that, as I don't have the Battler's early record. He was supposed to have begun fighting in 1906. Microfilmed copies of the Philadelphia* Inquirer *should supply the answer, if anyone can go through them and pick out the info.*

Q Exactly how does one start a boxing career? I am 17, 6'1" and 210 lbs., live in Chatham, N.J., and don't know where to start or who to contact.

—GREG ERIKSEN

A *Contact your local police department and ask them what youth centers in the area teach boys your age to box. Then, if you find you have the ability, discuss the possibility of entering a tourney with your coach or trainer. Don't worry about a professional career just yet.*

Q Was the Baby-Arizmendi-Mike Belloise 15-rounder for the world featherweight title?

—MIKE GREENE

A *No. It was for the State title only (i.e., New York's State crown as opposed to New York State recognition as world champion).*

Q Did Nate Bolden floor Jake LaMotta in their December 22, 1941 fight in Chicago's Marigold Gardens?

—GENE HARRIS

A *A check of three different Chicago newspapers by IBRO member Bob Soderman shows that he didn't.*

HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

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VETERAN BOXERS' BEAT

CHARLIE SPINA

GEORGE KOCHAN WAS RECENTLY INDUCTED into the Summit County Sports Hall of Fame in Akron, Ohio. One of the top-ranked middleweight contenders during the '40's, Kochan won 44 fights, lost 21 and drew 11 in his eight years as a pro. The former Akron-area boxer fought such standouts as Jake LaMotta, Archie Moore, Ossie Harris, and Billy Fox. George was a big favorite at Madison Square Garden and pleased the large crowd with his acceptance speech, the shortest on record. Kochan said "I am happy to be here, thank you very much . . ."

"Tracing the Champs"—*Jack Dempsey,* the Manassa Mauler, who acquired a pacemaker at New York Hospital last spring, just doesn't get around as much as he used to. The thing he misses the most, believe it or not, is the opera—he became a late-blooming opera buff at 81 and was a regular opera-goer until his recent hospitalization. His wife Deanna, has been filling in for him at various functions since then. This coming June 24, the Champ will celebrate his 88th birthday . . .

Fritzie Zivic, former great welterweight champion, who suffered two strokes which rendered him speechless and necessitated the amputation of a leg, is in the Aspenwall Veterans Hospital in Aspenwall, Pa. The best medicine for his aches and pains, right now might be to have his former fans drop him a line. He's down but not out. Lets help get him back in fighting shape so that he can win the most important fight of his life. "God Speed, Fritzie Zivic" . . .

Ben Jeby, ex-middleweight champion, still lives in Brooklyn, N.Y. Jeby was the subject of a New York *Daily News* column by Bill Reel last Oct. 5. In the article memories of Ben Jeby's fighting days were recalled, especially the night in '33 he won the title at Madison Square Garden over Frankie Battaglia. Our hats go off to Ben whose conduct in life exemplified his ring career. Honest, courageous, fair, hard-working, and hard-hitting—but only with those in his own weight. Truly a classy guy, BEN JEBY.

The Veteran Boxers Association, International Ring 101, Baltimore, Maryland, held their Tenth Annual Maryland Boxing Hall of Fame Dinner-Dance, on Sunday, October 17, 1982 at Martin's West in Baltimore Md.

The affair was held in memory of the late Joseph Poodles Sr. who served as its president from 1975 to 1981 and was also one of its founders and organizers. 1400 were on hand to also honor the following: Tony Baldoni, Dwight Braxton, current WBC lightweight champion of the world, Jimmy Collins, Johnny Ditto, Bobby Harmon, Jimmy Hines, Mack Lewis, Elwood Myers, Abe Sobel and Mannie Wible. The Mayor of Baltimore, Hon. William Donald Schaefer, designated October 17, 1982 as "Tribute to Joe Poodles, Senior Day" in Baltimore, urging all citizens to acknowledge his many contributions to his family, his community, and to the world of boxing . . ."

The 1982 National Veteran Boxers Association Convention was held October 15, 16, 17, 18 at the Resorts International Hotel in Atlantic City, N.J. Boxers from all over the country were present for the many fight cards slated that weekend at Atlantic City Casinos. Guest of honor at the Convention was Robert W. Lee, Deputy Boxing Commissioner of N.J., who spoke eloquently in behalf of the veteran boxers. Elections were held and the following slate was elected: Pres., Bernie Manhoff; 1st V.P., Mike Mittman; 2nd V.P., Ralph Lake; 3rd V.P., Peter Modica; Secretary, Odin Dudrich; Treasurer, Audrey Jones; and Exec. Secretary, Louis N. Forman. Certificates of merit were awarded to Ralph Lake, Andrey Jones, Jim Harkins, Buddy Hayes, Odin Dudrich and Harry Warren . . . On November, 22, 1982, The Downtown Athletic Club of New York City, held its 7th annual "A Champion in the Ring—A Champion in Life" awards night. This year's "Champion in the Ring" award went to Alexis Arguello, WBC lightweight champion, who received the annual Rocky Marciano Memorial Award, which was presented to him by the late heavyweight champ's 29-year-old daughter, Maryann Marciano, and the champion in life award went to sports cartoonist Bill Gallo, of *Boxing Illustrated.* The Marciano award is presented annually by the DAC to a former ring champion. This year Alexis Arguello was the seventh recipient of the award and the first active fighter to have been so honored. In past years the award went to former champions Carmen Basilio, Jersey Joe Walcott, Floyd Patterson, Tony Zale, Willie Pep and Billy Conn . . .

The Veteran Boxers Association of Brooklyn, N.Y., Ring 21 held their 22nd annual testimonial dinner-dance on Sunday November, 21st 1982 at the Micali Terrace in Brooklyn, N.Y. This year's honorees were the late Bobby Wagner, Petey Del Re, Al Caccamo and Artie Martini. A total of 600 attended this gala affair and Pres. Joe Mulli and his committee are to be commended on a job well done. . . On January 10, 1983 Billy Petrolle, "The Fargo Express," celebrated his 78th birthday. Petrolle lives in the Duluth, Minn. area and is hale and hearty. Billy is best remembered for his old Navajo Indian blanket soaked with sweat and blood (which, for good luck, he never washed) and his defeating of six champions, yet never winning a title. At one time or another he beat Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin, Jack Kid Berg, Jimmy Goodrich, Bat Battalino and Sammy Mandell. He also fought Lou Kid Kaplan and Barney Ross. In a career of over 150 bouts, Billy fought for a world's title only once—in 1932, losing a 15-rounder to Tony Canzoneri in NYC. "Happy Birthday" Billy Petrolle . . .

On August, 5, 1982—Bushy Graham, the former bantamweight champion, died at his home in Utica, N.Y. Born, June 18, 1903, Graham was 80 years old, at the time of his death. In 127 ring encounters, he emerged victorious in all but 13. Bushy fought men like Frankie Genaro, Bud Taylor, Fidel LaBarba, Bat Battalino, Kid Chocolate, Abe Goldstein, Freddie Miller and Tony Canzoneri. He won the vacant N.Y. Commission Bantamweight title in 1928 defeating Corp. Izzy Schwartz in a 15-round bout, in N.Y. City.—Rest in peace, Bushy Graham . . .

Jimmy Goodrich, age 82, former lightweight champion of the world, passed away at his home in Fort Myers, Florida on Sept., 24, 1982. Jimmy was President Emeritus of Ring 50 Tampa, Fla. and highly respected by all—Rest in Peace . . .

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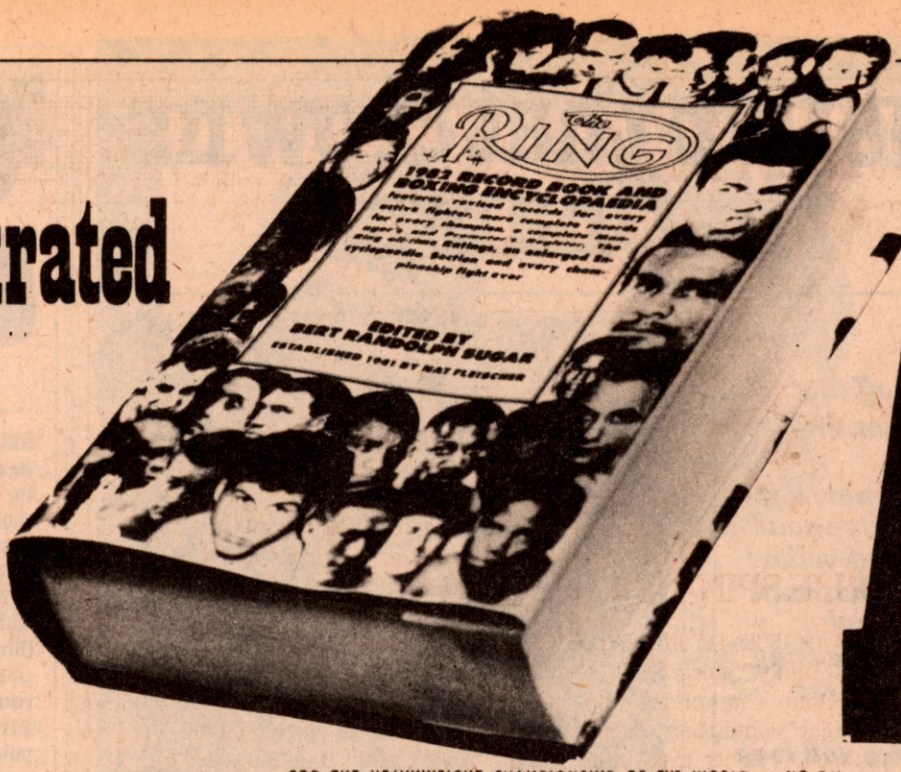

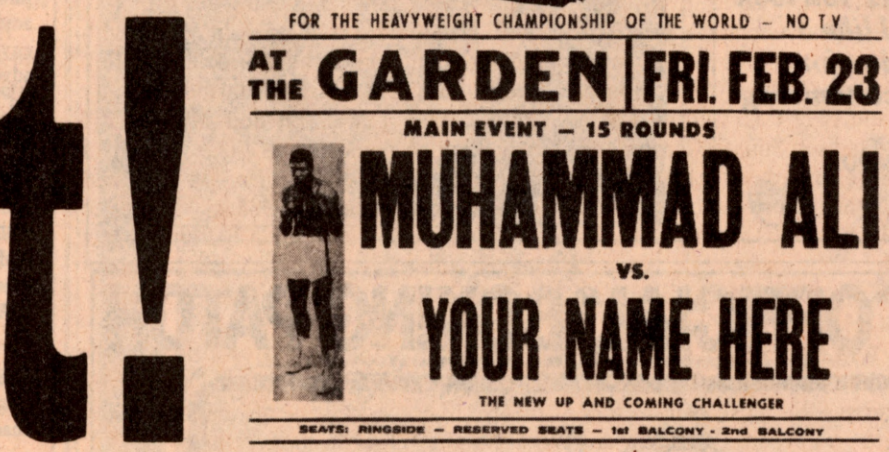

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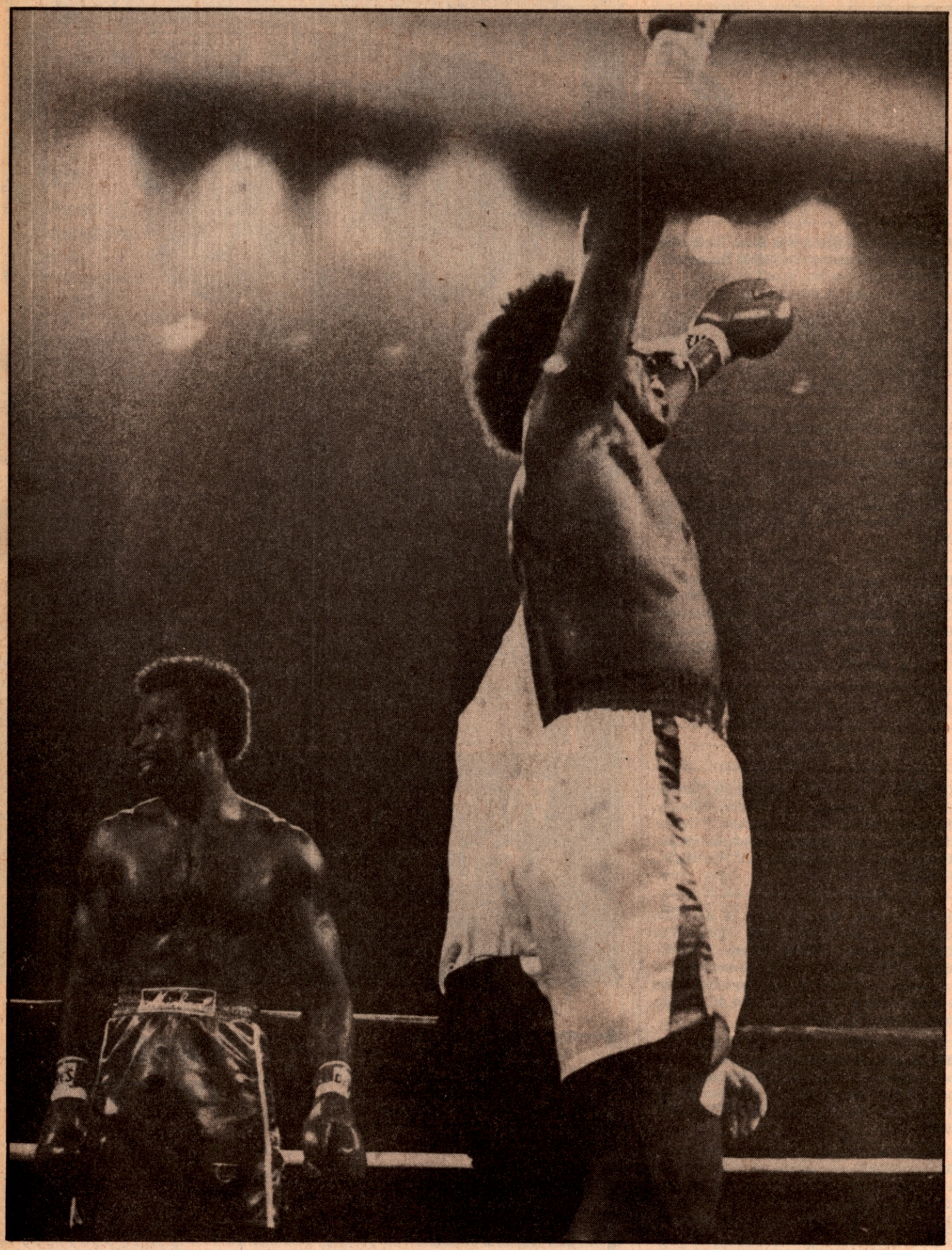


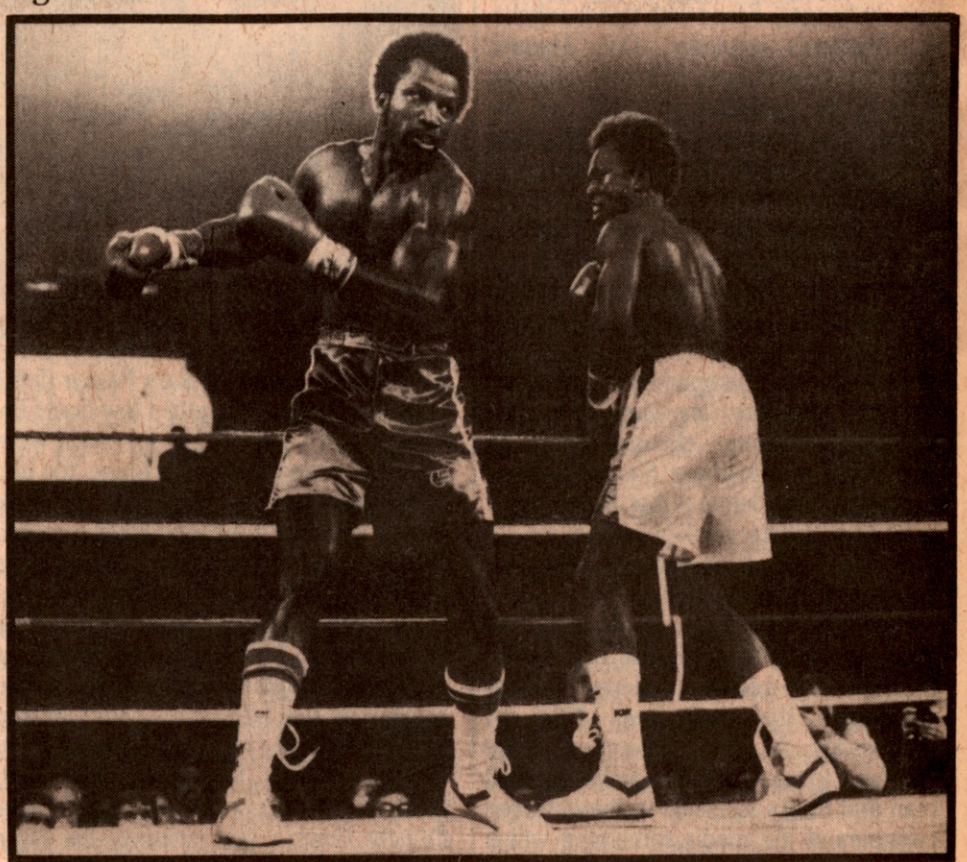
MICHAEL DOKES: IS HIS NEW WBA CROWN TAINTED?

EIGHT O'CLOCK in the morning in the Caesars Palace Sports Pavilion in Las Vegas—a typical weigh-in (a bit earlier than usual), meaning it was cold (they always seem to be; I pity those poor bastards who have to peel down to nothing to make weight), official (commission officials with a lot of red tape talking in severe tones to a lot of prelim kids), and fairly crowded. ¶ This one was a little less crowded than usual—due, no doubt, to the fact that some of the reporters sent to cover the Dokes-Weaver fight decided to remain in bed until a civilized hour of the day. The prelims would begin at 5:15 that afternoon, with the main event scheduled to go on at 7:30 P.S.T.—10:30 by New York standards, where the fight would be shown live on HBO. HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

ONE BY ONE, THE PRELIM KIDS weighed in—Conroy Nelson, Johnny Baca, Percell Davis, Gabe Lira, James Alger (one pound over the agreed-upon weight limit at 133; he later came in at 131¾), Doug James, Travis Martin, and the rest. Unannounced and almost inconspicuously, WBA world heavyweight champion Mike Weaver got on the scales and the official called out "Mike Weaver-209¾," as if Mike had been just another of the prelim boys (who, due to a court battle with Don King, were being paid out of Weaver's own purse. More of that later).

Then it came. "Make way for the next heavyweight champion of the world." It was Don King, who, like Elijah heralding the coming, was announcing his own fighter, Michael Dokes.

Don King, of course, is not Dokes' *manager.* Don's *son,* Carl, manages Dokes, which, of course, is a world of difference—like when George Wallace's wife was elected governor of Alabama. Don King was the *promoter* of the Weaver-Dokes fight—a conflict of interest akin to Mary Cunningham working under William Agee at Bendix and being elevated to



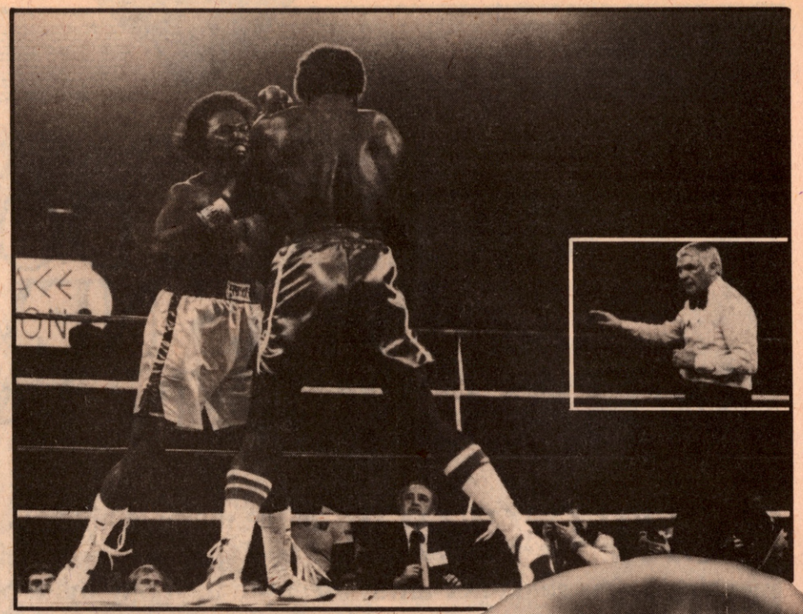
a senior "position," and becoming his wife.

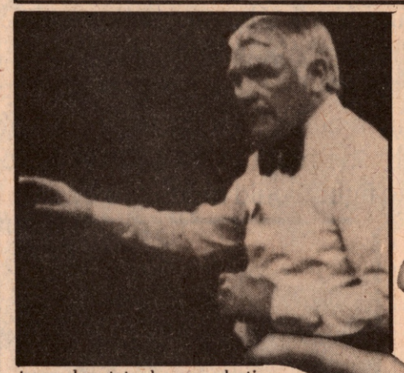
At least Don was honest about it. He was on Dokes' side. And wanted everyone to know it. And they did! The odds on Dokes were 5-2—the longest odds in favor of a heavyweight challenger in boxing title history, matched only by Joe Louis over Jimmy Braddock back in 1937. Joe Louis, of course, was already being considered one of the all-time greats in 1937, despite his 12-round kayo loss to Schmeling. Dokes has never been likened to Louis, Dempsey, Johnson, Marciano, or for that matter, Larry Holmes. To quote Larry: "Michael Dokes couldn't carry my jockstrap across the street."

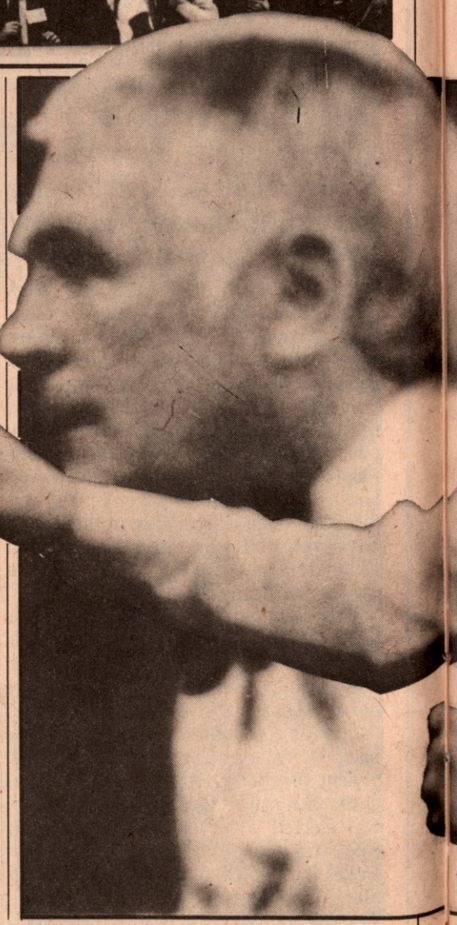
One may ask why Weaver, the "champion" (at least in the eyes of the WBA) would consent to defend his portion of the title against Dokes in a fight promoted by the father of the challenger's manager. It seems he had no choice. Don effectively killed Weaver's proposed defense against Randy (Tex) Cobb and forced Mike to make a mandatory defense against Dokes—ranked number one by both the WBC *and* WBA. The trouble was that Don had Dokes completely tied up—read: *all* of Mike's fights had to be for King—and could strike a deal, a la Monte Hall, with the WBA. This was one fight which the champion needed more than the challenger, since Weaver would be stripped of his WBA crown if he did not fight Dokes (a mandatory defense against the number one challenger). Faced with that inevitability, Weaver's manager, Don Manuel, signed to defend against Dokes, with Don King as the promoter, naturally—or, unnaturally, as the case may be. Dokes had been sitting pretty; he was sitting even prettier now.

The fight was set for Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Now, there is no boxing fan anywhere unaware of the great love affair between Don King and Caesars Palace. Don, in fact, is just about the Caesar. He's promoted more championship fights there than any promoter anywhere since the Federal government clamped down on Jim Norris and Madison Square Garden. And there's no denying that King's fights have been spectacular—involving (via TV and closed circuit operations) more loot than Norris ever dreamed of.

I got into Las Vegas about noon on Thursday, December 9—the day before the fight—and missed an interesting press conference that had been held on Wednesday. At that conference, Duke Durden, a very knowledgeable boxing man and King's v.p., said to the gathered members of the media something which

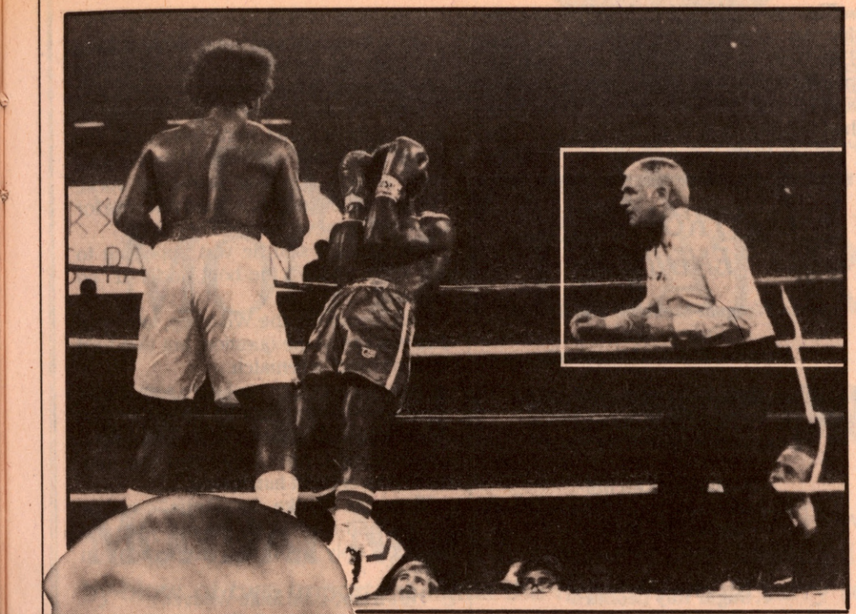


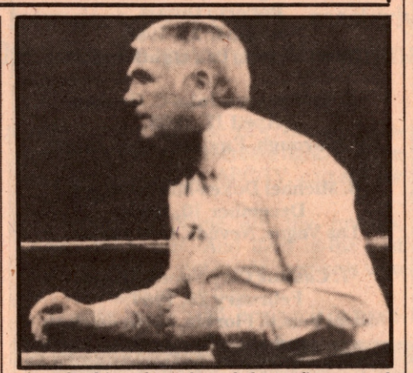




turned out to be prophetic: "Don't leave your seats to get a Coke. It's gonna be over early." Truer words were never spoken.

As you know, there is something called gambling in Vegas. Caesars Palace didn't take bets on the fight until a few hours before the card started, but the odds were just about the same all over town: You had to bet only $100 on Weaver to get back $220 if he won. To bet on Dokes, you laid $280 to get back $100. Wow! Sure Weaver'd been inactive since his lacklustre defense against James (Quick) Tillis on October 3, 1981; and sure, Dokes was certainly the rightful number-one ranked challenger. But 5-2? Dokes hadn't looked that impressive in *all* his fights. You couldn't entirely forget his draw with Ossie Ocasio—most knowledgeable fans thought Ossie a clear winner—his suspi-





cious-looking three-knockdown first-round win over Ocasio in a hastily-arranged return bout, nor his less than spectacular showing against strong-as-a-bull-but-cannot-box-a-damn-lick Randy Cobb. Then, there were Don King's close ties with the Nevada State Commission—Duke Durden had left to become Don's vice president (i.e., president of vice)—and you had the beginning of more than a little cynicism.

The Nevada Commission had insisted on appointing the referee and at least one judge. (They'd already shown the WBA that they meant business in the scheduled rematch between Mike Rossman and Victor Galindez, when they refused to knuckle under and permit WBA officials, cancelling the bout and the ABCosell telecast thereof.) On Thursday, King—Don, Carl—demanded to know who the Nevada appointed officials were. They hadn't been appointed yet, and weren't until a closed-door meeting the following (Friday) morning. King did not bother to demand to know who the officials would be after that. Add another point for cynicism.

Home Box Office had paid Don King two million dollars for the live telecast rights to this fight. Manuel and Mike Weaver had sued Don King—the only King that matters, who's going to sue Carl?—to make him give up his ironclad rights to promote all of Dokes' fights—and lost, agreeing to pay all the prelim fighters out of Weaver's purse to compensate The King for legal fees. But Weaver's purse—$1,200,000—was high, considering the Caesars Palace Sports Pavilion only seats 4,700 and tickets were priced at 10 to fifty dollars—incredibly low for a world's heavyweight championship fight in Las Vegas, even, you should excuse the expression, a WBA fight. Dokes' own purse was rather low—$400,000—but King still did not stand to make much money on the fight. Nor was that important. What was important was, that if Dokes won, Don would control *both* heavyweight champions, Holmes and Dokes, a beautiful twosome.

Weaver was spared one indignity. At least he wasn't introduced before his challenger—an insult with which Larry Holmes put up when he defended against Gerry Cooney last June. Then the fight was on. And off again quickly.

Dokes had warmed up for a long time in his dressing room, appearing sweaty upon his entry in the ring. Weaver, on the other hand, seemed cold and almost sullen. When the bell rang, Dokes attacked, and almost knocked the defending champ off his heels before the fight was a few seconds old. Lefts and rights had Weaver on the defensive until Mike—Weaver, that is—landed a good left hook that shook Dokes down to his Don King foundations. Dokes, however, came back.

Two thundering left hooks sent Weaver to the canvas—hard. Mike, however, was not badly hurt, and there was no doubt about him making it back up. Up he got, and Dokes attacked again with a barrage of punches, forcing Weaver on to the ropes—most of which the still-aware Weaver caught on his highly-held gloves.

The assault continued for a few more seconds, and then referee Joey Curtis—a millionaire Vegas construction man whose previous title bout experience had included the Alexis Arguello-Roberto Elizondo "thriller" in November, 1981, and the highly memorable, but hardly

enthusiastic Wilfredo Gomez-Derrick Holmes bout suddenly called Dokes out, off and signaled the fight was over. Time: 63 seconds. Had Joey stepped in just three seconds earlier, ABC could have used the replay as a commercial between Peggy Fleming, and the six-man bobsledding championships.

Pandemonium. The 4,700-odd people in attendance were at first stunned, then outraged. When they realized the fight was, indeed, over, they began a spontaneous chant that carried into virtually every American home equipped with cable TV: "BULLSHIT. . .BULLSHIT . . . BULLSHIT." This was followed, about a minute later, by another, more-embarrassing-to-TV chant, the classic "FIX. . .FIX. . .FIX. . ." And this was Caesars Palace, with a well-heeled, comparatively sedate crowd. Imagine if it had been the Olympic Auditorium in L.A., they would have had to call out the National Guard. (It's a good thing this was not a closed-circuit telecast).

Shortly after the "FIX. . .FIX" chant had died down, another chant welled up. This one at least identified the fight crowd as somewhat knowledgeable. The 10 to 50 dollar ticket price had left the "just to be seen" celebrity crowd at the crap tables, and allowed the real "fight" crowd to assemble. They were damned sure where to place the blame with a steady staccato of "DON KING SUCKS. . ." "DON KING SUCKS. . ."

This soon gave way to the inevitable "WE WANT A FIGHT" call. By this time, they had a fight, as one of Weaver's handlers went for Dokes when the latter tried to take Mike Weaver's WBA championship belt. Weaver, at this writing, has the belt, but not the title.

There seemed to be more people in the ring at this point than in the rest of the Pavilion. Dokes left the ring first, followed by "the loser and still champion," Mike Weaver shortly later. It wasn't until a half hour after the fight was stopped that the next bout went on—a scheduled 10-rounder between Percell Davis and Johnny Baca—a fight which, when announced, was greeted with calls of "STOP THE FIGHT. . .STOP THE FIGHT. . ."

In the confusion no one remembered to announce Dokes as "the winner and new champion." Now, there is a school of thought which holds that a fighter, let alone a champion, hasn't won until he is announced as "the winnah." This was *never* done in Michael Dokes' case, so, the question remains: Did he win the fight—and title?

The press assembled in the press room for the after-the-fight press conference. Don Manuel and Mike Weaver soon appeared. Not so Michael Dokes, Carl King and his dad, the ever present Don. They had quickly beat it to the hotel, for the "Victory Party," along with referee Joey Curtis, who, along with Don, was "the man of the hour." Michael Dokes was a far distant third for that distinction.

"The odds were against me when I came here" said a bitter Weaver.

"Do you mean you thought it was a fix?", one venturesome member of the press corps asked.

"Yes," replied Mike Weaver.

"Don King," Manuel and Weaver both charged, was reponsible for what had ocurred, and "nobody else."

Tony Trudnich, whose promotions at the Showboat Hotel went bye-bye in the wake of Vegas' war with Atlantic City some months ago, was extremely vocal. "Twenty-nine fights he (Curtis) refereed for me—and he never stopped one fight!"

Don Manuel said he was appealing to the WBA to have the bout declared "no contest."

Nick Kerasiotis, the WBA rep, later said that was out of the question, but that he'd "recommend" a rematch.

"He never even spoke to me," said Weaver, referring to the ref. "I'm the champion, and he never even asked me if I was all right. I even told him one time that I was, without him asking."

"Someone spoke to Curtis," said a scribe, "and he says he did ask you, and that you only mumbled incoherently in return."

"He's a liar," said Mike Weaver.

By this time, Don King, his son Carl, referee Joey Curtis, Michael Dokes, and a host of hangers-on were at a specially prepared Caesars Palace feast to honor the new champion. Dokes, when asked if he'd give Weaver a rematch, said he would, but that it would be on new terms—meaning their financial positions in this first fight would be reversed.

Before the contest, Curtis had been reported as saying there would be "no Deuk-Koo Kim" in this fight. Many people thought he simply panicked in the wake of the Korean fighter's death. At any rate, the whole thing was a knife in the WBA's abdomen, coming, as it did, within a month of the Mancini-Kim fight, the constant recycling of Fully Obel, the Chandler-Iriarte mismatch, and the withdrawal of several key WBA members—the Canadian Professional Boxing Federation, Missouri, and Virginia—as a result of a scandalous WBA presidential election.

As far as the Dokes-Weaver fight was concerned, the WBA had gone into the King's den, and the result may be the final victory that Jose Sulaiman and the rest of the WBC (if there *is* a rest of the WBC) have long sought. The WBA's credibility had been shaken during the preceding month. It was now lying in ashes.

But the biggest loser of all was not the WBA, or even the fan, but Michael Dokes, whose title was, at best, as tainted as the whole of the WBA.

CONTROVERSIAL ENDINGS

1. Ad Wolgast-Mexican Joe Rivers, July 4, 1912, Vernon, Calif., 13th round.

2. Muhammad Ali-Sonny Liston, May 25, 1965, Lewiston, Maine, first round

3. Stanley Ketchel-Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, March 29, 1909, New York, 10th round.

4. Sugar Ray Leonard-Roberto Duran, November 25, 1980, New Orleans, La., eighth round.

5. Tom Sayers-John C. Heenan, April 17, 1860, Farnborough, England, 42nd round.

6. Michael Dokes-Mike Weaver, December 10, 1982, Las Vegas, Nevada, first round.

7. Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston, February 25, 1964, Miami Beach, Florida, between sixth and seventh rounds.

8. Mustafa Hamsho-Wilford Scypion, June 15, 1980, Clarkston, Mich., 10th round.

9. Rocky Marciano-Jersey Joe Walcott, May 15, 1953, Chicago, Ill., first round.

10. Joe Gans-Battling Nelson, September 3, 1906, Goldfield, Nevada, 42nd round.

TWO VIEWS OF THE MOUTH THAT ROARED

PRO: COSELL, PROFIT OR PROPHET?

MONDAY NIGHT someone telephoned Howard Cosell in the ABC-TV truck outside Tampa Stadium. Did Cosell want to do the blow-by-blow of two important fights the network would carry soon? This is in his contract. He gets first call because, across four decades, Cosell's masterly work on televised fights has made him as celebrated as the men he covered: Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier, Floyd Patterson and Ray Leonard.

BY DAVE KINDRED

So his answer Monday night is important at a time when Alexis Arguello is punished terribly, when Duk Koo Kim is dead, when Larry Holmes could have killed the pathetic Tex Cobb with ABC-TV and Cosell at ringside for Friday night's heavyweight championship fight from the Houston Astrodome.

"They asked me if — in the wake of that terrible, terrible scene in Houston — I wanted to do these fights coming up," Cosell said from his New York office the other day. "I told them no."

Not only that, Cosell said, he has made another decision after what he calls boxing's "two weeks of disgust."

He won't work another professional fight.

"I'm not doing any more boxing," he said. "Let me qualify that only a little. I love amateur boxing, and if the company wants me to, I would do Olympics boxing. But professional, no. I have walked away from it. I am past the point where I want to be part of it. I don't want to be party to the hypocrisy, the sleaziness . . . I'm worn out by it."

The blame for boxing's sickness today falls on three groups. Cosell said.

"First, the networks who make possible the continued existence of organizations such as the WBA and WBC, which exist only for the purpose of creating championships that in turn create fights that the networks, including ABC-TV, can sell for top dollar.

"Second to blame are the ruthless, sleazy promoters. And third is the vast majority of the print-media members who are apologists for boxing."

Cosell's break with boxing is not unexpected. He hadn't worked a fight since Holmes-Gerry Cooney last summer. His dissatisfaction with, even contempt for, boxing promoters and other parasites is so profound that, in his words, "I went to Larry Holmes' room for a set of gin rummy so I could avoid the sleaze in the hotel lobby."

There was in Cosell's voice the melan-

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choly of a man who has passed from love to anger to resignation. Once, he railed at authority, asking that fighters be protected from injury and exploitation. In 1972, he testified before the U.S. Senate. He once came to boxing's defense before the New York state legislature.

But on Friday night in Houston—10 years after the U.S. Senate did nothing, 10 years in which boxing has done nothing to help itself—there in the Astrodome, Cosell saw revealed in its ugliness the sport he once loved as art, that moved him to song one night when Ali won, "Forever young," Cosell sang, using Dylan's lyrics.

From the fifth round to the 15th in the Holmes-Cobb fight, Cosell saw it for what it was. This was not sport. This was savagery licensed for profit. At the microphone, Cosell for a half-hour cried out for someone to stop the fight.

"Doesn't he know," Coselll said of the referee, "that he is constructing an advertisement for the abolition of boxing?"

As Ali moved Cosell to song, Friday night's fight moved him to fury. The only touch of saving grace, he said, was Holmes' resolve to keep Cobb alive. However he came by the dubious ability to "take a punch," Cobb stood up under Holmes' heaviest punches. Holmes did Cobb a favor, however, by throwing those punches only often enough to win a round. Had Holmes mounted an animalistic assault, even a granite chin would not have kept Cobb upright.

"I admired Holmes because he comported himself with dignity," Cosell said.

Cosell loves fighters, hates fighting. "I have a deep feeling for the men who fight . . . The other day, Ken Norton walked into my office. My God, he's as thick-tongued now as Ali . . . Somewhere along the road, Tex Cobb will pay for the punishment he was allowed to take."

From the ninth round on, Cosell made no comment on the fight strategy or tactics. "It was," he said, "as measured a performance as I've ever given."

From Cosell, we heard again and again that the fight should be stopped. He repeatedly named the referee, fixing blame. He spoke of the pall over boxing and said Holmes-Cobb could not have come at a worse time.

Good for him.

We didn't need how-tough-Tex-is anecdotes.

We didn't need a shill telling us to stay tuned because, you never know Tex might win the championship with one punch.

Right now, we need a polemic on boxing. We need someone to shout at the top of his voice that the game is terminally sick.

"If I were the networks," Cosell said, "I would declare a moratorium on boxing until some form of legislation was passed to 1: protect the men who fight with the strictest rules for safety and medical examinations, 2: create an honest system of ratings and records, and, 3: create one federal government group to administer boxing.

"The print media should support such legislation instead of, by saying the federal government has no business in sports, villifying those who suggest it. There should be licensing of promoters, and there should be an accounting of money on every fight.

"It has to be in all 50 states under the administration of one group. Either that, or abolish the quote—sport—unquote."

THREE EVENTS REALLY ROCKED THE SPORT!
...DEATH OF DUK KOO KIM...
...HOLMES-COBB SLAUGHTER...
...DOKES-WEAVER FIASCO...
...AGAIN PROMPTING THAT OL' REFRAIN!
BAN BOXING
BOXING
...MAKE THAT FOUR SINCE BOXING'S BEST KNOWN TV VOICE ANNOUNCED HE WILL ABANDON RINGDOM'S PRO RANKS FOR GOOD!
HOWARD COSELL
LET'S FACE IT, THIS ANCIENT SPORT, THOUGH INDESTRUCTIBLE, NEEDS SOME PATCHING UP!
...FOR A START...
...GET RID OF THESE SELF-SERVING PARASITES...
WBC
WBA
AMEN
...HOWARD'S OWN PROFESSION SHOULD CLEAN UP ITS ACT...
...CAN I HELP IT IF I'M ALWAYS THIR$TY!
GLUE
...AGAIN ONE CHAMPION FOR EACH DIVISION...
BOXING
WHO KNOWS, THIS COULD ALSO ELIMINATE SOME NOISE POLLUTION!
-THE RING-
...FORM A NATIONAL FEDERATION OF STATE AND LOCAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS IN THE U.S.A.
...TO LOOK AFTER OUR OWN INTERESTS!
...UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL RULES FOR THE PROTECTION OF ALL FIGHTERS...

TWO VIEWS OF THE MOUTH THAT ROARED

COSELL A SHRILL SHILL WITH MONEY IN BANK

FIVE YEARS and nine months isn't such a long time. Howard Cosell should still remember, particularly after the way he has suddenly taken to portraying himself as the conscience of boxing. The shame should wash over him whenever he puts his motor mouth in gear and runs over the public's sensibilites. Once he had a chance to be as brave as all his talk, and he couldn't do it. While boxing's vermin panned gold under the imprimatur of ABC-TV, the braggart who was supposed to be truth's greatest advocate lost his guts.

BY JOHN SCHULIAN

It was February of 1977 and Don King, the ex-convict who became the premier con man among promoters, had the network's great minds wrapped around his fingers like so many new pinky rings. They were shelling out $1.5 million to finance a monument to treachery called the United States Boxing Championships, and Howard Cosell never uttered a word of warning. The people who paid him and the people who counted on him for the truth got played for suckers, and King's knaves and varlets merrily went on stealing fighters from trainers and phonying up records.

The scam was a pushover as long as they had The Ring magazine, boxing's Bible, in one hand and James A. Farley, the urbane son of a former postmaster general, in the other and Cosell's comforting silence all around them. "This is worse than it ever was under Frankie Carbo and the hoodlums of the 50s," one old fight man said. "The racket guys would do business, but at least they tried to make it look real. These new guys just don't care. They're making wrestling look good." But they didn't get shown for the bums they were until their treachery got splashed across the newspapers Cosell loves to hate. And even then he seemed more concerned about the way a pug named Scott LeDoux had knocked his toupee askew.

"How come you're shilling for King?" a writer for the Village Voice asked Cosell when their paths crossed at a fight.

"Who are you, young man?" came the sneering reply.

The writer introduced himself.

"Well, I'm no newspaper reporter," Cosell said. "I'm a true journalist. I tell things as they are." On and on he prattled until he arrived at the question that is the essence of his smarmy being: "How much do you make a week?"

Whatever it was, it wasn't enough to

buy the writer's integrity. Maybe it wouldn't have bought Cosell's, either, but then as now, he played in an electronic league that turns dimwits into shining stars and mediocrities into millionaires. He had his price, and it wasn't until it had been met and the money had been socked away that he could find the courage to decry boxing as ugly and brutal, a heathen spectacle fit only for aboliton.

He wore out his audience with moral preachments the other night while heavyweight champion Larry Holmes spent 15 rounds proving it would take an elephant gun to knock Randall Cobb off his feet. "This kind of savagery doesn't deserve commentation," Cosell harrumphed. Commentation? While your ears rang with that one, he maintained his silence for 90 seconds, then resumed his doleful drone. In one round, he excoriated the referee for letting Holmes risk breaking his hands on Cobb's mug. In the next, he gloomed and doomed that what was transpiring in Houston's Astrodome could stuff the Sweet Science in a narrow grave.

For a kneejerk hand-wringer, the performance was just what you would expect after the Duk Koo Kim tragedy and the brutal beating Aaron Pryor inflicted on Alexis Arguello before that. No time could be found to admit that Holmes and Cobb were putting on a great bad fight. No praise could be given the muleheaded challenger who, in a perverse way, gave a performance as majestic as that of Reggie Jackson hitting three World Series home runs on three swings. Howard Cosell had to play the tearful humanitarian, and his act painted him as a shameless fraud.

He was denying the very sport that built his fortune, that he seized on so shamelessly and milked until it gave forth the blood of tragedy. Then he backed away, a man scared by ghosts, but there are memories that always will trail him no matter how desperately he tries to ignore them.

Before Monday night Football, before those chowderheaded forays into baseball, before he could fall on his face trying to imitate Ed Sullivan, Cosell had boxing. He knew enough to tell the slugger in the red trunks from the dancer in the black and, in the beginning at least, he had nerve, too. "You ain't my friend," the baleful Sonny Liston once told him. "That's true," Cosell replied. Moments later, on camera, he was asking Liston if he threw his first fight with the future Muhammad Ali and if he was owned by gangsters.

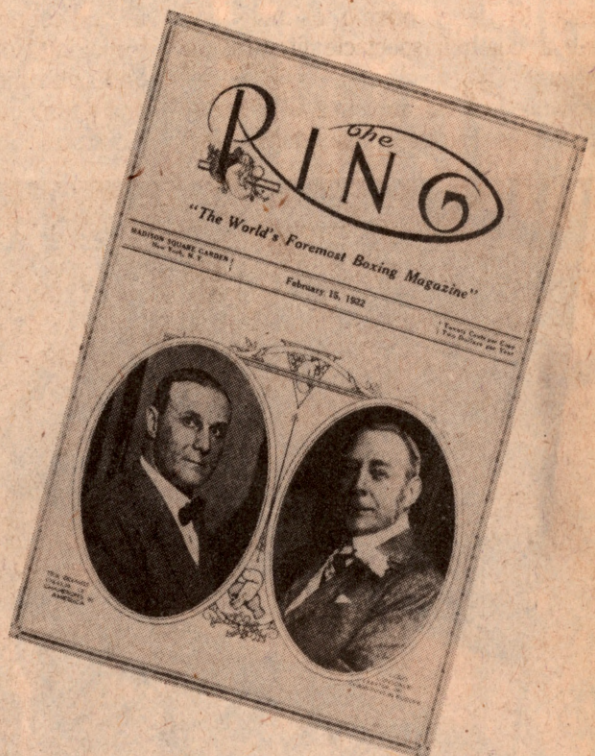
Wonderful though it was, it didn't last. Cosell couldn't resist the lure of celebrity, whether he was attatching himself to Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard, confiding that he had lunched with Henry Kissinger, or being seduced by the sound of his own voice. He loved to talk about his brain and the vast store of knowledge within it, but somewhere along the line, his brain went soft and his sense of morality went along quietly.

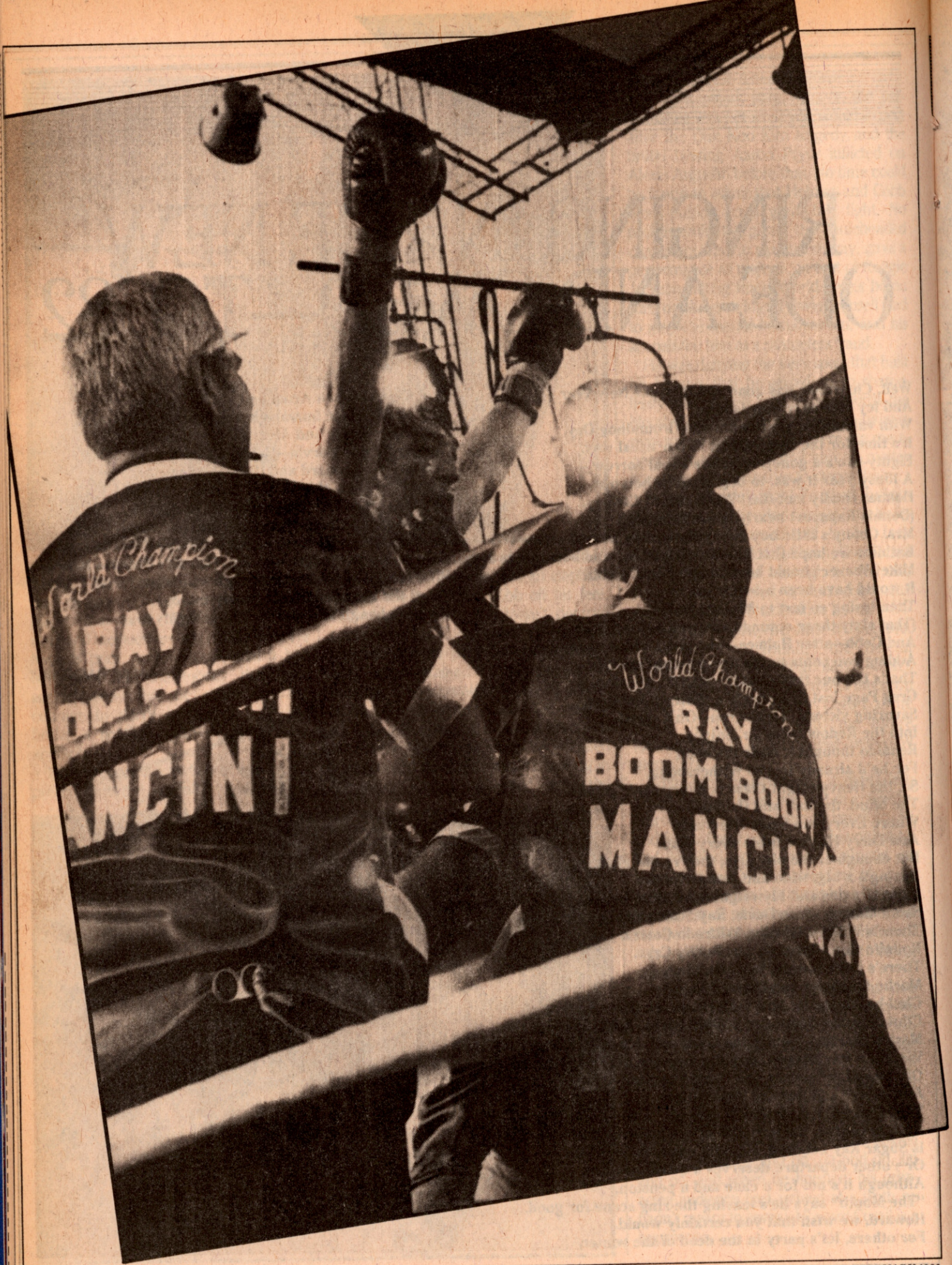
Maybe the finishing touch was five years and nine months ago, when he played dead for Don King and his henchmen. Or maybe he didn't go over the edge until he saw Holmes hammering away at Cobb. Cosell got out the soapbox you thought he had sold for scrap and preached about killing the goose whose violent ways he embraced until he had its golden egg. He went on and on, on and on, on and on, and when he finished, his grimacing audience had arrived at a truth he hadn't meant to reveal: Howard Cosell is a hyprocrite.

RINGING IN THE NEW ODE-AND-OWED—TO '82

Well, Christmas has gone and then the New Year
And icy February now is here
With valentines, presidents and Groundhog Day,
It's time for the name game, in our usual way.
Eighty-two's a goner, to noone's real sorrow—
A lousy year it was, to beg, steal or borrow
Holmes finally met the "White Hope" Cooney.
(Dennis Rapaport nearly drove us loony.)
Mrs. Coony's little boy Gerry showed us he had some————,
But now we hope that he will stick to ads and barroom brawls.
Mike Weaver should have fought "Tex" Cobb.
It would have been a better job
Than losing so fast to Michael Dokes.
(That sixty-three seconds annoyed a few folks.)
And Cobb—after Holmes—was just a blood puddle,
Adding two cents to the heavyweight muddle.
That's the one that's "EVERYMAN'S" division,
Greg Page lost to Berbick, a difficult decision,
Savoring victory, Trevor ran—Oh Cripes!—
Into the Redoubtable Mr. Snipes.
Renaldo thought it none too soon
For he'd already lost to Witherspoon.
So, the Heavyweight Class is Everyman's game—
The blind, the halt and the lame—
Where Everyman beats Everyman
And Larry Holmes beats every man.
But enough of the big guys; they're not all there is.
Boxing's a big, wide and wonderful biz.
Light Heavies and Flyweights and all in between
Saoul Mamby, John Davis, Ray Seales and James Green;
There's Wilfred Benitez, Wilfredo Gomez,
Rodolfo Gonzalez and, yes, Bobby Czyz.
There's Lotte Mwale, Bazooka Limon,
Macho Camacho and Bobby Chacon
Chul-ho, Hwan-Jin and Sang-Hyun, the three Kims,
Clint Jackson, Steve Early, Billy Parks, Robbie Sims,
Marlon Starling, Young Joe Louis and Jun-Sok Hwang.
We lost a few friends, may the memory not dim
Of Salavador Sanchez and Deuk-Koo Kim.
And others adopted the term retiree
There's Ayub Kalule and "Caveman" Lee.
And, of course, the new star of the golden age set
Is Sugar Ray Leonard, clipping coupons, you bet.
One other departure deserves a quick mention,
Although it's not for a cane and a pension,
"The Mouth" says he's leaving the ring scene for good.
Howard, we wish that you certainly would.
For others, let's party in the dead of the winter,
Don King and Bob Arum and, too, Alan Minter,
Well, shout some huzzahs in the ice and the snow,
For Aaron Pryor and Alexis Arguello,
For Marvelous Marvin—Hagler the Great—
Too late for Leonard and that fabulous gate.
We'll lift high a glass full of bone-dry Martini
To Tony Ayala and "Boom Boom" Mancini.
We'll drink to the Gordons, S.T. and our Randy—
Too honest for TV, to us he's just dandy;
Juan La Porte, Dwight Braxton, Detroit's Thomas Hearns—
Who ran his pal Wilfred through numerous turns.
To all the above and many, many more,
We wish health and wealth till it's Eighty-four.

—ALEC MACKENZIE




World Champion
RAY
ANCINI
World Champion
RAY
BOOM BOOM
MANCINI

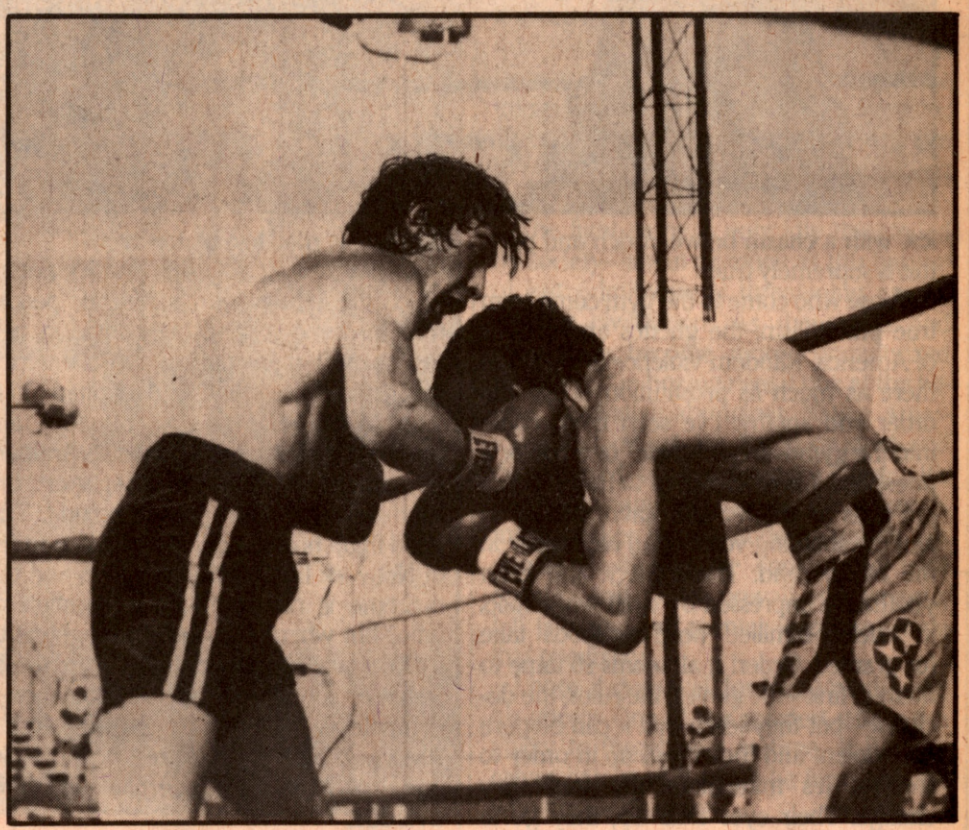
SEEKING A RAY OF UNDERSTANDING IN BOXING'S CLOUDED PICTURE

RAY MANCINI was born during the term of John Kennedy in the heartland of America. His father, Lenny, languished as the number one contender for the lightweight crown in the late '30s and then a war injury ended his career. Ray was brought up on newspaper clippings and a sense of destiny. He was a good athlete and that sealed his fate. He began chasing the ghost of his father's past an early age. Lenny was stuck in the same time warp and he did nothing to stop this headlong plunge at redemption. In the age of new-wave rebellion, Ray had a purpose and joy about him. To say this religious young man is personable understates it. His politeness and sensitivity stand out in the boxing world like the color of his skin and his middle-class roots.

BY JOHN RUTH

WHEN RAY FINALLY GAVE HIS FATHER the title was forty years in the making, it was a media event, all the family hugging and crying. Ray's life was at the apex, but it was only proper that the chaser of ghosts would be haunted in turn. In a frenzied defense of his title, Ray caused the death of another human, Deuk-Koo Kim of Korea. Afterwards, the verve in his voice was gone he said "it hurt him bad" to be part of such a thing. I'm sure Lenny shared the grief the way he shared the glory. It was looking more like Shakespearean tragedy than fairy tale. The demons were loose!

Boxing is a great enigma. I speak as an insider, a participant for years and an interested observer for longer. This is not a defense of, nor an apology for, boxing so much as an explanation to those good humanitarians of our age. They debunk the violence in and by Americans with unassailable logic—and boxing is used as an example. It is only the point from which they observe that I question. It's a little like the missionaries dissecting the Hopi Indian way of life. People hate the sport or love



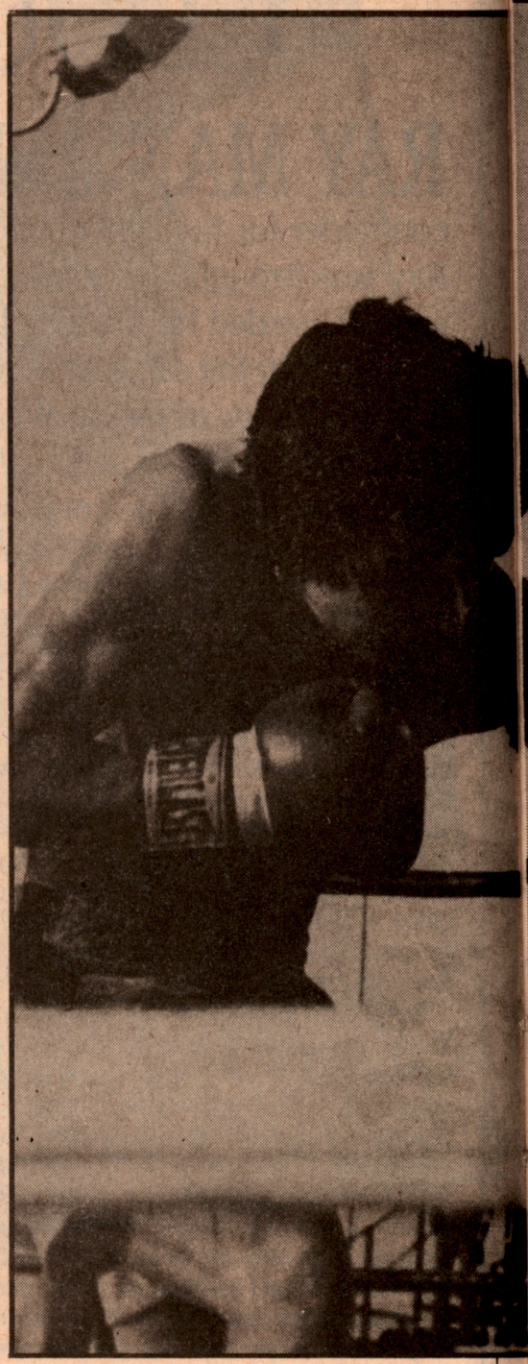
it, but just as many are ambivalent. The third group are the people Muhammad Ali courted and seduced by the millions.

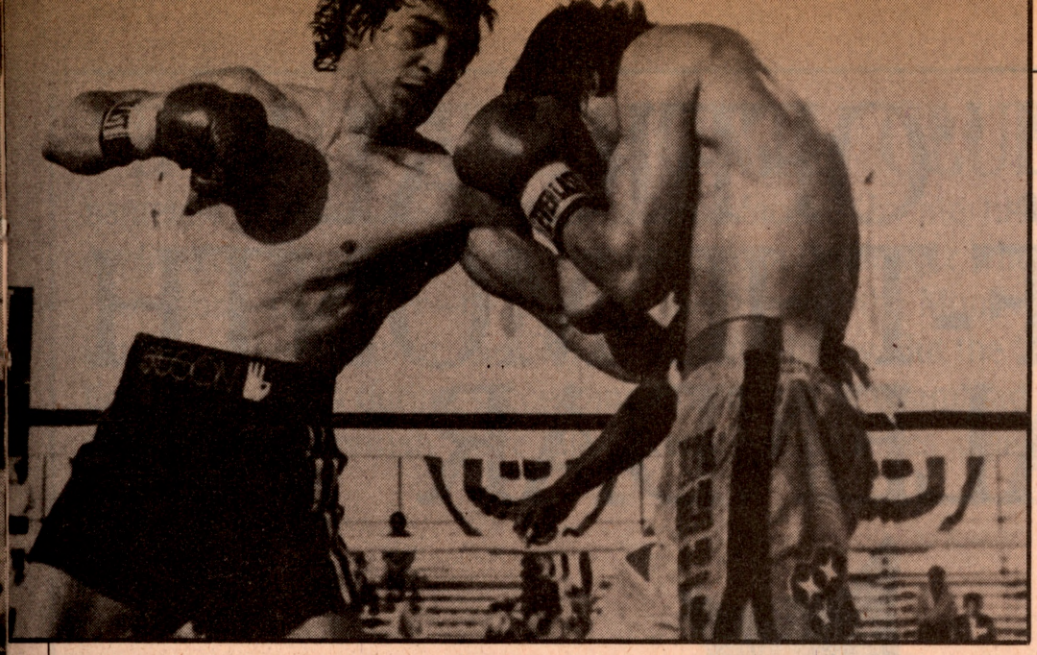
Why is there so much interest in boxing? And why do men do it? It is primitive and brutal so why isn't it outlawed? The first question reminds me of Michael Herr's book, *Dispatches,* wherein a neophyte correspondents asks, "Why can't they take the glamour out of war?" His colleagues can only smile. It is glamourous, just is. It's not the dying that is, but the surviving. The ugliness of death next to the adrenalized rush of survival. That's the fight game. It is mean and violent but the "primitive" tag must be measured against the participants and not by some idealized vision of all men being the same. In America, with a chasm between rich and poor, this is supremely true.

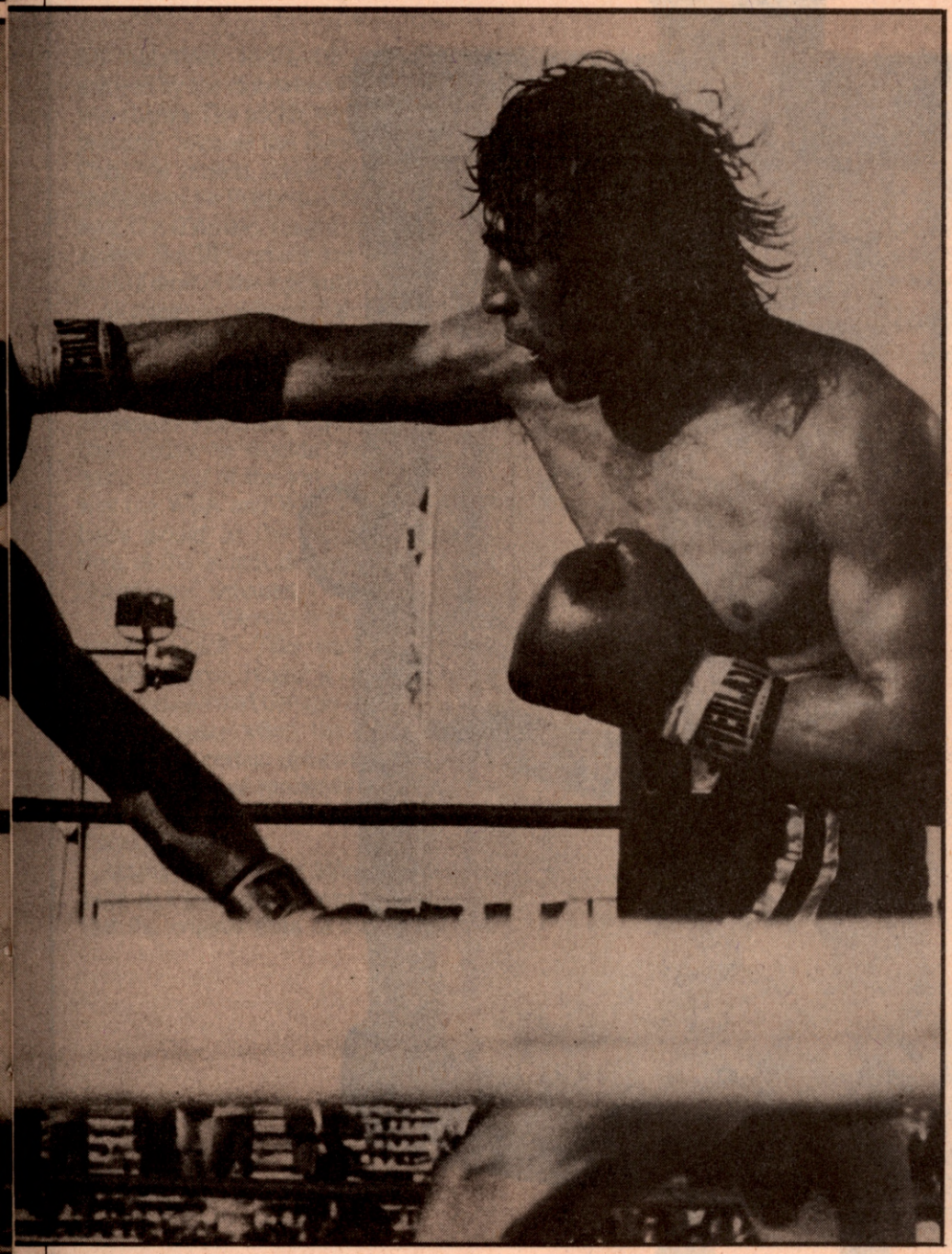
Those who come to the gym come from true primitivism, the ghettos and prisons of America. Random violence is the norm there as much as prostitution, social disorder and apathy. I've seen them come into the gym with an "uncle" or a cop or a priest and it is a revelation to them. There are bells to answer and stations to go to and the soothing voice of an old trainer in the background. These Black and Latin youths are impressed by what white folks in nuclear-familied neighborhoods take for granted. Order! It all seems so tame to them at first—the gloves, the rules, the discipline—but they learn that it can be pure and violent and they clean up in order to survive. It's miraculous the way they change. Their eyes clear up, they go to bed instead of prowl around at night, and they might even begin to study or work. They don't call the old trainer "coach" but just "Joe" and he takes the place of a father that split or died or is in jail. Also in this sanctuary a new spirituality may emerge. I sparred with one guy who told me he just went home at night and studied "The Word." I could see him as a pentecostal minister someday as he smiled at me with a winning, gold-toothed smile.

The survivors have an edge. Their demons are taught to come when beckoned and they shun the drugs that football players compete on for years. It isn't heaven, but it isn't hell either. It's more like purgatory, a place to be purged or to pay your dues in. It may be a necessary stop on the road to a better life.

Boxing has an ugly side and it's not so much the fighters as the parasitic people that surround it. The big television networks must share part of the blame. It's modernized seaminess. Unskilled kids with Mancini-like dreams of glory are thrown to veteran lions by sadistic trainers on national TV. As in no other sport, the mismatch is a large part of boxing. The good fighters are coddled along in a series of Network Endorsed encounters and the outcome is not so much a question of who? but when? Managers use fighters to make a quick buck and then discard them. Referees sometimes lack the courage or competence to stop a crowd-pleasing slaughter. This is the nature of the beast and, perhaps, an overhaul is long overdue.







Pugilism has not always been so sleazy. It was once a gentleman's pastime borrowed from the primitives. The English started it (in today's form) and only a guarded few knew the moves. Gentleman John Jackson taught Lord Byron how to box and this built up the club-footed poet's confidence to the point that he could sit watching his friends waltzing around the ballroom.

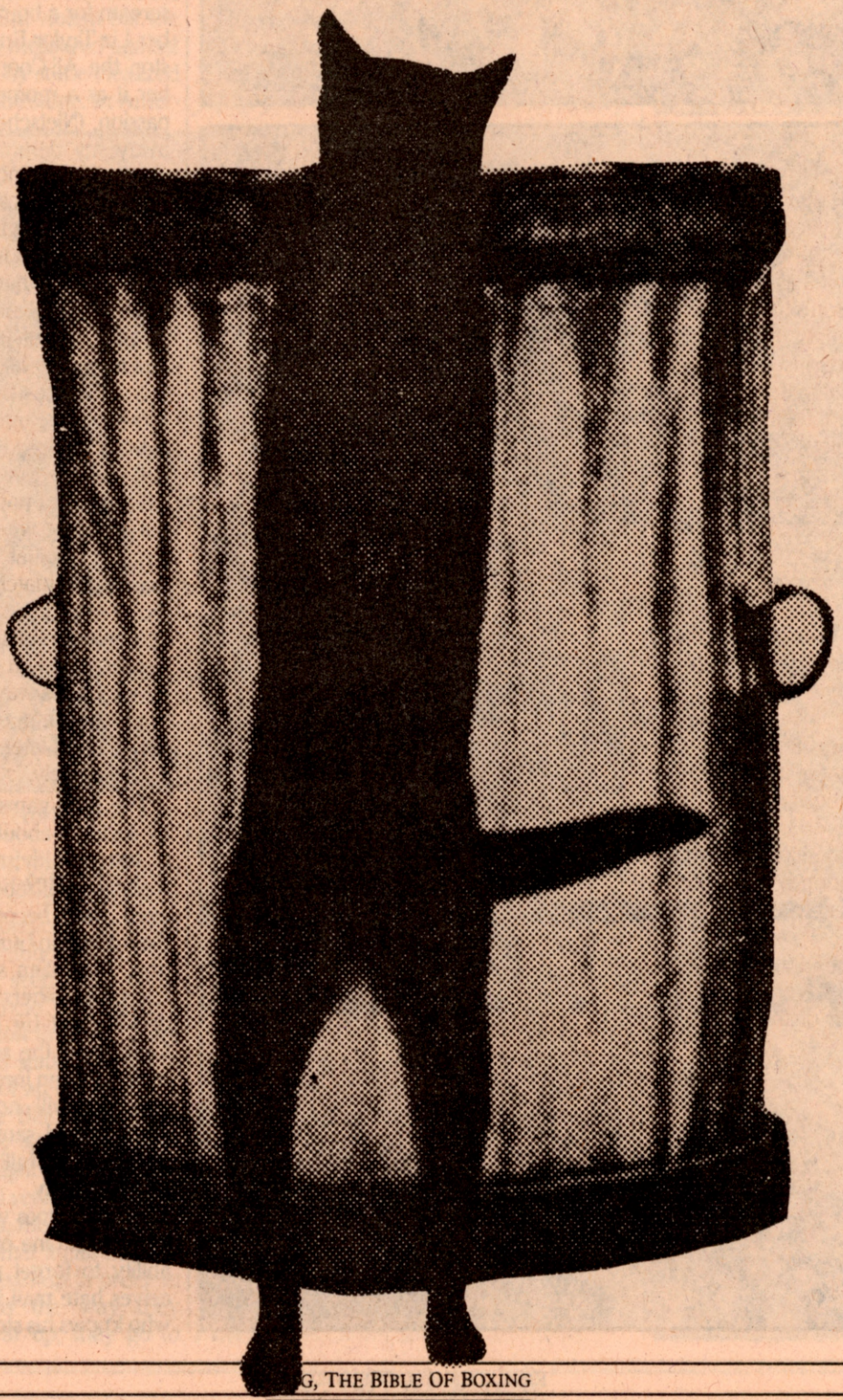
At a fight, all the emotions, all the demons, are brought to the top. The fight crowd wears it all on their sleeves—those who laugh at a man's pain, and those who scream for a bout to be stopped. I remember Liz Taylor Burton sobbing for them to stop the Ali-Cooper bloodbath. I remember it as a moment of pure human compassion. (Nietsche once said, "If you take away my demons, you take my angels also") Mancini-Kim elicited tears and prayers in equal dosage as sport became real life. Kim knew what was getting into. A former shoeshine boy elevated to national hero, before the fight he wrote, "kill or be killed."

For a fighter what is the alternative? Unemployment? The same two on a roof somewhere with a gun or knife in some senseless dance of death or, worse, suicide? If a boxer doesn't slip back into the hell he may have come out of he might emerge into a better place. The instinct for mayhem will leave because of other outlets or education brings about what Norman Mailer calls "pugilistic decadence" or just the need leaving. Ideally, a boxer will take the discipline and confidence he gets from the ring and walk away, using these things in creative and productive avenues. There are those who lack the discernment to quit at the proper time and they are left desolate.

The fight game is only idly threatened by society—about as much as this bastion of lost primitivism is threatening an onrushing civilization. As the world and even wars become more computerized the interest in boxing rises. Look at the figures. Australian aborigines, Native Americans and others are being crushed and deculterized by the majority horde. It's funny how the sub-species, the boxer, is making token inroads at decivilization. His numbers will not be endangered until equality and sanity prevail and poverty, full jails and full mental wards preclude that possibility.

I hope it goes well for Ray Mancini and his ghosts. One of our greatest gifts is the ability to forget pain in time. If Ray receives hate mail it won't be from anyone who knows his story.

THE "OFFICIAL" BUM-OF-THE-MONTH CALENDAR



"BUM OF THE MONTH CLUB" was a collective phrase coined to describe those nameless guys Joe Louis nearly rendered faceless in late 1940 and early 1941. In its broader application, "Bum of the Month" could read: a challenger who presents no real challenge.

Original—or charter—members of the "Bum of the Month Club" included such Louis challengers as Red Burman, Gus Dorazio and Al McCoy. But the "Club" has witnessed many additions to its ranks during succeeding title reigns. Muhammad Ali, Larry Holmes, Joe Frazier and George Foreman have all risked (?) their titles against such nonentities posing as challengers.

BY ARTHUR HARRIS

AN ALL-TIME HIGH—OF SORTS—WAS enjoyed by the club when Floyd Patterson was champ. The trickle became a Niagara primarily because the Bum of the Month Club, '50s version, served as the source of challengers for Patterson's title — his manager, Cus D'Amato, caught up in a crusade against the IBC, which just happened to control most of the legitimate contenders.

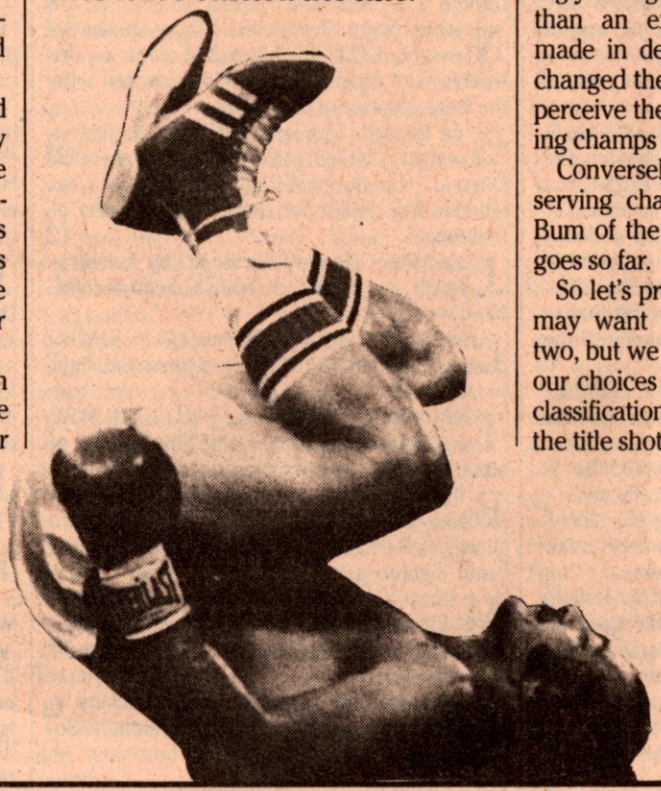
All things considered, fighting the Brian Londons, Tom McNeeleys and Pete Rademachers of the world instead of the Zora Folleys, Eddie Machens and Cleveland Williamses, Patterson was still ahead of his time. Today, he wouldn't be fighting the bums *instead* of the top contenders. The way the WBA and WBC ratings are, the bums *would be* the top contenders — Bum of the Month defenses often called "mandatory" defenses.

Thus, Mike Weaver is forced to defend against "Quick" Tillis instead of Gerry Cooney, Marvin Hagler is forced to make a pointless second defense against Fulgencio Obelmejias when the first one was enough. For certain divisions, there seems to be a policy of randomly choosing the number one contenders from the Seoul or Tokyo phone books.

Actually, Bum of the Month fights often have an international flavor. Purists argue that the original Bum of the Month tour was not Louis' 1940-41 American tour but Tommy Burns' 1908 tour through London, Dublin, Paris, Sydney and Melbourne.

That was exactly 75 years ago. So, to commemorate the semi-sesquicentennial anniversary of the first Bum of the Month tour, we present the first annual Bum of the Month calendar. Featured, with appropriate comments, are our selection for each month's calendar boy plus a list of the 10 worst fighters to have fought for a title during that month.

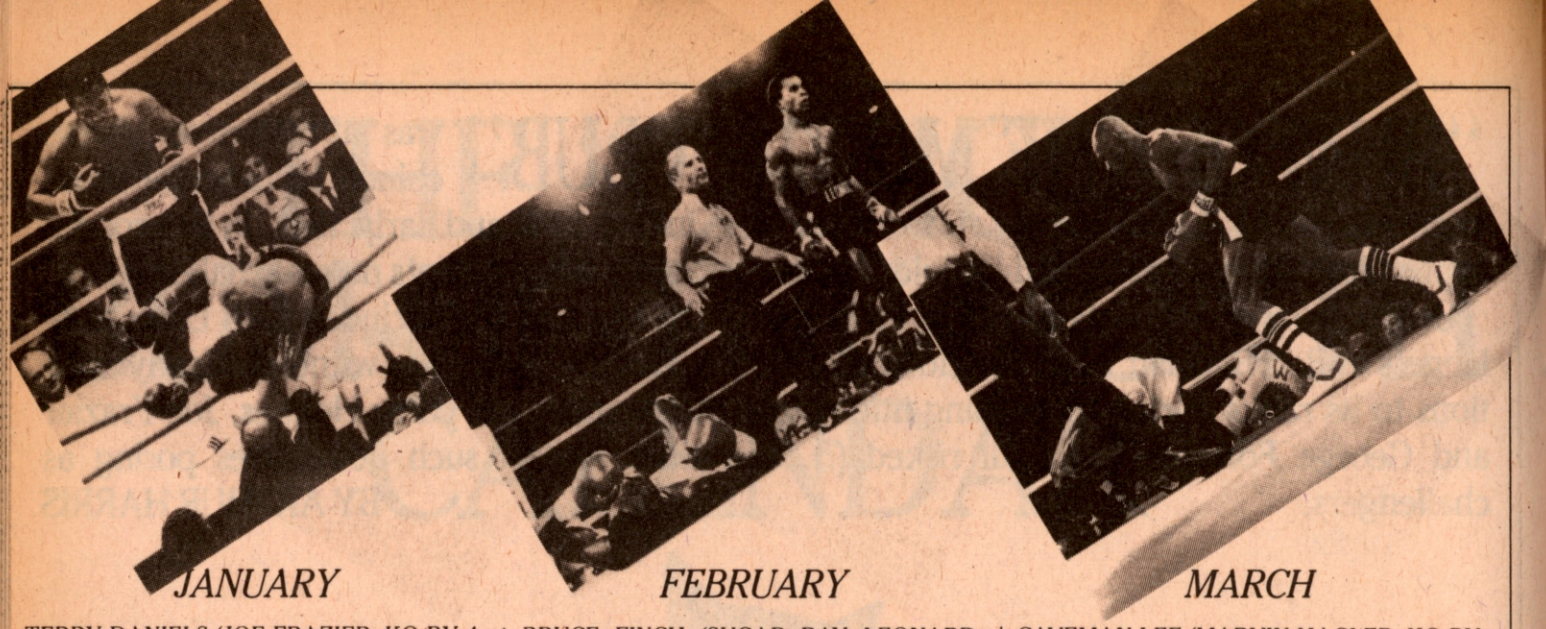
From the day "Two Ton" Tony Galento called the great Joe Louis a "Bum", the word has been part of boxing's legacy. Presenting, a portfolio of those who have earned the title.



In order to have made the list, a fighter must have (a) not deserved his title shot, and (b) fought like it. This admittedly involves a certain degree of hindsight. Thus, when Holmes signed to fight Weaver following his Bum of the Month defenses against Alfredo Evangelista and Ossie Ocasio, Weaver was thought to be the same kind of opponent as Evangelista and Ocasio. And when Jersey Joe Walcott got his first shot at Louis, it was considered such a mismatch that it was only grudgingly recognized as a title defense rather than an exhibition. But the showings made in defeat by Weaver and Walcott changed the way boxing historians would perceive them, even without their becoming champs later.

Conversely, a poor showing by a deserving challenger doesn't make him a Bum of the Month either. Hindsight only goes so far.

So let's proceed on to the calendar. You may want to argue with a selection or two, but we think you'll agree that most of our choices were more deserving of their classification as Bums than they were of the title shots they got.



JANUARY

TERRY DANIELS (JOE FRAZIER, KO BY 4, HEAVYWEIGHT, 1/15/72): THE DANIELS-FRAZIER FIGHT WAS HELD IN NEW ORLEANS THE NIGHT BEFORE SUPER BOWL VI, IN WHICH THE DALLAS COWBOYS BEAT THE MIAMI DOLPHINS 24-3. THE FIGHT WAS NOT NEARLY AS CLOSE AS THE GAME . . . BUM OF THE MONTH DANIELS AND FRAZIER'S BUM OF FOUR MONTHS LATER, RON STANDER, WERE BROUGHT TOGETHER YEARS LATER IN A BIT OF INSPIRED MATCHMAKING. DANIELS WAS KNOCKED OUT IN THE FIRST ROUND. HOW'S THAT FOR A BUM AMONG BUMS?

Spider Nemoto (Eusebio Pedroza, L 15, WBA featherweight, 1/22/80): Spider is no Daddy Long Legs. He stands five-foot-one. And what he lacks in height, he also lacks in ability.

Fulgencio Obelmejias (Marvin Hagler, KO by 8, middleweight, 1/17/81): For the first of two times, Fully Obel proves fully unfit as a world title challenger. Fails to make the middleweight title the Obel Prize.

Jimmy Robertson (Roberto Duran, KO by 5, WBA lightweight, 1/20/73): A mismatch. Because this was when Duran was Duran and Robertson was . . . well, Robertson.

Scott Clark (Pipino Cuevas, KO by 2, WBA welterweight, 1/29/79): On first impression, Scott Clark fit the image of a world title challenger about as much as Clark Kent did that of Superman. In Scott Clark's case, however, the first impression was correct.

Jiro Takada (Guty Espadas, KO by 7, WBA flyweight, 1/1/77): Espadas eases into the new year with a soft-touch defense.

Kimio Furesawa (Guty Espadas, KO by 7, WBA flyweight, 1/2/78): See Jiro Takada.

Red Burman (Joe Louis, KO by 5, heavyweight, 1/31/41): "I'd rate Burman as a fair fighter," said Louis. A generous assessment.

Frank DePaula (Bob Foster, KO by 1, light heavyweight, 1/22/69): Had this been an Olympic event, DePaula would have gotten perfect tens.

Royal Kobayashi (Eusebio Pedroza, KO by 13, WBA featherweight, 1/9/79): Royal should have been renamed Uniroyal for this fight. He was a retread.

FEBRUARY

BRUCE FINCH (SUGAR RAY LEONARD, KO BY 3, WELTERWEIGHT, 2/15/82): IN HIS FIRST FIGHT SINCE DEFEATING THOMAS HEARNS, LEONARD BECAME A "HIT MAN" HIMSELF, PERPETRATING "THE DAY AFTER ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE." FINCH DIDN'T BELONG IN THE SAME RING WITH LEONARD AND SEEMED TO KNOW IT. SOME SAY HE LOOKED SCARED, ALMOST AS IF HIS NAME WAS BRUCE FLINCH.

Jean Pierre Coopman (Muhammad Ali, KO by 5, heavyweight, 2/20/76): Coopman's attempt to add a Flemish blemish to Ali's record was one of the most pathetic efforts ever made by any challenger in boxing history. Billed as "The Lion of Flanders," he turned out to be quite a pussycat. Even Ali knew he couldn't carry him when he looked down at the CBS cameras during round one and hollered "You cats are in *big* trouble."

Nathan Mann (Joe Louis, KO by 3, heavyweight, 2/23/38): Louis had none of the trouble with Mann that Jack Johnson had with the federal statute of that name.

Gus Dorazio (Joe Louis, KO by 2, heavyweight, 2/17/41): Louis later wrote that Dorazio "was the best Philly had to offer." No wonder W.C. Fields had such a low opinion of that town.

Jack Palmer (Tommy Burns, KO by 4, heavyweight, 2/10/08): A British heavyweight. Need we say more?

Lorenzo Zanon (Larry Holmes, KO by 6, WBC heavyweight, 2/3/80): Dedicated the fight to Mussolini.

Tony Gardner (Elisha Obed, KO by 2, WBC junior middleweight, 2/28/76): "Should of stood in bed"—and not fought Obed.

Billy Fox (Gus Lesnevich, KO by 10, light-heavyweight, 2/28/47): They called him Blackjack Billy Fox. And fittingly so, for he was a "club" fighter.

Musuru Yu Kasahara (Soo Hwan Hong, L 15, WBA junior featherweight, 2/1/78): A Japanese fighter with a China chin, Kasahara went down five times.

Ryu Sorimachi (Carlos Palomino, KO by 7, WBC welterweight, 2/11/78): Palomino-Sorimachi; a sorry match indeed.

MARCH

CAVEMAN LEE (MARVIN HAGLER, KO BY 1, MIDDLEWEIGHT, 3/7/82): IN IRONIC CONTRAST TO BASEBALL'S BILL LEE, WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE SPACEMAN, BOXING'S BILL LEE WAS KNOWN AS THE CAVEMAN. WHAT HE WAS NOT KNOWN AS WAS A WORLD CLASS CONTENDER. SOMEHOW HE GOT A SHOT AT HAGLER'S TITLE ANYWAY. HE LASTED 67 SECONDS. THE FIGHT WAS SO SHORT IT WAS ALMOST PREHISTORIC.

Chang-Kil Lee (Antonio Cervantes, KO by 6, junior welterweight, 3/2/74): Chang-Kil must be Korean for "Caveman."

Ossie Ocasio (Larry Holmes, KO by 7, WBC heavyweight, 3/23/79): Four knockdowns of Ocasio by Holmes—the first coming off a jab—in this ABC-telecast fight marked the return of "Holmes and Yoyo" to that network.

Leroy Jones (Larry Holmes, KO by 8, WBC heavyweight, 3/31/80): They called him "Bad, Bad, Leroy Jones," and in the more traditional sense of the word, he was. His other nickname was "The Denver Blimp." 1980 was not a "good year" for him, and March was the worst month. That was when Holmes, defending his WBC laurels against this man built like Oliver Hardy, but who fought like Stan Laurel, deflated any pretensions Jones had as a serious contender. And deflated is exactly the word.

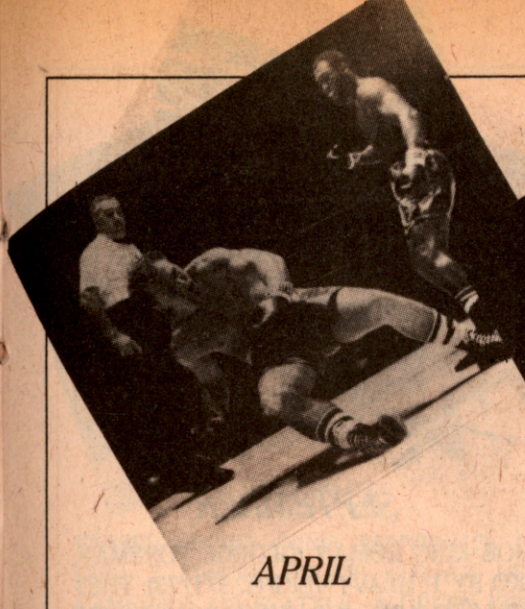
Jem Roche (Tommy Burns, KO by 1, heavyweight, 3/17/08): Fighting an Irishman in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day, Burns had more foresight than Battling Siki would 15 years later, and made sure the fight didn't go to a decision. In fact, he had 14 rounds, one minute and 32 seconds more foresight. The 1:28 ending is still the most abrupt in heavyweight title history.

Johnny Paycheck (Joe Louis, KO by 2, heavyweight, 3/29/40): No, he didn't say "Take This Title Shot and Shove It." Should have.

Harold Skogg (Victor Galindez, KO by 3, WBA light heavyweight, 3/28/76): That this was a "mandatory" defense says a world about the World Boxing Association.

Miguel Campanino (Pipino Cuevas, KO by 2, WBA welterweight, 3/12/77): A mismatch ended with dispatch.

Max Cohen (Rodrigo Valdez, KO by 4, WBC middleweight, 3/28/76): Said "No mas" in French.



APRIL

DAVE ZYGLEWICZ (JOE FRAZIER, KO BY 1, HEAVYWEIGHT, 4/22/69): JUST CALL HIM ZIGGY RESIN DUST, THE FISTIC COUNTERPART TO DAVID BOWIE'S ZIGGY STARDUST. UNLIKE THE LATTER, ZYGLEWICZ WAS NOT A FICTIONAL CHARACTER, BUT HIS LEGITIMACY AS A CONTENDER COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN A FIGMENT OF SOMEONE'S IMAGINATION. IT TOOK FRAZIER JUST 20 SECONDS TO SCORE THE FIRST KNOCKDOWN AND 96 SECONDS TO STOP ZIGGY. IMAGINE IF JOE WASN'T A SLOW STARTER.

Rey Tam (Alexis Arguello, KO by 5, WBC junior lightweight, 4/29/78): Would have had trouble beating Alexis Smith, let alone Alexis Arguello.

Shuichi Isogami (Jorge Lujan, KO by 9, WBA bantamweight, 4/2/80): At number three, Isogami was an eyesore on the WBA ratings list. Or is that redundant?

Jose DePaula (Danny Lopez, KO by 6, WBC featherweight, 4/23/78): Jose, can you see why you were given a title shot? Nobody else can.

Jack Roper (Joe Louis, KO by 1, heavyweight, 4/17/39): "I zigged when I should have zagged," said Roper.

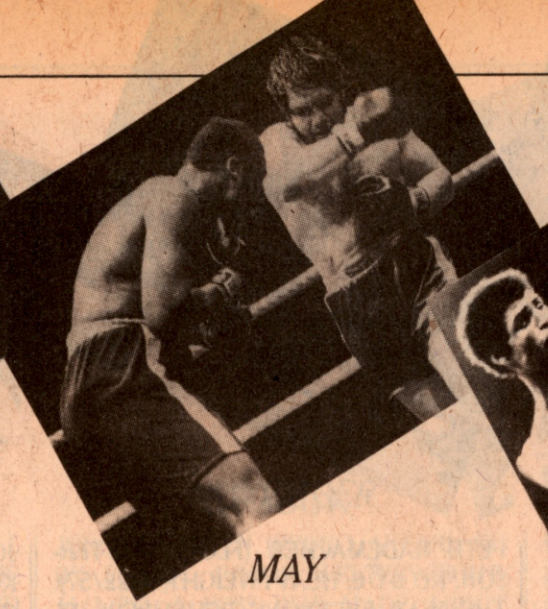
Tony Musto (Joe Louis, KO by 9, heavyweight, 4/8/41): Years later, Louis wrote, "Tony was strictly a local boxer who was good in his steady way. But he was too predictable." So was the outcome.

Alfonso Hayman (Angel Espada, KO by 8, WBA welterweight, 4/27/76): Espada committed mayhem on Hayman.

Kiyoshi "Battle Hawk" Kazama (Sammy Serrano, KO by 13, WBA junior lightweight, 4/3/80): Kayoed a few years earlier by Antonio Cervantes in a junior welterweight bout, Kazama now fought Serrano, 10 pounds lighter than Cervantes and a powderpuff puncher—and was still knocked out.

Nkosana "Happy Boy" Mgxajgi (Sammy Serrano, KO by 8, WBA junior welterweight, 4/14/79): Color "Happy Boy" one hapless challenger.

Tongta Kiatvayupak (Antonio Cervantes, KO by 6, WBA junior welterweight, 4/28/78): An illegitimate contender in a bastard division.



MAY

RON STANDER (JOE FRAZIER, KO BY 5, HEAVYWEIGHT, 5/25/72): STANDER'S FIGHT FOR FRAZIER'S TITLE TOOK PLACE IN OMAHA, AS IN MUTUAL OF OMAHA. IF EVER A FIGHTER NEEDED TO INCREASE HIS INSURANCE BEFORE A BOUT, IT WAS STANDER BEFORE THIS ONE. WHEN THEY STOPPED IT IN THE FIFTH ROUND, STANDER WAS A BLOODY MESS. THE QUESTION OF WHETHER HE BELONGED IN THE RING THAT NIGHT WAS BEST SUMMED UP BY HIS WIFE, WHO SAID "IT WAS LIKE ENTERING A VOLKSWAGEN IN THE INDY 500."

Alfredo Evangelista (Muhammad Ali, L 15, heavyweight, 5/16/77): Never should have gotten one title shot, let alone two. Why was his ticket to Palookaville round trip?

Don Cockell (Rocky Marciano, KO by 9, heavyweight, 5/16/55): In fights prior to this one, Cockell had, in John Lardner's words, "been knocked out by Randolph Turpin, a middleweight, and Jimmy Slade, an eccentric."

Richard Dunn (Muhammad Ali, KO by 5, heavyweight, 5/24/76): Here's a man who was well-Dunn before he even began.

Brian London (Floyd Patterson, KO by 11, heavyweight, 5/1/59): When Patterson signed for this fight as a tuneup for Ingemar Johansson, Johansson said, "My sister Eva can lick London."

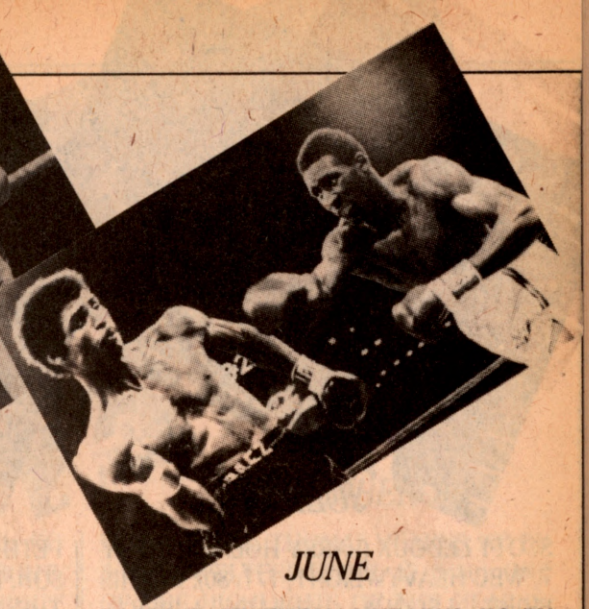
Flipper Uehara (Rafael Ortega, L 15, WBA featherweight, 5/29/77): A title fight for which there was a little porpoise.

Lou Bizarro (Roberto Duran, KO by 14, WBA lightweight, 5/22/76): Ran a three-minute mile in each of the first 13 rounds—backwards at that.

Louis Pergaud (Matthew Saad Muhammad, KO by 5, WBC light heavyweight, 5/13/80): Pergaud should have been purged from the ratings.

Andy Kendall (Bob Foster, KO by 4, light heavyweight, 5/24/69): Unlike Marlon Brando, he shouldn't have been a contender.

Francois Pavilla (Curtis Cokes, KO by 10, welterweight 5/19/67): Pavilla, like Pavlov's dog, answered bells. But only for the first 10 rounds.



JUNE

PABLO BAEZ (THOMAS HEARNS, KO BY 4, WBA WELTERWEIGHT, 6/25/81): MOTORS NEED TUNEUPS AND SO DO MOTOR CITY COBRAS. THAT EXPLAINS THE MAKING OF THIS FIGHT THREE MONTHS BEFORE HEARNS FOUGHT SUGAR RAY LEONARD. IN TURN, THE MAKING OF THE FIGHT EXPLAINS THE NUMBER NINE WBA RATING GIVEN BAEZ. THE RATING WAS MANUFACTURED SOLELY TO JUSTIFY HIS GETTING THE TITLE SHOT. THE FIGHT ITSELF CERTAINLY DIDN'T JUSTIFY IT. PABLO BAEZ COULD JUST AS WELL HAVE BEEN JOAN BAEZ. THAT'S HOW PACIFISTIC HE APPEARED.

Fitzroy Guissepi (Sang-Hyun Kim, L 15, WBC junior welterweight, 6/1/79): Here was a fighter from Trinidad with an Irish first name, an Italian last name and a 17-10-3 record. If any or all of the above were sufficient grounds for his getting a title shot, let us know.

Emilio Hernandez (Carlos Zarate, KO by 4, WBC bantamweight, 6/9/78): The WBC shouldn't have had Emilio rated; they should have had their ratings ameliorated.

Carlos Maria Giminez (Antonio Cervantes, KO by 6, WBA junior welterweight, 6/25/77): The middle name was the giveaway.

Lennox Blackmoore (Aaron Pryor, KO by 2, WBA junior welterweight, 6/27/81): Guyana's Blackmoore fought as if he had just drunk some of Jim Jones' Kool-Aid.

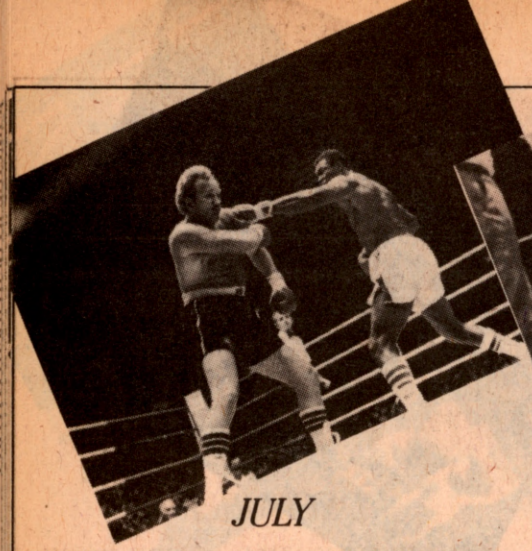
Bill Squires (Tommy Burns, KO by 8, heavyweight, 6/13/08): If the first Bum of the Month tour was the one undertaken by Burns, then Squires was as persistent a bum as the most brazen panhandler, fighting Burns three times and lasting longer each time.

Sadak Porntavee (Wilfredo Gomez, KO by 3, WBC junior featherweight, 6/2/78): Gomez' fourth title defense—and Porntavee's fourth fight.

Adolph Pruitt (Jose Napoles, KO by 2, welterweight, 6/10/72): Melted vs. "Mantequilla."

Diego Alcala (Alexis Arguello, KO by 1, WBC junior lightweight, 6/3/78): See Rey Tam (April).

Salvador Torres (Alexis Arguello, KO by 3, WBA featherweight, 6/19/76): See Ray Tam (April).



JULY

SCOTT LEDOUX (LARRY HOLMES, KO BY 7, WBC HEAVYWEIGHT, 7/7/80): IN THIS FIGHT, LEDOUX, USUALLY A WILD, BRAWLING-TYPE FIGHTER, LAID BACK AND DID NOTHING. BUT WHILE LEDOUX WAS TWIDDLING HIS THUMBS, HOLMES WAS MAKING BETTER USE OF HIS. A THUMB TO LEDOUX'S EYE IN ROUND SIX EXPEDITED THE END OF THE FIGHT, WHICH CAME IN ROUND SEVEN. THAT'S THE SEVENTH ROUND ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE SEVENTH MONTH, HOLMES SCORING HIS SEVENTH STRAIGHT KNOCKOUT IN HIS SEVENTH TITLE DEFENSE. IRONICALLY, HOLMES WAS ROLLING ALL THOSE SEVENS IN ONE OF THE FEW TITLE FIGHTS OF HIS THAT WASN'T IN VEGAS. IT WAS IN LEDOUX'S HOME STATE OF MINNESOTA.

Ernesto Herrera (Eusebio Pedroza, KO by 12, WBA featherweight, 7/2/78): The possessor of an interesting record. The loss to Pedroza was the first of six in a row for Herrera, and nine in 10 fights, the lone win being an unusual five-round decision.

Young-Ho Oh (Sammy Serrano, KO by 9, WBA junior lightweight, 7/8/78): Though anyone else could see he couldn't fight, the WBA has always been gung-ho for Young-Ho, rating him highly and giving him title shots. But then again, he was Korean and that was enough for the WBA.

Sa-Wang Kim (Eusebio Pedroza, KO by 8, WBA featherweight, 7/20/80): Someday he can tell his grandchildren he fought for the title. But he won't be able to explain why.

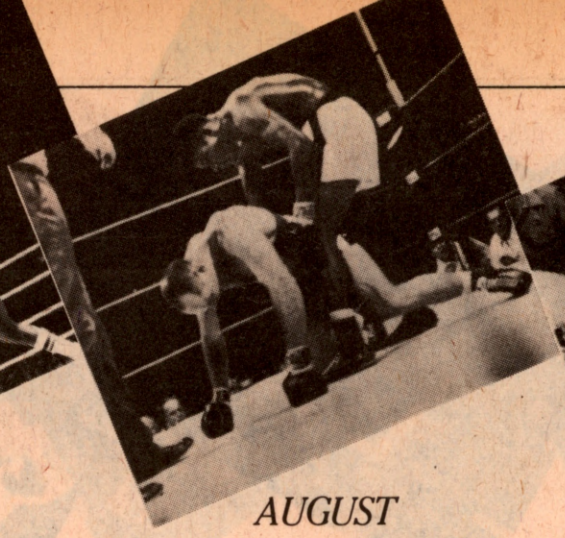
Shig Fukuyama (David Kotey, KO by 3, WBC featherweight, 7/16/76): The Shig was up for Fukuyama.

Raul Tirado (Wilfredo Gomez, KO by 5, WBC junior featherweight, 7/11/77): No contesto.

Ricardo Estupien (Luis Estaba, L 15, WBC junior flyweight, 7/17/77): Estaba stoops to conquer Estupien.

Akio Kameda (Aaron Pryor, KO by 6, WBA junior welterweight, 7/4/82): A kamikaze pilot. Or is it comic-aze?

Johnny King (Panama Al Brown, L 15, bantamweight, 7/3/33): The difference between King and Panama Al was as wide as the Panama Canal.



AUGUST

PETE RADEMACHER (FLOYD PATTERSON, KO BY 6, HEAVYWEIGHT, 8/22/57): THE WAY EVERYONE REMEMBERS IT, RADEMACHER WAS OVERMATCHED IN HIS FIRST PROFESSIONAL FIGHT BECAUSE HIS OPPONENT WAS THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP. BUT THERE WERE THOSE WHO THOUGHT THAT RADEMACHER WOULD HAVE BEEN IN OVER HIS HEAD IN TURNING PRO AGAINST *ANYBODY*. A YEAR EARLIER, WHEN PETE HAD DECIDED FOR THE TIME BEING NOT TO TURN PROFESSIONAL, JOHN LARDNER HAD WRITTEN, "I LISTENED WITH ASTONISHMENT THE OTHER DAY WHEN LT. PETE RADEMACHER, AMERICA'S OLYMPIC WINNER IN THE HEAVYWEIGHT CLASS, REMARKED THAT HE WOULD PROBABLY DECIDE TO STAY IN THE ARMY RATHER THAN TURN PRO IN THE RING. I HAD NOT REALIZED THAT HE HAD ANY OPTION. HE IS A NICE FELLOW, BUT PRIMO CARNERA COULD GIVE HIM LESSONS IN GRACEFULNESS."

Jack Munroe (Jim Jeffries, KO by 2, heavyweight, 8/26/04): A turn-of-the-century version of Rademacher. This was only Munroe's 12th fight.

Roy Harris (Floyd Patterson, KO by 12, heavyweight, 8/18/58): The man from Cut and Shoot couldn't do either.

Jiro Takada (Miguel Canto, KO by 11, WBC flyweight, 8/23/75): Of Canto's 18 title opponents, the only one he stopped.

Derrik Holmes (Wilfredo Gomez, KO by 5, WBC junior featherweight, 8/22/80): Was Holmes ready for Gomez? Not by the glass in his chinny-chin-chin.

Mike Everett (Saensak Muangsurin, KO by 6, WBC junior welterweight, 8/20/77): Everett's mounted.

Norman Sekgapane (Antonio Cervantes, KO by 9, WBA junior welterweight, 8/27/78): Beating Cervantes proves an impossible dream.

Young-Ho Oh (Hilmer Kenty, KO by 9, WBA lightweight, 8/2/80): See July.

Brian London (Muhammad Ali, KO by 3, heavyweight, 8/6/66): See May.

Bill Squires / Tommy Burns, KO by 13, heavyweight, 8/24/08): See June.

SEPTEMBER

JOE KING ROMAN (GEORGE FOREMAN, KO BY 1, HEAVYWEIGHT, 9/1/73): THEY CALLED HIM JOE KING ROMAN—JOE KING, AS IN JOKING. THAT'S WHAT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DOING WHEN THEY PUT HIM IN WITH FOREMAN. HE LASTED ALL OF TWO MINUTES. ROMAN'S CONTINUED REPUTATION AS A BUM WAS SUCH THAT, A COUPLE YEARS LATER, WHEN THE HIGHLY SKILLED JIMMY YOUNG TURNED UP FOR HIS SHOT AT ALI BY FIGHTING ROMAN ON THE UNDERCARD OF ALI'S BUM OF THE MONTH DEFENSE AGAINST JEAN PIERRE COOPMAN, YOUNG WAS DISMISSED BY THE PRESS AS ANOTHER BUM OF THE MONTH BECAUSE HE ONLY WON 10 OUT OF 10 ROUNDS.

Mike Baker (Maurice Hope, KO by 7, WBC junior middleweight, 9/25/76): No hope vs. Mo Hope. Baker had as much business fighting for a title as did the butcher or the candlestick maker.

Everaldo Costa Acevedo (Carlos Palomino, L 15, WBC welterweight, 9/13/77): Though the first two letters of his last name went from A to Z, Azevedo's boxing skills ran the gamut from A to B.

Kenji Shibata (Eddie Gazo, L 15, WBA junior middleweight, 9/13/77): A fighter from the Orient whose rating seemed an occident.

Yukio Segawa (Ricardo Cardona, L 15, WBA junior featherweight, 9/6/79): Call it the Segawa Segue. He'd been fighting professionally for a year and a half, winning seven fights, losing one. Then, all of a sudden, he's projected into a title fight by the WBA with predictable results.

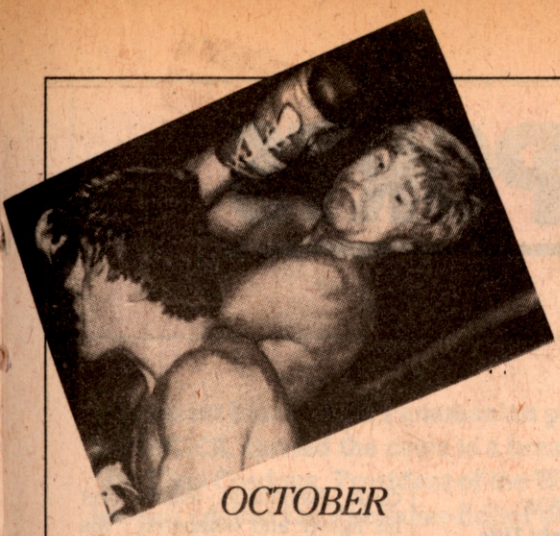
Jose Torres (Danny Lopez, KO by 7, WBC featherweight, 9/13/77): No pint-sized version of his light heavyweight namesake.

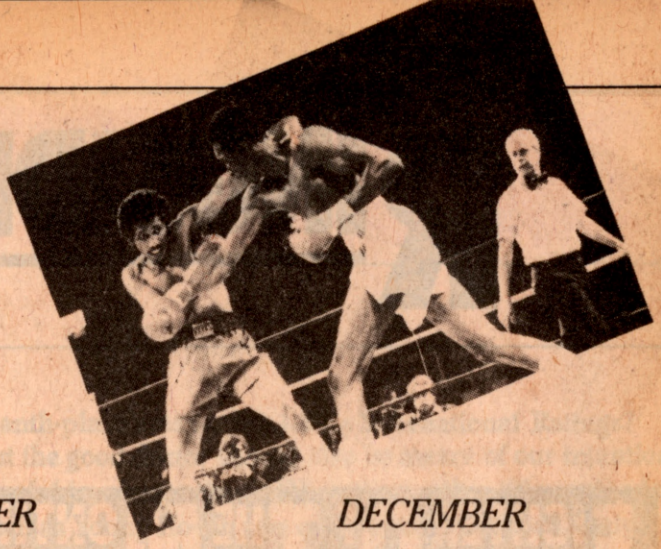
Phil Furr (Henry Armstrong, KO by 4, welterweight, 9/23/40): Plays the nail for Hammerin' Hank.

Bill Lang (Tommy Burns, KO by 6, heavyweight, 9/2/08): Was kayoed by a 46-year-old Bob Fitzsimmons the following year.

Ruben Valdez (Ricardo Cardona, L 15, WBA junior featherweight, 9/2/78): The validity of Valdez' challenge left a lot to be desired.

Carlos Maria Giminez (Antonio Cervantes, KO by 5, WBA junior welterweight, 9/8/73): See June.





OCTOBER

FRASER SCOTT (NINO BENVENUTI, L DISQ. 7, MIDDLEWEIGHT, 10/4/69): HE CAME OUT OF SEATTLE, A GREEN KID WITH RED HAIR, SPOUTING POETRY. HE CALLED HIMSELF "SOCIETY RED." "YES HE'S SOCIETY, SOCIETY RED/AND SOONER OR LATER HE'S DIVISIONAL HEAD," READ ONE OF HIS POEMS. HIS MANAGEMENT TRIED TO MAKE IT SOONER, NOT LATER. THEY RUSHED HIM INTO A TITLE FIGHT WITH BENVENUTI. "AND THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP IS WHERE I'M GOING," HE HAD WRITTEN. "I DON'T CARE WHO OR HOW." BUT THE REFEREE CARED HOW. SO WHEN SCOTT FOULED NINO, HE EARNED THE DISTINCTION OF BEING DISQUALIFIED IN A FIGHT FOR WHICH HE WAS UNQUALIFIED IN THE FIRST PLACE. SCOTT VANISHED INTO OBSCURITY AFTER THAT, LOSING TO SUCH OTHER "BUMS" AS MAX COHEN.

Kosie Smith (Victor Galindez, L 15, WBA light heavyweight, 10/5/76): Smith, unlike Smith Barney, didn't get his title shot the old-fashioned way.

Johnny Gant (Angel Espada, L 15, WBA welterweight, 10/11/75): Johnny Gant, like John of Gaunt in Shakespeare's RICHARD II, could "never lift an angry arm against" the holder of the crown.

Tony Petronelli (Wilfredo Benitez, KO by 3, WBA junior welterweight, 10/16/76): Like some distorted funhouse mirror, Petronelli's looking-glass jaw made Benitez look like the kind of puncher he's not.

James "Quick" Tillis (Mike Weaver, L 15, WBA heavyweight, 10/3/81): Was so "quick" he didn't stop to throw punches.

Tito Abella (Yoko Gushiken, KO by 7, WBA junior flyweight, 10/28/79): Abella fought like Abel, history's first loser.

Montsayarm Mahaci (Yoko Gushiken, KO by 4, WBA junior flyweight, 10/9/77): This was only Mahaci's second defeat. That's because it was only his fifth fight.

Howard Scott (Henry Armstrong, KO by 2, welterweight, 10/13/39): See Phil Furr (September).

Alvaro Rojas (Roberto Duran, KO by 1, WBA lightweight, 10/15/76): See Jimmy Robertson (January).

NOVEMBER

JORGEN HANSEN (BRUNO ARCARI, KO BY 5, WBC JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT, 11/1/73): A FUSS WAS MADE ABOUT HANSEN'S BEING MISMATCHED WHEN AT THE AGE OF 38, HE WAS KAYOED IN ONE ROUND BY PIPINO CUEVAS. BUT THAT WAS NOTHING NEW. EIGHT YEARS EARLIER, HE WAS A CLASS "C"—RATED FIGHTER WHO WAS GIVEN A SHOT AT BRUNO ARCARI'S WBC JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT TITLE. HE WAS KNOCKED OUT IN THE FIFTH. HANSEN HAS ALSO BEEN BEATEN BY THREE OF THE OTHER FIGHTERS ON OUR LIST OF "BUMS." IT'S SAFE TO SAY HE'S A DANE WHO'S LESS THAN GREAT.

Lotte Mwale (Matthew Saad Muhammad, KO by 4, WBC light heavyweight, 11/28/80): Lotte Lenya might have put up a better fight than Lotte Mwale.

Rudi Koopmans (Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, KO by 3, WBA light heavyweight, 11/29/80): Titledom a Never-Never-Land for Netherlander Koopmans.

Roberto Vazquez (Jim Watt, KO by 9, WBC lightweight, 11/3/79): The Fiasco in Glasgow.

Waruinge Nakayama (Carlos Zarate, KO by 4, WBC bantamweight, 11/3/76): For fans of Rony and Japanese rhyme, Nakayama got his bantamweight title shot on the 15th anniversary of the day a fighter named Takayama got a featherweight title shot. As Casey Stengel said, you could look it up.

Johnny Aba (Eusebio Pedroza, KO by 11, WBA featherweight, 11/17/79): They must have been selecting challengers in alphabetical order.

Orlando Javierto (Miguel Canto, L 15, WBC flyweight, 11/20/76): A fly of fancy.

Enrique Solis (Eusebio Pedroza, L 15, WBA featherweight, 11/27/78): Solis took solace in going the distance.

Alfredo Evangelista (Larry Holmes, KO by 7, WBC heavyweight, 11/10/78): See May.

Arturo Leon (Alexis Arguello, L 15, WBC junior lightweight, 11/10/78): See Rey Tam (April).

DECEMBER

LUIS PRIMERA (THOMAS HEARNS, KO BY 6, WBA WELTERWEIGHT, 12/6/80): ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE HEARNS-PRIMERA FIGHT INVOLVED A BODY ATTACK DIRECTED AT HEARNS. VIEW THE FILM OF THIS FIGHT AND YOU WILL COME ACROSS A COMIC MOMENT WHERE PRIMERA DIGS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT TO HEARNS' MIDSECTION AND THE BLOW JUST BOUNCES OFF AS HEARNS STARES DOWN AT HIM WITH A SLIGHTLY AMUSED LOOK ON HIS FACE. THAT PUNCH WASN'T THE ONLY THING THAT BOUNCED. PRIMERA WAS HEARNS' YOYO AT COBO HALL, GOING DOWN AND GETTING UP THREE TIMES BEFORE IT WAS STOPPED. KNOWING THE WBA, HOWEVER, THEY PROBABLY WOULD HAVE FORCED A REMATCH BY NOW IF HEARNS WAS STILL CHAMP. PRIMERA, LIKE FULLY OBEL, IS FROM VENEZUELA.

Hikaru Tomonari (Sammy Serrano, KO by 12, WBA junior lightweight, 12/10/81): The challenger who couldn't make Sammy run. Tomonari presented such a feeble challenge that Serrano felt free to abandon his usual defensive style and become the aggressor.

Tom McNeeley (Floyd Patterson, KO by 4, heavyweight, 12/4/61): Had he lost this fight, Patterson said he would have put his fake beard disguise on in the ring.

Jose Palacios (Carlos Palomino, KO by 13, WBC welterweight, 12/10/77): If all of Palomino's challengers were of Palacios' caliber, Carlos would still be champ instead of doing beer commercials.

Al McCoy (Joe Louis, KO by 6, heavyweight, 12/16/40): The real McCoy as far as Bum of the Month Club membership is concerned. McCoy was the first in the monthly procession of challengers for whom the term was originated.

Horacio Saldano (Jose Napoles, KO by 3, welterweight, 12/14/74): No Horatio Alger story for Horacio Saldano.

Aldo Traversaro (Mike Rossman, KO by 6, WBA light heavyweight, 12/5/78): A travesty of a contender.

Bashew Sibaca (Eusebio Pedroza, KO by 5, WBA featherweight, 12/5/81): Pedroza bashes Bashew.

RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH

Fighter of the Month efforts were turned in by Thomas Hearns, Wilfredo Gomez and Larry Holmes during December. Hearns grabbed Wilfred Benitez' title, Gomez didn't let Lupe Pintor cop his, and Holmes retained the Heavyweight Championship of the World once again. But as great as their efforts were, they almost paled in comparison to the incredible performance engineered by Bobby Chacon, who overcame tremendous personal tragedy to reach as deep inside himself as any man has ever had to reach, to survive 15 rounds of hell and emerge with a world championship. Chacon floored Bazooka Limon with seconds remaining in their bout and won the WBC junior lightweight crown in one of the greatest performances boxing has ever seen.

CHACON-LIMON
WBC Jr. Lightweight Title

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—It took the fight of his life, but Bobby Chacon came up with it hwen he needed it most. Chacon beat the odds and captured the Wold Boxing Council junior lightweight title from Rafael "Bazooka" Limon in as fierce and thrilling fight as the division has ever seen.

With the death of his wife still on his mind, the 31-year-old Chacon was hardly given a chance of winning his second world title. And yet he rallied, coming back after being hurt and bloodied and knocked down twice to win a unanimous 15-round decision before a frenzied, partisan crowd at the Sacramento Civic Auditorium.

Any man who fights will eventually reach a moment when he is either a hammer or an anvil; and after 12 rounds of brutal fighting the moment came and touched Rafael Limon on his shoulder. The champion was ahead on all three scorecards, but Chacon came up with a furious attack over the last few rounds, and with just 12 seconds left in the 15th round of the ABC televised bout, Chacon sent the champion sprawling with two overhand rights to the jaw. Chacon leaped on the ropes and let out a wild bellow.

As Limon lay prone on his ear, an excited fan doused him with beer. Limon got to his feet, grinning, as if his brain were made of Valium, while the ecstatic pro-Chacon crowd was on their feet cheering loudly. Referee Isaac Herrera seemed ready to stop the fight, but then the final bell rang. Limon collapsed on his stool, spitting blood.

Before the decision was announced, Limon's manager, Ricardo Maldonado, leaned over his fighter and whispered, "You lost it." Limon still bleeding from the mouth and still dizzy, said "Yes, but did I put up a great fight?"

The scoring of the bout was way off; in fact, Chacon's knockdown of Limon saved boxing another embarrassment, for, if the champion from Mexico City had stayed on his feet, he would have retained his title by a draw! Judge Angel Guzman of Puerto Rico had it 142-141, while judge Tamotsu Homihara of Hawaii scored it 141-140, after giving Chacon a 10-7 margin in the final round. The other judge, Carlos Padilla of Las Vegas, voted 143-141. *The Ring* had it 144-139, with Chacon sweeping the last three rounds by a total of five points.

This was Chacon's third chance at the 130-pound title and he ws probably in the best shape of his career. "I could hardly sleep last night," he said. "I just kept thinking that I *had* to win this fight. There was no way I would let myself lose, and as long as my legs could hold me up, no matter how much I was hurt, I knew I would still be there, because I had to take that title. I told my wife to wait around. This was all I wanted."

This is the fourth time Chacon and Limon have met, going back seven years ago to a bullring in Tijuana when Limon outpointed the world-rated Chacon in a controversial bout. Their second fight ended in a technical draw after Limon was butted, although Chacon had been dominating the fight up until the time of the butt. In their third bout, Limon lost an unpopular decision in Los Angeles in what was probably their dirtiest fight.

Chacon has been a "legend" in California from almost the day he

RING'S INTERNATIONAL RATINGS

A recent blurb in the Panamanian paper, LA REPUBLICA, carried the news to a breathless world that "Dr. Elias Cordova, President of the WBA, had filed a lawsuit against the Publisher-Editor of RING MAGAZINE for lying on a U.S. TV sports show on the death of Deuk-Koo Kim . . . claiming the fight was a 'mismatch.' " Dr. Cordova went on to claim that he was injured by the imagined slings and arrows of criticism, to the tune of $2 million, stating that he had "proof" that the bout was not a mismatch.

Let it be known that as of the authoring of this piece we have not heard from Dr. Cordova, nor from any of his small band of followers — most of whom could be put in one phone booth — or his lawyers. But, if he were to try the case in the law courts of the U.S. and subject himself and the WBA to a system of justice that knows buncombe when it sees it, then we would be only too happy to accommodate him.

For we would not only want to know how Deuk-Koo Kim became the WBA's Number One-contender, but how the WBA could justify his ranking above such worthies as Edwin Rosario, Howard Davis and Gonzalo Montellano, amongst others — especially when he had only one fight outside of his native Korea and had never fought against a rated opponent. Moreover, how could he be rated atop the WBA's top-ten list when none of RING's panel of experts, including our five from the Orient, gave him as much as a tenth-place vote in THE RING's International Ratings? But the good doctor should also be aware of our intention to ask him about other WBA ratings, other title contenders, such as Young Ho-Oh as a contender for Hilmer Kenty, Scott Clark as a contender for Pipino Cuevas, Tony Petronelli as a challenger to Wilfred Benitez' crown and countless other mismatches. How in the world could the World Boxing Association claim these, and others, were not mismatches? And, if that isn't enough, how did they ever move Fulgencio Obelmejias into title contention twice — as if once wasn't bad enough? It's a wonder that the same tragedy which befell Deuk-Koo Kim didn't happen a few weeks earlier when the woefully outclassed Obelmejias was thrown in against Marvelous Marvin Hagler.

No, Dr. Cordova, you will have to come prepared to defend the WBA's rating system and its overall selection of Number One challengers. And, please, please, bring all your records and unaltered ballots — that is, if there ever were any — to prove that each and every fighter so rated was worthy of the Number One ranking.

We're willing, in the name of boxing, to bet $2 million against the continued existence of the WBA that your ratings are like the king's new clothes. It might be a cheap price to pay to rid the boxing world of the sorry growth known as the WBA before they serve us up another Deuk-Koo Kim in the clothes of a Number-One challenger.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

RING RATINGS 40 YEARS AGO

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Joe Louis, Detroit, Mich.

1. Max Schemling, Germany
2. Tommy Farr, Wales
3. Nathan Mann, New Haven, Conn.
4. Alberto Lovell, Argentina.
5. Tony Galento, Orange, N.J.
6. Jimmy Adamick, Midland, Mich.
7. Lou Nova, Los Angeles, Calif.
8. Bob Pastor, Saratoga, N.Y.
9. Roscoe Toles, Detroit, Mich.
10. Andre Lenglet, France

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion
Lou Ambers, Herkimer, N.Y.

1. Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rico
2. Davey Day, Chicago, Ill.
3. Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich.
4. Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City, N.J.
5. Eddie Cool, Philadelphia, Pa.
6. Johnny Bellus, New Haven, Conn.
7. Paul Junior, Portland, Maine
8. Petey Sarron, Birmingham, Ala.
9. Frankie Wallace, Cleveland, Ohio
10. Eddie McGeever, Scranton, Pa.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
John Henry Lewis, Los Angeles, Calif.

1. Al Gainer, New Haven, Conn.
2. Tiger Jack Fox, Spokane, Wash.
3. Jock McAvoy, England
4. Eddie Wenstob, Canada
5. Ray Actis, San Francisco
6. Ralph DeJohn, Buffalo, N.Y.
7. Billy Conn, Pittsburgh, Pa.
8. Gus Lesnevich, Cliffside, N.J.
9. Melio Bettina, Pittsburgh
10. Fred Lenhart, St. Paul, Minn.

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Henry Armstrong, Los Angleles, Calif.

1. Freddie Miller, Cincinnati, Ohio
2. Leo Rodak, Chicago, Ill.
3. Everett Rightmire, Chicago, Ill.
4. Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.
5. Tony Chavez, Alburquerque, N.M.
6. Ginger Foran, Liverpool, England
7. Benny Sharkey, Scotland
8. Kid Chocolate, Havana, Cuba
9. Joey Archibald, Providence, R.I.
10. Johnny Cusick, Manchester, England

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion
Freddie Steele, Seattle, Wash.

1. Fred Apostoli, San Francisco
2. Al Hostak, Seattle, Wash.
3. Carmelo Candel, France
4. George Black, Milwaukee, Wisc.
5. Young Corbett, San Francisco
6. Ben Brown, Atlanta, Georgia
7. Glen Lee, Grand Island, Neb.
8. Teddy Yarosz, Monaca, Pa.
9. Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass.
10. Ken Overlin, Norfolk, Va.

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion
Harry Jeffra, Baltimore, Md.

1. K.O. Morgan, Stamford, Conn.
2. Sixto Estobar, Puerto Rico
3. Lou Salica, New York, N.Y.
4. Indian Quintana, Panama City
5. Georgie Pace, Cleveland, Ohio
6. Spider Armstrong, Toronto, Ontario
7. Baby Yack, Toronto, Ont., Canada
8. Johnny King, England
9. Tobe DelaRosa, Italy
10. Aurel Toma, Roumania

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Barney Ross, Chicago, Ill.

1. Ceferino Garcia, Philippines
2. Jack Carroll, Australia
3. Gustave Eder, Germany
4. Saverio Turiello, Italy
5. Izzy Jannazzo, Brooklyn, N.Y.
6. Holman Williams, Detroit, Mich.
7. Cocoa Kid, Puerto Rico
8. Jimmy Leto, Bayonne, N.J.
9. Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh, Pa.
10. Ralph Zannelli, Providence, R.I.

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion

1. Peter Kane, England
2. Pierre Louis, France
3. Tiny Bostock, England
4. Small Montana, Philippines
5. Jackie Jurich, San Jose, Calif.
6. Jim Warnock, Belfast, Ireland
7. Valentin Angelmann, France
8. Joe Curran, England
9. Tut Whalley, England
10. Frank (Kid) Bonser, England

GENUINE

Budweiser Presents The Ring International Ratings

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

LARRY HOLMES** . . . . . Easton, Pa.
1 **Michael Dokes*** . . . . . Akron, Ohio
2 **Mike Weaver** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
3 **Gerrie Coetzee** . . . . . South Africa
4 **Renaldo Snipes** . . . . . Yonkers, N.Y.
5 **Trevor Berbick** . . . . . Halifax, Canada
6 **Greg Page** . . . . . Louisville, Ky.
7 **Gerry Cooney** . . . . . Huntington, N.Y.
8 **Pinklon Thomas** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
9 **Randall (Tex) Cobb** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
10 **Tim Witherspoon** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.

11. John Tate, 12. S.T. Gordon, 13. James Tillis, 14. Leon Spinks, 15. Bernardo Mercado, 16. Larry Frazier, 17. John Denis

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 154 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION
TITLE VACANT

1 **Thomas Hearns**** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Wilfred Benitez** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Tony Ayala, Jr.** . . . . . San Antonio, Tex.
4 **Davey Moore*** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
5 **Mike McCallum** . . . . . New York
6 **Carlos Herrera** . . . . . Argentina
7 **Gary Guiden** . . . . . Muncie, Ind.
8 **Clint Jackson** . . . . . Nashville, Tenn.
9 **James Green** . . . . . Irvington, N.J.
10 **Charlie Weir** . . . . . South Africa

11. Herol Graham, 12. Luigi Minchillo, 13. Kirkland Laing, 14. Roberto Duran, 15. Carlos Santos, 16. Sean Mannion, 17. Buster Drayton

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(not over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

DWIGHT BRAXTON** . . . . . Camden, N.J.
1 **Michael Spinks*** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
2 **Eddie Mustafa Muhammad** . . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
3 **Matthew Saad Muhammad** . . . . . Phila., Pa.
4 **Eddie Davis** . . . . . Freeport, N.Y.
5 **John Davis** . . . . . Hempstead, N.Y.
6 **Carlos DeLeon** . . . . . Puerto Rico
7 **Marvin Johnson** . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
8 **Oscar Rivadeneyra** . . . . . Peru
9 **James Scott** . . . . . Rahway, N.J.
10 **Jerry Celestine** . . . . . New Orleans, La.

11. John Odhiambo, 12. Pete McIntyre, 13. Niva Tofaeoni, 14. Willie Edwards, 15. Bashiru Ali, 16. Young Joe Louis, 17. Jose Flores, 18. Vonzell Johnson

WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 147 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION
TITLE VACANT

1 **Milton McCrory** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Donald Curry** . . . . . Ft. Worth, Texas
3 **Roger Stafford** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
4 **Marlon Starling** . . . . . Hartford, Conn.
5 **Pipino Cuevas** . . . . . Mexico
6 **Kevin Howard** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
7 **Colin Jones** . . . . . England
8 **Bobby Joe Young** . . . . . Steubenville, Ohio
9 **Mauricio Bravo** . . . . . Venezuela
10 **Elio Diaz** . . . . . Venezuela

11. Randy Shields, 12. Pete Ranzany, 13. Robert Sawyer, 14. Mark Harris, 15. Nino LaRocca, 16. Harold Volbrecht, 17. (Tie) Luis Primera, Kirkland Laing, 19. Chung-Jae Hwang, 20. (Tie) Hans Henrik Palm, Akio Kameda

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 160 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MARVIN HAGLER . . . . . Brockton, Mass.
1 **Frank Fletcher** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
2 **Tony Sibson** . . . . . England
3 **Mustafa Hamsho** . . . . . Syria
4 **Thomas Hearns** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
5 **Dwight Davison** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
6 **Wilford Scypion** . . . . . Port Arthur, Texas
7 **Fulgencio Obelmejias** . . . . . Venezuela
8 **James Shuler** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
9 **James Green** . . . . . Irvington, N.J.
10 **Bobby Czyz** . . . . . Wanaque, N.J.

11. Ray Seales, 12. Bernard Mays, 13. James Kinchen, 14. Vinnie Curto, 15. (Tie) Mark Holmes, Alex Ramos, Ronnie Harris, 18. Juan Roldan, 19. Curtis Parker, 20. Ernie Singletary, 21. Robbie Sims

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 140 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

AARON PRYOR* . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
1 **Leroy Haley**** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nevada
2 **Saoul Mamby** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
3 **Johnny Bumphus** . . . . . Clementon, N.J.
4 **Steve Hearon** . . . . . Houston, Texas
5 **Sang-Hyun Kim** . . . . . Korea
6 **Guillermo Fernandez** . . . . . Venezuela
7 **Ubaldo Sacco** . . . . . Argentina
8 **Billy Costello** . . . . . Kingston, N.Y.
9 **Bruce Curry** . . . . . Ft. Worth, Texas
10 **Ronnie Shields** . . . . . Port Arthur, Texas

11. Willie Rodriguez, 12. Adriano Marrero, 13. Dujuan Johnson, 14. Patrizio Oliva, 15. Antonio Cervantes, 16. Jo Kimpuani, 17. Juan Jose Gimenez, 18. Clint McKenzie, 19. Alfredo Escalera, 20. Steve Early, 21. Miguel Montilla

How **The Ring** International Ratings Panel works: Boxing authorities from all six major continents have submitted their ballots—marked from one to ten to indicate their rankings under **The Ring**'s champion—to reflect their evaluation of the relative challengers' positions as of December 11, 1982. Their ballots were then weighted with scores of from ten (for a first-place vote) to one (for a tenth-place vote) and totaled up to provide the final standings. After the top ten were tabulated, those other fighters receiving votes were then listed in order, according to the number of votes received, from 11th on.

(AS OF DECEMBER 11, 1982)

The names following each division received votes (in order of their listing)

***WBA champion** ****WBC champion**

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not cer 135 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

ALEXIS ARGUELLO** . . . . . Nicaragua
1 **Aaron Pryor** . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
2 **Ray Mancini*** . . . . . Youngstown, Ohio
3 **Edwin Rosario** . . . . . Puerto Rico
4 **Howard Davis, Jr.** . . . . . Glen Cove, N.Y.
5 **Andy Ganigan** . . . . . Honolulu, Ha.
6 **Roger Mayweather** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nev.
7 **Greg Coverson** . . . . . Kalamazoo, Mich.
8 **Roberto Elizondo** . . . . . Corpus Christi, Texas
9 **Livingstone Bramble** . . . . . Passaic, N.J.
10 **Jose Luis Ramirez** . . . . . Mexico

11. Ken Bogner, 12. Orlando Romero, 13. John Montes, 14. James Busceme, 15. Gonzalo Montellano, 16. (Tie) Davey Armstrong, Jimmy Paul, 18. Ernesto Espana, 19. Barry Michael, 20. Ray Cattouse

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 130 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SAMUEL SERRANO* . . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Cornelius Boza-Edwards** . . . . . England
2 **Edwin Rosario** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Hector Camacho** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
4 **Bobby Chacon**** . . . . . Pacoima, Calif.
5 **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon** . . . . . Mexico
6 **Rolando Navarrete** . . . . . Honolulu, Ha.
7 **Johnny De La Rosa** . . . . . Miami, Fla.
8 **Jorge Alvarado** . . . . . Panama
9 **Roger Mayweather** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nev.
10 **Chung Il-Choi** . . . . . Korea

11. John Verderosa, 12. Ruben Munoz, 13. Carlos Pinango, 14. Il-Bok Lee, 15. Ildelfonso Bethelmy, 16. Oscar Arnal, 17. Enrique Maxwell, 18. Benedicto Villablanca, 19. Tae-Jin Moon, 20. Mario Vizcaya, 21. Frankie Baltazar, 22. Leonardo Moreno, 23. (Tie) Reinaldo Hidalgo, Alfredo Paiva

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 126 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

EUSEBIO PEDROZA* . . . . . Panama
1 **Juan LaPorte**** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
2 **Wilfredo Gomez** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Rocky Lockridge** . . . . . Paterson, N.J.
4 **Ruben Castillo** . . . . . Bakersfield, Calif.
5 **Jose Caba** . . . . . Dominican Republic
6 **Azumah Nelson** . . . . . Ghana
7 **Mario Miranda** . . . . . Colombia
8 **Pat Cowdell** . . . . . England
9 **Marcos Villasana** . . . . . Mexico
10 **Jackie Beard** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.

11. Paul Ferrari, 12. Bernard Taylor, 13. Reyes Gonzalez, 14. Tony Santana, 15. Augustin Martinez, 16. Irving Mitchell, 17. Bernabe Montanez, 18. (Tie) Rocky Garcia, Angel Mayor, 20. Pajaro Marquez, 21. Hwan-Kil Yuh

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 122 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

WILFREDO GOMEZ** . . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Leo Cruz*** . . . . . Dominican Republic
2 **Jaime Garza** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
3 **Sergio Palma** . . . . . Argentina
4 **Mike Ayala** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
5 **Lupe Pintor** . . . . . Mexico
6 **Felipe Orozco** . . . . . Colombia
7 **Ricardo Cardona** . . . . . Colombia
8 **Roberto Rubaldino** . . . . . Mexico
9 **Juan (Kid) Meza** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
10 **Soon-Hyun Chung** . . . . . Korea

11. Carmelo Negron, 12. Felix Rodriguez, 13. Oscar Muniz, 14. Antonio de la Paz, 15. Salvatore Melluzo, 16. Vilchit Muangroi-Et, 17. Joaquin Acuna, 18. Bobby Berna, 19. Julian Solis, 20. Hector Cortes

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(not over 118 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

JEFF CHANDLER* . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
1 **Lupe Pintor**** . . . . . Mexico
2 **Chul-Ho Kim** . . . . . Korea
3 **Albert Davila** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
4 **Oscar Muniz** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
5 **Edgar Roman** . . . . . Caracas, Venezuela
6 **Jiro Watanabe** . . . . . Japan
7 **Rafael Orono** . . . . . Venezuela
8 **Gaby Canizales** . . . . . Laredo, Texas
9 **Harold Petty** . . . . . Ft. Worth, Texas
10 **Freddie Jackson** . . . . . Houston, Texas

11. Kiko Bejines, 12. Jaime Garza, 13. Johnny Carter, 14. Eijiro Murata, 15. Richard Sandoval, 16. Miguel Iriarte, 17. Seung-Hoon Lee, 18. (Tie) James Pipps, Carlos Bejarano, 20. Jose R. Narvaez, 21. Jorge Ramirez, Raul Valdez

FLYWEIGHTS
(not over 112 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

ELEONCIO MERCEDES** . . . Dominican Republic
1 **Santos Laciar*** . . . . . Argentina
2 **Freddie Castillo** . . . . . Mexico
3 **Prudencio Cardona** . . . . . Colombia
4 **Hilario Zapata** . . . . . Panama
5 **Katsuo Tokashiki** . . . . . Japan
6 **German Torres** . . . . . Mexico
7 **Antonio Avelar** . . . . . Mexico
8 **Tadashi Tomori** . . . . . Japan
9 **Hwan Jin Kim** . . . . . Korea
10 **Jung-Koo Chang** . . . . . Korea

11. Juan Herrera, 12. Rafael Pedroza, 13. Amado Ursua, 14. Candido Tellez, 15. Gabriel Bernal, 16. Lupe Madera, 17. Gustavo Ballas, 18. Luis Ibarra, 19. Roberto Ramirez, 20. (Tie) Koki Ishii, Adrian Roman, Ramon Nerys, 23. Alonso Gonzalez, 24. Stephen Muchoki

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turned pro in early 1972. A stylist and knockout puncher, Chacon won the WBC featherweight title at 22. With charm and courage to burn, he could have written his own ticket. Instead, he ripped it up and lost his title at 23. He fought sporadically, watched other fighters go on to make a fortune on TV, and announced his retirement more than a few times. Las year his wife committed suicide because he would not give up his quest for a second title, leaving him with three children. There were rumors that his private life was in chaos again. The money said he would lose. The bookmakers listed "Bazooka" as a 3½-1 favorite.

Limon was booed and hissed by the crowd when he emerged from his dressing room. And he received more of the same when he was introduced in the ring. Although the crowd was stirred by the emotional drama of Bobby Chacon, 129¾, now living in Palermo, the left-handed champion soon quieted his fans as he built up and early lead with a stinging right-handed jab and short, clubbing punches to the head. Chacon was dropped by an inside left at the end of the 3rd round, but he picked himself up and fought back evenly.

The "Bazooka Man" is not without a few natural gifts, but it is his calling card, the elbow in the face, in which he truly excells. At 27, "Bazooka" is at the height of his talent, a polished performer at thumbing, butting, hitting low, and—when the opportunity arises—violently choking an opponent with his forearm. Limon has no use for feints or finesse, and his idea of footwork is the shortest distance to his opponent's throat. In the middle rounds, "Bazooka" smashed his elbow into Chacon's face a few times, opening a deep gash on the bridge of his nose. The challenger also received cuts around both eyes.

Chacon would usually outbox Limon for the opening minute of each round, then allow himself to get trapped against the ropes while the champion unleashed a barrage of hard punches to the body and head. Chacon seemed to need this danger. He would never hold or crowd Limon, or attempt to slide away along the ropes. But time and again, without fail, he would suddenly fight back viciously, beating Limon off him and driving him back into the center of the ring.

In the 10th Chacon pressed after Limon, but walked straight into a left hook and went down hard. With his face smeared with blood, Chacon had to fight back at full steam to keep Limon from kicking him out of the ring. At the end of 12th, Chacon was bleeding so badly that ringside physician Dr. P.B. Montemayor inspected his cuts.

"Don't stop it," Chacon pleaded. "They're not serious cuts. I can go on."

The 13th was the beginning of the end for "Bazooka" Limon. Chacon, who had squandered the years of his youth, came up with the strength to carry on. And, when for the last time he saw his dream come swinging on a star, with the crowd screaming all around him, Chacon became fired up and young again. Now he began to time Limon and belt him with right-hand leads, every time he twitched. At one point, Limon was so desperate that he lifted his arms wide and dared Chacon to hit him. Chacon jumped in and rocked him with both hands. The fight could have been stopped before the final bell, but Limon was a proud champion, and even when he was senseless he would fight back in spurts.

After the fight, Limon's manager said Chacon shook his hand and said, "Thank you," for giving him the chance at the title. Manager Maldonado, tapping his chest, said, "Chacon has a great heart." Then he tapped on his leg and added, "And his legs are pretty good too, for a 31 year-old fighter. Chacon is a great fighter . . . and a brave one."

Next up for Chacon is a mandatory defense against Cornelius Boza-Edwards, the Number-1 contender, and if he gets by that one he will likely meet Limon for a fifth time. Chacon not only pushed his record to 52-6-1 with his dramatic victory, but collected his second crown as well—waiting 7½ years to collect his second world title, longer than any other fighter who has won more than one crown.

There were 3,482 paying customers, with a gate of $87,182, second highest for fight-happy Sacramento. Limon now 47-12-2, received around $225,000 while Chacon took just $50,000 for his heroics.

Steve Romero, 134, from San Jose, knocked out Juan Escobar, 134, Tijuana, at 1:16 of the ninth of a scheduled 10-rounder. Romero, now 13-0, scored his 12th knockout in dropping the once-world class Escobar four times before referee Hank Elespuru stopped the bout.

Mario Savala, 114½, of Sacramento, won a unanimous 10-round decision over Julio Rodriguez, 114½, of Hayward.

Julio Cesar Chavez, 134¼, of Culiacan, Mexico, now claims a record of 31-0 after he won on a sixth round disqualification over Jerry Lewis, 134, San Jose, in a scheduled 10-rounder. Lewis spit his mouthpiece out three times and was disqualified by referee Pros Montano.

Eric Martin, 144, San Francisco, stopped Raymondo "Battling" Torres, 148½, of Reynosa, Mexico, in the opening minute of the 9th round. Referee Terry Smith stopped the bout with Torres cut over both eyes and taking too many punches.

Ruben Solorio, 124½, from Tijuana, knocked out Hugo Perez, 118, San Francisco, when Perez's handlers told referee Terry Smith they allow their fighter out for the fifth round.
(12-11-82)

CHRISTOPHER COATS

HOLMES-COBB

At the postfight press conference, a reporter asked the beaten, swollen challenger, "Would you want a rematch with the champ?" The fighter, who had just lost 14—perhaps all 15—rounds against the world heavyweight champion, smiled and said, "Sure, I'd like to do it now!" That's Randall (Tex) Cobb, professional prizefighter.

No man who had just gone through what Cobb went through for 15 rounds could have possibly wanted more punishment. But Cobb is the Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson, the George Chuvalo, the Scott LeDoux, of the '80s. He's boxing's answer to the wristwatch company which lays calim that its product "Takes a lickin' and keeps on tickin'." In the durable heavyweight's case, it might read, "Takes a smitin' and keeps on fightin'." Durable is an understatement.

Few challengers for the heavyweight title ever took as brutal a beating as Cobb did against Holmes, who was making his 13th defense. Cobb's punches carried little snap and even less speed, while his face served as a fungo ball—or, not mixing a metaphor, a speed bag — for the exquisite Holmes left jab. Cobb's 234¾ body served as Holmes' heavybag. There were times, indeed, when it was inconceivable that the "Easton Assassin" could have hit Cobb harder with right hands—punches which made the native of Abilene, Texas, groan.

Sitting behind Holmes' corner throughout the fight was his longtime promoter, Don King. Between rounds, King allowed Holmes' corner to give instructions to his "Main Man" (isn't everybody King's "Main Man"?). During the three-minute round, it was King's turn to give instructions, especially after the champion landed one—or a series—of his crackling jabs. King's instructions consisted of three words: "ALL NIGHT LONG!"

From the first round on, Holmes took the wraps off his marvelous jab and proceeded to hone in on Cobb's bashed face—bashed more from fights in barrooms, poolrooms saloons, honky tonks, street corners and back alleys than from boxing. To Cobb, boxing with eight-ounce, padded leather gloves — when he could just as well be wearing brass knuckles on one hand and holding a beer mug in the other in some convivial saloon — is for sissies. But when Cobb is offered $700,000 to fight the "sissy" way, he won't complain. Cobb's $700,000 actually turned into $500,000 when King asked him to take a pay cut because of poor attendance figures in the Houston Astrodome (no more than 8,500). King played fair, though. He not only cut Cobb's end of the purse, but Holmes', as well. Originally, the champion was to have received $2.1 million. Then, King lopped off $500,000. After the fight, at the victory party, King asked Holmes to take another pay cut (actually a "kickback," since Holmes had already deposited his money). Holmes stormed out of the party, never to fight for King again.Cobb, who also attended the party seemed disturbed by the pay reduction, though not as much as Holmes.

"Shoot," said the blase Cobb, "Do you have any idea how many beers $250,000 will buy?"

After the fight, Cobb certainly could have used those beers—along with the ice cold mugs they came in—not to drink, but to press against his puffy and purplish face.

Round after round the pattern never varied with round 15 looking

like a replay of round one. Holmes and his career-heavy 217½ pounds retreated behing the jab, while Cobb followed him in circles. Never did Cobb cut the ring on Holmes or attempt maul and street-fight him and rough him up.

Throughout most of the fight, Holmes was content to circle to his left. As he did, he continually slammed his jab into Cobb's readily accessible face. Holmes' left fist and Cobb's rugged face were a two-some for most of the fight.

As early as the second round it became apparent that for Holmes this was going to be a long night; and for Cobb, even longer. Late in the round, the champ landed a solid left-right combination to Cobb's chin. Cobb stopped in his tracks, but didn't buckle. Holmes wore a look that said, "Wow! What do I have to hit this guy with to bring him down." Only five months earlier, a lesser Holmes right to the head in the same round floored previously-unfloored—and unbeaten—Gerry Cooney. Later, Holmes was to say he never hit a man so hard and so often, only to have him remain standing and more incredibly, return to the fire.

But the fourth round, a small cut was visible above Cobb's left eye. His nose also trickled blood. By the fifth round, his entire face was reddened by the force and frequency of Holmes' punches.

The crowd yelled when Cobb landed a hard right to Holmes' side after the champion missed badly with a hook. But Holmes merely stepped back and slammed several hard jabs into—where else? — Cobb's face. King cupped his jewelry-cluttered hands around his mouth and yelled "ALL NIGHT LONG!"

Cobb raced off his stool at the start of the seventh round as if he had a new plan, a new strategy. Even is he did have other things to do, other offensive maneuvers to try, Holmes had his own simple fight plan—an incessant, whip of a jab that was beginning to turn Cobb's face into red, raw meat.

"ALL NIGHT LONG!" cried King. "ALL NIGHT LONG!"

Round eight might have been the only round won by Cobb, as Holmes took his only "vacation" of the fight. Forget the fact Cobb was hit by some heavy punches during the round. He was hit by heavy punches, as King said, "All Night Long." In round eight, Cobb did something different, something he hadn't been successful in doing since his last fight, a stoppage of Jeff Shelburg in April—landing punches. On several occasions, Cobb was able to land both hands to Holmes' body as Holmes took a three-minute vacation on the ropes. At the bell, Cobb was still pressing Holmes and forcing the action, something he should have been doing from the start had he wanted to leave the ring as anything more than one of the gutsiest challengers of all time.

Holmes returned from his abbreviated vacation in round nine, and went immediately back to work. A left-right-left found Cobb's face. Another left-right-left. Several jabs. A right to the body. Then Cobb pumped two lefts to Holmes' body. He had finally landed a punch. Or two. Holmes came back with a volley or blows, giving Cobb a first-class leather shampoo.

The fight became cruel in the 10th round. Holmes was landing his hardest punches of the fight here, buckling Cobb a few times. Some cries of "Stop the fight!" could be heard emanating not only from some of the fans in the crowd, but from ringside commentators Howard Cosell and Don Chevrier, who were calling the fight for ABC television.

After the 13th and 14th rounds, Cobb had trouble finding his corner. Holmes' relentless and savage attack had finally worked. Cobb was "drunk"

Holmes attempted to mug him in the final round, but Cobb's heart was not about to submit, even to the ferocious beating he was taking. At the final bell, both fighters embraced. Holmes said to Cobb, "You're one tough man." Cobb replied, "You're one tough champion," and then added, "I had fun."

Later Cobb said to Holmes, "The next time we meet, let's do it in a phone booth." The heavyweight titleholder looked at him through bloodshot eyes and retorted, "The next time we meet, let's do it over the phone!"

Holmes is now 41-0, including 30 knockouts. Undoubtedly, 1983 — a decade after he turned professional — will be his last year.

RANDY GORDON

HEARNS-BENITEZ

If you liked the Fischer-Spassky world championship chess match, you had to love the Thomas Hearns-Wilfred Benitez WBC Junior Middleweight championship boxing bout.

On the one hand you had one of the premier technicians of all time, three-time champion Wilfred Benitez, who possessed all the timing of a master juggler, keeping several balls in the air at the same time, some of which—if you listen to the stories of those around him, including Papa Gregorio—were his own. Able to burn the candle at both ends and yet evade tall punches at a single bounce, Wilfred had won 42 of 44 fights, with one draw, and made everyone, including his sole conqueror, Sugar Ray Leonard, look bad because of his radar-like ability to avoid punches. On the other glove you had Thomas Hearns, a fighter whose reputation was built on his awesome power; so much so in fact that he was known as "The Hitman." Hearns, too, had been beaten by Leonard in his last big fight. They had that in common. But apparently Hearns had "learnt" from his bout; Benitez had not. Therein lay the story of the fight, together with the amazing role reversal wrought by the change in style of the puncher.

From the moment their fight was announced—actually the second time, the first having been the abortive "This Is It" promotion chaired by Harold Smith—it was widely believed that Benitez' overall ability would see him through. Especially in the face of a puncher like Hearns. But Hearns was no longer a one dimensional fighter, he was capable of change, the change which took place from the eighth through the twelfth rounds of the Sugar Ray fight when he reverted to the tactics that had seen him win 155 of his 163 amateur fights with an incredible total of only 12 knockouts. Now "The Hitman" would become "The Stickman," using his long left jab with all the skill of a matador to pick Wilfred apart.

Starting with their almost comical confrontation in the ring before the fight, which ended, after several frozen-frame seconds, with a stoic Hearns staring down at Benitez and whispering, "Now I got you," through the first three rounds, the fight belonged to Hearns. And to his talented left.

(Mama Benitez, afterwards lamenting the loss of the title by her son, said "I thought the first round was always given to the champion." But to do so the champion *must* throw a punch. And although he threw 12 in the first round, none landed, his first connection coming on his fourteenth punch, a left hook, in the second.)

In the second round the 153¾ Hearns pinned the elusive Benitez (152+) in a corner and threw 23 punches somewhere in the vicinity of Benitez' head. Benitez, of whom it has been said by many couldn't be hit in the backside with a handful of buckshot, bobbed and weaved, taking only four shots of the rapid-fire fusillade, one of which was a right backhand thrown in frustration by Hearns. But frustration was to become Benitez' hallmark more than Hearns' as the fight wore on.

Time and again he would position himself on the ropes, arrogantly hoping to entice Hearns into his trap, as he had with Palomino and so many others. But Hearns would throw his long left, take two steps backwards and commence all over again, leaving Benitez with ropeburn and no choice but to set up his web in another corner and hope for better luck next time.

Hearns' 78-inch wingspan dominated the first three rounds. He would feint his first jab, leading the counter-punching Benitez on, and then he'd counter Benitez' own jab with what became a series of punches. Time and again the two men stood looking at each other, playing mind-bending games and feinting so much that it looked like the two were on the verge of becoming human pretzels.

By the fourth round, Benitez' arrogant smile—along with the red dye in his hair—was gone. At the sound of the bell the by-now frustrated Benitez resorted to headlong rushes to get at his tormentor. And get past his 78"-battering ram. Rushing in with right hand leads and left follow-ups, Benitez bulled his way inside, only to get tied up. Twice Hearns leaned on Benitez to show his displeasure at the new tactics. And twice the referee warned him, the second time also deduct-

ing a point for what appeared to be an inconsequential foul. It was the first round Benitez was to win.

In the fifth a left-right combination (though, to tell the truth, the left missed) drove a floundering Benitez across the ring and forced him to apply his gloves to the floor in an effort to retain his balance. As he was hunched over in this quadrapedic stance, Hearns lit into him, only to have referee Octavio Meyran pull him away and start to count. If this was considered marginal, Hearns almost made it permanent with a right to Benitez' chops in the sixth, propelling Benitez into the ropes, posed there in a crucifix-like stance awaiting Hearns' next assault. Fortunately for Benitez the bell sounded and he was able, barely, to wobble to his corner.

Hearns continued his in-and-out movements in the seventh and eighth, continually moving behind his elongated left as Benitez double-pumped and came up with nothing but air. Then, with one minute to go in the eighth, during an exchange near Benitez' corner, Hearns felt something go in his right hand right after catching Benitez on top of the head. Now Hearns, in the throws of agony every time he threw his right, would truly become a one-handed fighter, throwing it fewer than five times a round, and then only as a decoy move in the mind game he was playing with Benitez.

In the ninth, after circling to his left with that curious imbalance he has which, in effect, is a balance all its own, the center of gravity defied as much as by the Flying Wallendas, Hearns got entangled in his own feet. As he fell, off balance, Benitez made a desultory swipe of the hand and the referee, his mind obviously on other things, started tolling the count. (Benitez would later admit he had "stepped on his [Hearn's] foot".)

The rest of the fight was workmanlike, cerebral and unsensational, but Hearn's nonetheless, as he completely thwarted the by-now desparate rushes of Benitez. Only in the tenth and then in the fifteenth did he stop to trade blows with Benitez, even employing his damaged "maulie" as he stood his ground and made Benitez pay for his impudence.

At the end it was obvious that the "better" man had, indeed, won, that Thomas Hearns, who desperately needed a title to make him a box-office attraction again, had his. And that Wilfred Benitez, who had once been known as the best tactical fighter around, had lost that title too. Both to Thomas Hearns. The announced cards were Dick Young, 146-136, Hearns (although later calculations would prove that his card had been mistabulated—reportedly by Jose Sulaiman—and that it should have read 146-137), judge Tony Castellano, 144-139, Hearns, and judge Lou Filippo, unbelievably, 142-142.

Who said that all boxing bouts have to be a "war"? Or that a thinking fight is unappreciated? Not anyone who saw these two masters in fifteen rounds of action.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

GOMEZ-PINTOR WORLD JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT TITLE

When he was called a year ago last December by Alexis Arguello to join him in attending *The Ring* presentation of its prestigious, not to mention valuable, Ring Championship Belts, Wilfredo Gomez hesitated.

After all, Wilfredo explained, he had not made a public appearance since his knockout loss the previous August to Salvador Sanchez, and he was not quite sure the public would accept him. His fellow countrymen in Puerto Rico hadn't, why should those in New York? Especially the media.

Besides finding out he was still a hero to those who follow boxing, Wilfredo found that he still had a constituency of fans, fans who remembered him for his 32 straight KO's, not his one loss; fans who thought he possessed the heart of a fighting champ; and fans who wanted to stand in the shadow, albeit a small one, standing only 5′ 5″, of remembered greatness. He responded to their warm wishes and heartfelt applause by thanking them "for not forgetting me."

Remember him they did, by virtue of their rousing ovation, and for the personable, as well as humble, demeanor he showed to those in attendance, press as well as fans.

But Wilfredo Gomez will be remembered for more than merely 37 straight KO's, a ring record, his 10 straight in defense of his Junior Featherweight crown, or his devastating defeat at the hands of an equally-famous national hero, Salvador Sanchez. Wilfredo Gomez will be remembered for his performance against yet another Mexican hero, Guadalupe Pintor, the WBC Bantamweight titlist, in a 14-round pitched war for his crown on the undercard of the Hearns-Benitez fight.

Lupe Pintor, the party of the second part, was more than a mere national hero; he was a formidable opponent, the proud possessor of a 48-5-1 record, with 38 KO's, down only twice in his career, and a figher who could counter-punch, a la Sanchez. It had the makings of one helluva fight.

The fight was one of the few that acquitted its pre-fight hype. Gomez, at 121½, came right out at Pintor—who, at the same weight, looked much smaller—throwing his patented bombs. Or "Bazookas," if you will. Pintor, retreating to the ropes, tried to set up shop for his counter punches. By the third, in what has to go down as the "Round of the Year," Gomez was winding up almost as much as Ed Figueroa, the former New York Yankee pitcher from his homeland, throwing punch-after-punch-after-punch, most of which Pintor, caught on the ropes, caught on his hands, gloves and arms. But still, some got through, and Pintor's center of gravity radically shifted downwards, onto the bottom rope. Then, almost as suddenly, either Gomez got tired of pitching or Pintor of catching, and the action shifted to mid-ring where Pintor took the play away from Gomez, pounding him with combination-after-combination, all of which, in contrast to Gomez' bombardment, landed. Finally, Pintor chased Gomez into the ropes, in a turnabout face, and began his own assault as the round ended.

Throughout the middle rounds Gomez stayed on the attack, although Pintor's pinpoint punches had begun to make Gomez' face take on the appearance of an apple which had been halved and the two halves put back together on an angle, his cheekbones and eyes bulging with bruises. In contrast, Pintor, who had, ironically, been on the receiving end of most of the punches, was unmarked, his warm, brown skin looking like the inside of a cut cactus, tough and durable.

By the tenth Gomez' legs appeared to be going the way of all flesh, leaden, his steps more difficult to assay. But still, he kept on the attack, pinning Pintor to the ropes, as if that were the only way he could move—in. It seemed that Pintor's chances rested on the longevity of the fight—the longer it went, the "tireder" Gomez became—and on his ability to back Gomez up. So tired was Gomez, in fact, that his corner had to rush to middle ring at the sound of the bells for rounds 10, 11, and 12 and literally carry him back to his corner to conserve whatever amount of strength was still preserved in their warrior.

Then came the fateful fourteenth, longer by half than anyone had anticipated it going. As Pintor tried mightily to back up the advancing Gomez, Gomez threw four punches—left, right, left, right—catching Pintor upstairs and down as well. Pintor collapsed, though it was hard to tell whether it was from one punch or the cumulative effect of fourteen rounds' worth. Acknowledging referee Arthur Mercante's count almost immediately, and looking more embarrassed than hurt, Pintor was up at four and took the standing eight-count. Gomez came in at him the only way he knew, forward, and pinned Pintor on the ropes, catching him with a left to the body which almost buried his hand wrist-deep and a right to the head. Pintor went down for the second and last time as Mercante signaled the end to the brawl, at 2:44 of the 14th round.

For Gomez it was his retribution, a victory over a Mexican hero and a chance to emerge forever from the dark shadows which had enveloped him since his loss to Sanchez; an opportunity to once again become Puerto Rico's national hero; and, not incidentally, a chance to be remembered by all as a great before he scaled his next mountain — the featherweight mountain, to avenge his name even further and finally bring back the featherweight championship, although to do so he would ironically have to fight another Puerto Rican hero, Juan LaPorte.

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PAGE-TILLIS

Page, a hefty 238¾ (much of it in his chest and around his waist), has not seen action since he was outpointed by Trevor Berbick last June 11 on the Larry Holmes-Gerry Cooney undercard. In that fight, Page had suffered a broken right hand and a shattered ego under Berbick's relentless onslaught and pressure. For that fight, Page had scaled a pro-career low of just over 220 pounds. Physically, he had never looked better. Mentally, he said he had never felt better. Professionally, he had never looked worse. The broken hand may have had something to do with that

In the Berbick fight, Page stood up, sometimes barely, under the hardest shots the Canadian hit him with. On one occasion, Page's mouthpiece was knocked into the press row by a Berbick left hook. Page wobbled. He staggered. He slumped against the ropes. But he never fell. His chin, it seemed, had passed the test. He could indeed take a heavyweight wallop. As for Tillis, there was only one thing he *had* to do in this fight—win! Anything less would not do. In his previous fight, Tillis was less "Quick" than "Quit," looking rusty and out-of-shape, losing on an eighth-round TKO to unbeaten slugger Pinklon Thomas.

"We know it's a gamble," said trainer Angelo Dundee at lunch the afternoon of the fight. "But "Quick" is in great shape. When a fight against a guy like Page comes up, ya' gotta' take it. A win and we're back in the title picture. It'll take victories over a million Palookas before we get a title shot again. Just one victory over a guy like Page and we're back home again. Fighting for the title is what this game is all about."

Dundee was so right. It wasn't as if Tillis was a six or eight-round prelim kid. He was a world-class fighter who had battled to a losing decision over 15 rounds in October, 1981, for the heavyweight crown—the small, virtually unrecognized WBA version—against Mike Weaver. In 1982, he had stopped Jerry Williams in round three, outpointed Earnie Shavers over 10 on the Holmes-Cooney card, and fought Thomas. In the fight against Shavers, Tillis was knocked on his face in the ninth round by a Shavers right. It looked as if he would not get up. Then, displaying the heart so many critics say he does not have, he arose on wobbly legs and survived the round. And the fight. A tired, shopworn Shavers could not catch him in the final three minutes and Tillis escaped with the victory. Then came the loss to Thomas and plans of a comeback.

For Page, 1982 will not be remembered as a great year. For him, grating might be a better word. He looked lackluster in outpointing a washed-up Jimmy Young over 12 rounds last May in his only effort before facing Berbick. The "unlimited potential" so many people spoke about certainly seemed less than certain.

Against the 216-pound Tillis, Page came out dancing and up on his toes, looking to spear Tillis with his left jab, which may be second only to the jab owned by heavyweight king Larry Holmes. Page, who comes from Louisville, Kentucky, birthplace and boyhood home of Cassius Clay/Muhammad Ali, tries to imitate Ali too much in style. Hands low, dancing on his toes with arms dangling, punches which return to his waist after flashing out with un-heavyweight-like speed, pulling away from punches and a hard, swift, right lead, all combined in a cocky, brash style that begs for someone to slap him around. But, as with the case of Ali, wanting to hit him and doing it are two different things; though it must be pointed out that Ali was much tighter defensively than Page is right now. Take for instance the second round.

With only seconds remaining, Page was backed into his own corner. He bobbed and weaved under and away from most of Tillis' shots. Most, but not all. A solid right found Page's jaw just moments before the bell, dropping him on the seat of his trunks in his own corner. The crowd, what little of them were seated and watching the fight, stood in astonishment. Had there been time remaining, Page looked a sure knockout loser. Dundee glanced at the clock on the big Astrodome scoreboard. Don King glanced at the clock. Page's corner glanced at the clock. Page tried to, but his eyes wouldn't focus. All he heard were bells. Fortunately for him, one of those bells signified the end of the round.

Dundee sprang through the ropes and shoved his fighter—bleeding heavily from a cut on his upper lip suffered in round one—onto his stool.

"Do it!" shouted Dundee. "Do it now! Don't let him recover. This is your big chance. Don't blow it, for Chrissakes, don't blow it!" Tillis blew it!

He stayed on even terms with Page in the third round, even bloodying Page's nose. But from there on, he faded.

Page went back up on his toes in the fourth round, looking as if he had found a second wind. Page may have found his, but Tillis wasn't so fortunate.

His punches began to lose their snap and speed. Page was timing him and nailing him with hard counters. Tillis' last hurrah came in the sixth, when he buckled Page in his own corner with a right and a left hook. Late in the round, Tillis was exhausted. And showed it.

Page blasted Tillis with right hands in the seventh round, bringing a frightened expression to the native Oklahoman's face. His legs looked unsteady and Page was told, "He's ready to go," after the seventh round.

Page went right-hand crazy in the eighth, but, as Dundee once said on national television, "There's nothing wrong with going right-hand crazy as long as you're landing them!" Page was landing them. The final one sent Tillis sprawling on his back. As he started to rise, he grabbed his head in pain. Dundee was already on his way through the ropes.

For Tillis, now 22-3, a long, hard look at his boxing future seems in order. For Page, now 20-1, some long, hard work in the gym would do just fine. As with the case of young undefeated heavyweight James Broad, both men seem to be hitting the refrigerator more than the heavy bag.

There is no question Greg Page is talented, especially when compared to the rest of the talentless heavyweight division.

Makes a guy wish nature had built him onto a frame of over 6′ and 200 pounds!

RANDY GORDON

MERCEDES—CASTILLO
WBC Flyweight Title

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Eleoncio Mercedes, 111¼, Dominican Republic, won the WBC flyweight crown with a deserved, if split, decision over defending champion Freddie Castillo, 111, Merida, Yucatan, Mexico, at the Olympic Auditorium.

The scoring was as follows: referee Lou Filippo, 145-139, Mercedes; judge Martin Denkin, 145-140, Mercedes; judge Terry Smith, 144-143, Castillo.

The 5′ 5″ Mercedes stayed outside of the advancing Castillo, peppering him with two and five-punch combinations and countering whenever Freddie launched his southpaw left. Castillo became more aggressive as the fight progressed, and won the last round, but Mercedes' sharper hitting had already piled up the necessary points.

Eleoncio, whose record now stands at 17-6-4 with five kayoes, shot to prominence last year with knockouts over former flyweight king Guty Espadas and ex-WBA junior fly champ Juan Guzman. He was an 8-5 favorite over Castillo.

The WBC flyweight throne has been sat in by four men in 1982—Antonio Avelar, Prudencio Cardona, Castillo, and now Mercedes. The world's top flyweights seem to be on a par with each other, and it's doubtful if Mercedes, good boxer and sharp hitter that he is, can hold the crown much longer than his predecessors did.

Jaime Garza, 122, Los Angeles, knocked Hugo Partida, 119¾, L.A., down with a left in the first round. Hugo was wobbly when he arose, and referee Lou Filippo, stopped the bout there and then, at 1:33 of the session. The sensational Garza is now 36-0 with 34 kayoes. Scheduled 10-rounder.

Jose Caba,128¾, Dominican Republic, won a unanimous decision over Rosendo Ramirez, 130½, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico,10. Terry Smith, referee.

Ricardo Peralta, 134¼, Merida, Yucatan, Mexico, halted Manuel Abedoy, 134, Los Angeles, in round three of their scheduled 10.

Tomas Perez, 154, Los Angeles, won a unanimous decision over Mike Ashanti, also 154, Long Beach, six.

Johnny Gonzalez, 148, Ventura, Calif., TKO'd Filiberto Cortez, 144½, East Los Angeles, at 1:04 of the fourth and final round. Terry Smith, referee.

Timekeeper—Ernie Snow.
Ring Announcer—Jimmy Lennon.
Promoter—Rogelio Robles.
Matchmaker—Don Chargin.
WBC witnesses—Roy Tennison (Nevada), Brad Pye, Jr., (Calif.).
(11-06-82)

ZAPATA-TOMORI WBC LIGHT FLYWEIGHT TITLE

TOKYO, JAPAN—WBC junior flyweight champ Hilario Zapata must have a computer in his brain. He seemingly compiles complete data on his previous opponents—then demolishes them in return bouts.

Zapata had won a disputed split duke over Tadashi Tomori last July to regain the WBC junior flyweight title. This time, he had stopped him at 1:59 of the eighth.

The 5′6″ Zapata (about three inches taller than Tomori) dropped the Japanese fighter twice before Mexican referee Ray Solis halted the proceedings. At the end of seven, the official scoring was as follows: Tony Perez (New York), 69-63; Martin Denkin (California), 68-65; Dick Young (California), 68-64—all for the champion. Most fans had expected another close fight, but it proved to be a one-sided affair.

Tomori, 108, scored with body punches in the first round, and had Zapata, also 108, retreating. The Panamanian threw only a few punches in this frame, content with studying Tomori's movement. All three judges gave the challenger this session.

Tomori shook Zapata with a well timed left hook midway in the third round. Tadashi was now stalking the defending champ, but Hilario averted his best attacks and occasionally countered.

Both missed a lot of punches in the fourth round, but Zapata scored with sharp right uppercuts to the chin following some one-two combos in the closing seconds.

Zapata had, by now, found that Tomori's style hadn't changed much since July. And so, the champion went to work.

Zapata turned aggressive from the fifth round on. After dominating the fifth canto, Hilario opened a wide and deep gash over Tadashi's left eye in the sixth. As the blood streamed down Tomori's face, the champ turned loose and belted him with solid combinations. A big round for Zapata.

Tomori's cornerman, 68-year-old Eddie Taunsend, skillfully stopped his bleeding, but Zapata's southpaw jabs reopened the cut in the seventh. A double right hook followed by sharp one-twos forced Tomori to the ropes in the closing seconds of that session. Tomori then fell on all fours, and just did beat the count before the bell came to his rescue.

The eighth and final round was furiously fought, with the desperate Tomori going face-to-face and toe-to-toe with the still cool Zapata. Hilario craftily ducked Tadashi's punches and retaliated with effective combos that knocked the challenger flat on the canvas. The Japanese got up, but his legs were gone, his energy exhausted, and his face a mask of crimson.

Zapata pinned him in a corner and battered him almost at will until referee Solis grabbed his arms to spare the loser further punishment.

"I saw the videotape of our first fight so many times that I hated to see Tomori's face again. I studied that thing every day and I got to know his style. Tomori was no match for me. I even hurt my hands from landing punches on his face."

"I made a good start," said Tomori, but Zapata was more powerful than he was in our first bout. His right jabs not only stung me; they gave me a headache.

Tomori was taken to Nihon University Hospital, where a medical examination showed he was okay.

"Tomori didn't show even 10 percent of his best form," said the ex-champ's manager, Hitoshi Misako. "Our strategy was 'Aggression is the best defense.' But Tadashi failed to avert Zapata's punches. Tomori shall return."

Zapata, who bettered his log to 22-2 with nine knockouts, received a reported $120,000 for the battle. Tomori fell to 19-7 with five kayoes.

Hilario's manager, Luis Spada, said that his charge would remain a junior flyweight. Zapata had been rumored to be having weight problems of late, but will defend his 108-pound crown against either Jung-Koo Chang or Mexican German Torres in his next fight.

Kiyoshi Oyama, 121¾, TKO'd Rusher Kawaguchi, also 121¾, at 1:59 of the eighth round in a scheduled 10. A cut over the left eyebrow forced the stoppage.

Katsutoshi Takahashi, 132¾, climbed off the canvas in the second to demolish Masaaki Miyata, also 132¾, at 1:57 of the sixth round in their scheduled 10.

Four rounders: Toru Kaburagi, 117½, outpointed Kazunori Takahashi, also 117½. Toyoaki Kawauchi, 134½, outscored Toyoharu Aizawa, 138. Shinichi Honda, 122, stopped Makito Gamoo, also 122, at 1:22 of the first round in the opener.

Misako Promotions.

Nationally telecast by Fuji TV.

WBC witness—Piero Pini (Italy).

Attendance—3,200.

(11-30-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

ORONO-KIM WBC SUPER FLYWEIGHT TITLE

SEOUL, KOREA—Rafael Orono, 115, Venezuela, displaying his by far superior speed and power, dropped defending champ Chul-Ho Kim, 114, Korea, time and again, stopping him at 0:38 of the sixth session to regain the WBC super flyweight (AKA junior bantamweight) crown. The battered Kim had won the crown with an upset eighth round kayo over Orono in San Cristobal, Venezuela, on January 24, 1981. Orono and his manager, Rafito Cedeno, had demanded a rematch, but Kim was reluctant to give him a return, successfully defending the crown five times while Rafael waited in the wings.

WBC president Jose Sulaiman finally ordered Kim's influential manager, Ho-Yun Chun, to honor the return bout clause and fight Orono.

Despite the cold air (about 32°F), Orono was hot. He abandoned his usual hit-and-run tactics and battered Kim from the furious start to the impressive finish.

It was a massacre.

In the opening round, the 5′8″ former title holder startled the defending champ with fireworks. Left uppercuts and followup left hooks to the face had the 5′6″ Korean entirely befuddled. Kim, who fights out of a crouch, couldn't keep up with Orono.

In the second and third frames, Rafael kept up his fast pace by throwing strong one-twos that Kim could not avoid. Midway in the third round, Chul-Ho tried to mix it with Orono, but in vain.

At about a minute of the fifth round, Orono threw a well-timed right without a lead. It exploded on Kim's cheek, and Chul-Ho, stunned and injured, turned toward the ropes and almost fell. Referee Rudy Ortega (U.S.) gave Kim a mandatory eight count, and then Orono furiously swarmed over the groggy champ with numerous combination punches. The title holder fell again, flat on his face this time, and the bout looked over. But the game Korean managed to get up and resume fighting.

Rafael threw punches like a demon, and Chul-Ho went down again. Kim was rubber legged, and the Venezuelan decided to finish him off then and there.

The bell sounded as Orono floored Kim once again with a right to the neck. However, it was called a slip by referee Ortega, serving as the third man in his 29th title bout. During the one-minute recess, he asked Kim if he wanted to continued and the bearded, baby-faced champ nodded yes.

Orono overwhelmed the wobbly Kim with a solid combos to the face and body in the sixth and fatal round. Kim collapsed near the ropes, and Ortega wisely called a halt. The stoppage was accepted by the partisan crowd, as Chul-Ho had been badly hurt by Rafael's wicked combos in the previous round.

All three judges—Harry Gibbs and Mike Jacobs from England and Marcelo Bertiti from Italy—had the fight scored 50-44, Orono, at the end of five. (Each judge scored 10-9 through the first four rounds, and 10-8 in the fifth session.) Orono's style for this fight resembled that of former lightweight champ Carlos Ortiz. From the viewpoints of speed, power, and skills, Orono was just perfect to beat Kim.

The winner thus improved his log to 22-1-1 with 12 knockouts—his sole loss to Kim and the draw coming against Willie (Birdlegs) Jensen.

Since his unexpected Kayo at the hands of Kim, Orono had tabbed eight straight wins with seven kayoes. Swearing revenge on the Korean, Orono had become a power hitter. Kim, however, came in thinking of the old Orono, and that might have been the cause of his bad setback. Chul-Ho is now 19-2-2 with nine kayoes.

"I proved I was the better man," said Rafael. "Kim's kayo over me was a fluke. I waited 22 months to meet him again." Orono was jubilant, tears of joy cascading down his cheeks.

The crestfallen Kim said it was "my mistake—going forward to counter Orono in round three. . .he was fast and powerful tonight."

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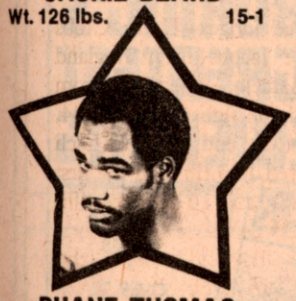

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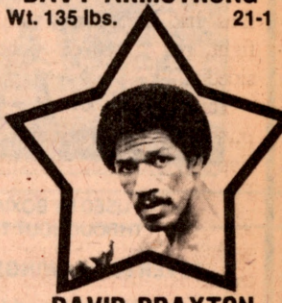

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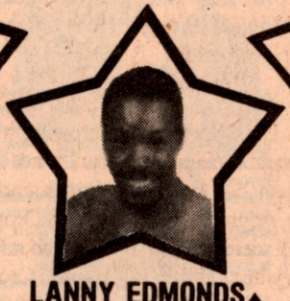

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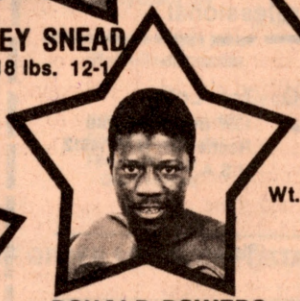

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were WBA junior bantamweight kingpin Jiro Watanabe and his manager, Kiyoshi Yoshii, who had flown in from Japan. Negotiations had begun between Yoshii and Kim's manager, Ho-Yun Chun, for a unification title fight between Jiro and Chul-Ho. Now that Orono's burned the blue print, that's all off.

The new champ, Orono, must face Mexican southpaw Raul Valdez (who drew with Kim last July) in his first defense. Valdez, piloted by Cuyo Hernandez, is the WBC's top contender.

If Orono can duplicate the form he showed tonight, Raul will be no match for him. Rafael knows how to snap his punches and then follow through. He is one hell of a performer.

Korean lightweight champion Hong-Kyu Lim, 140¾, demolished the top Thai contender, Jenrub Muangsurin, 138¾, in 2:59 of the second round in a scheduled 10. Lim, 23, is now 17-1 with 12 knockouts. Muangsurin, 27, is 20-6 with 12 kayoes.

Choi-Sun Lee, 128½, stopped Mokosakdi Muangsurin, 127¾, at 1:17 of the sixth round in their scheduled 10. Lee, 18, is now 7-1-1 with four kayoes. He was the 1982 Korean Novice King featherweight tourney winner.

Sang-Woo Choi, 137¼, halted In-Bong Bang, 137, at 2:09 of the fourth round in a scheduled eight. Choi, a rough-and-tumble banger, is now 7-0—all knockouts.

Chang-Pyo Hong, 114½, stopped Kwang-Shik Choi, 114, in 1:56 of the fourth round in a scheduled six. Hong is now 10-4 with three kayoes.

Kap-Sop Song, 118¾, halted Jong-Kwon Koh, 117½, at 1:51 of the third session in their scheduled six. Song is now 8-1 with three knockouts.

Yong-Ho Yun, 118½, outpointed Ok-Shik Kim, 119¼, six.

Four rounders: Sok-Keun Song, 110¼, outscored Chun-Keun Kim, 109¾. Woo-Yong Kim, 109½, stopped You-Shik Choi, 109, in 2:41 of the third round in the opener.

Ho-Yun Chun's Kukdong Promotions. KBS TV. WBC witness—Henry Fowzer (California). (11-28-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

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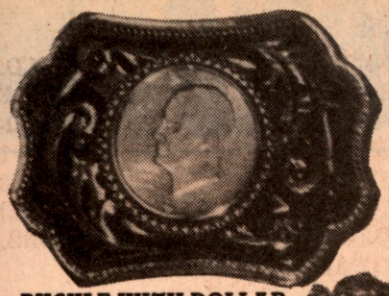

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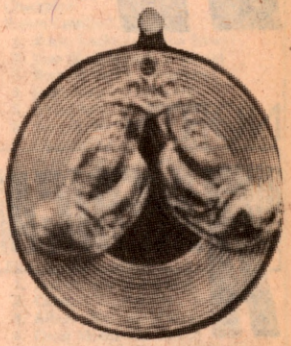

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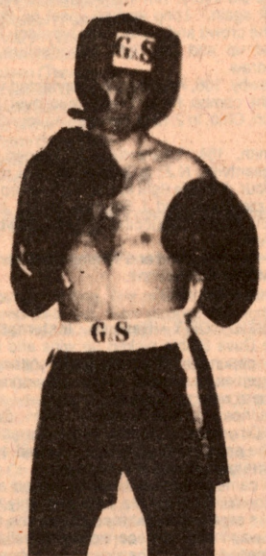

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RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

FLORIDA

▲ **MIAMI—Jai-Alai Fronton**—Fast rising Johnny de la Rosa, 128½, Miami, TKO'd Jo Jo Virgil, 130, Miami, at 2:08 of the eighth round in the scheduled 10-round main event. Virgil was down in the first. De la Rosa is now 21-0 with 17 kayoes.

Sugar Rojas, 112, TKO'd Gabriel Sepulveda, also 112, to win the Latin American flyweight title. Sepulveda couldn't come out for the 10th frame due to a cut over the eye.

Orlando Quintero, 140, Miami, kayoed George Nodaros, 139, Miami, in 2:12 of the first.

Omar Estrada, 135, Miami, and Clarence Jackson, 133½, Miami, drew, six.

Mark Allmer, 152, Miami, outscored Raul Hernandez, 151, Miami, six.

Jorge Fonseca, 146, Miami, won a unanimous decision over Junior Bethel, 147, Miami.

Mike Cruz, 117, Miami, outpointed Keith Cameron, 118, Miami, four.

Promoter—Felix Zabala.

Attendance—1,280.

(11-19-82)

▲ **MIAMI—Convention Center**—Chris Dundee initiated professional boxing in this beautiful downtown building. The inaugural program consisted of 50 scheduled rounds of boxing.

Pedro Laza, 137½, Miami, won a shutout unanimous decision over Arthur Clarke, 137½, 10. Laza got inside of Clarke's long jab and kept peppering him with body punches and an occasional sneak right. Laza is now 20-1.

Tony Green, 185, North Miami Beach, won a unanimous decision over "Killer" Joe Dolphin, 182, Miami, 10.

Juan Arroyo, 136½, Miami, won a unanimous decision over Paul Lee, 133, West Palm Beach, eight. A great fight, with Arroyo and the more experienced southpaw going toe-to-toe for the first six rounds. Juan floored Paul in the seventh frame and came on strong to win. A standing ovation after every round.

Terry Pizarro, 116½, Hollywood, won an unpopular duke over Juan Nieves, 115, Dominican Republic, eight.

Jack Johnson, 195, Hollywood, won a unanimous decision over Ken Davis, 199½, Orlando, six. Davis was floored twice in the second.

Mike Mosely, 157, West Palm Beach, outscored Kevin McKinney, 159, Miami, four.

Emelio Diaz, 139½, Miami, TKO'd Luis DeJesus, 138¼, Miami, at 2:45 of the second in their scheduled four.

Promoter—Chris Dundee.

Attendance—1,190.

(11-23-82)

LOUIS ZIPKIN

INDIANA

▲ **INDIANAPOLIS—Sherwood Hotel**—Carlos (The Force) Tite, 165, Hammond, Indiana, TKO'd Daryl Miller, 164¾, Red Lake, Minnesota, at 1:35 of the second. The hard hitting Tite is now 12-0 (11 kayoes) as a pro.

Tommie Stevenson, 197, Indianapolis, knocked out Lewis Papen, 190, Grand Island, Nebraska, in 0:43 of round three.

Clyde (Rocky) Mudgett, 181, Martinsville, Indiana, iced Jimmy Hearn, 177, Omaha, in 1:41 of the fifth round.

Floyd Buckley, 124¾, Anderson, Indiana, outpointed John McIntosh, 125, Muncie, four.

Mike Pollitt, 161½, New Lisbon, Indiana, outscored Bruce (The Mouse) Strauss, 157, Omaha, five.

Gary Brown, 140½, Indianapolis, and Mike Essett, 142½, Indianapolis, were both disqualified in the final round of their scheduled four. They tried to finish the contest by wrestling outside the ring, and it required the efforts of several people to separate them.

Referees—George DeFabis, Joe Sgro.

Judges—Mike Kelley, Dee Wimer, Larry Wimer.

Timekeepers—Harold Paton, Ellie DeFabis.

Ringside Physician—Dr. James Elkins.

Ring Announcer—Stu Goldner.

Promoter—Fred Berns.

Matchmaker—Pete Susens.

Attendance—300 (est.).

(11-03-82)

GARY L. MERRITT

NEW JERSEY

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino**—Cruiser Pat Cuillo (now fighting as Vic Valentino) scored a unanimous 10-round decision over William Hosea in an honest, though boring, contest. Pat/Vic won with room to spare via scores of 8-2 and 7-3 twice.

Hosea, 191¾, Bloomington, Minn., walked to Cuillo, but never threw enough punches. He allowed Pat to nail him often with left jabs and straight rights, never really committing himself to the sort of all-out attack that might have thrown Cuillo off-stride.

Cuillo, 183¾, Niagara Falls, N.Y. (now fighting out of Vineland, N.J.), dropped Hosea with a left hook to the head in the sixth for the only knockdown of the fight. He also opened minor cuts around both of William's eyes, but never pressed hard enough for a stoppage.

Stanley Ross, 184¼, Phila., scored a TKO over Francis Sargent, 177¼, Peoria, Ill.,at 1:36 of the first round in a scheduled eight. Three left hooks and a right put Sargent over for an eight-count early. Then, after Francis regained his feet, he refused to fight on. He not only lost the fight, but also had his purse with held by the jm

Who says lighting doesn't strike twice in the same place. In his first visit to A.C., Timmy (TNT) Long, 156¾, Akron, Ohio, accidentally clashed heads with Mike Tinley in the opening round, suffering a gushing laceration on his forehead. That bout was ruled "no decision." This time, Long was facing Carl Jones, 158½, Los Angeles, Cal., in a scheduled six. Jones was pulling ahead in the fourth when *another* accidental butt ripped open Long's old injury. Tim immediately turned away, yelling: "Oh no, not again." Long was so upset he threw his mouthpiece into the crowd and kicked over his stool. The score cards were added up and the fight was declared a four-round "technical-draw."

Edwin Newby, 166, Atlantic City, connected with a left hook-straight right combo for a clean kayo over Mark Johnson, 164½, Akron, Ohio, in 2:13 of the opening round of a scheduled four.

Jerry Smith, 154, Vineland, N.J., kayoed Derrell Smith, 149¾, Pleasantville, N.J., in 3:03 of the first round in another scheduled four. A single right to the jaw finished Derrell.

Larry Hazzard refereed J. Smith-D. Smith, Jones-Long, and Ross-Sargent. Frank Capuccino handled Newby-Johnson and the main event.

Judges—Ray Hoagland and Tommy Kaczmarek.

Elbuam-Menas Productions.

Attendance—900 (est.).

(11-16-82)

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Resorts Insternational**—Several stars of the Duva Stable picked up wins and Christmas paychecks over opponents of varying quality. Although the bill featured no surprises (or upsets), everybody worked hard for their victories. There were no dives or set-ups.

Gifted southpaw Johnny Bumphus, 140½, Clementon, N.J., scored a TKO over Pat Jefferson, 142½, Carson City, Nevada, at 0:17 of the seventh round in a scheduled 10. It was Bumphus' 17th straight win as a pro, 12 kayoes.

Jefferson came to fight and showed speed and boxing ability. Except for Willie Rodriguez, he is probably the best fighter Bumphus has ever faced. Pat tried to take the fight to Johnny, working his way inside and scoring pretty well when he did. A solid right opened a cut on the side of Bumphus' left eye in the third and two more of the same made it worse.

Bumphus proved he has guts by shrugging off the injury and taking the battle to Jefferson in the fourth. Johnny's educated lead right smacked home with increasing frequency from that point on and Pat soon started to wilt.

A flurry of rights and lefts dropped Jefferson twice in the seventh and referee Joe Cortez called a timely halt. It was Pat's second loss in 13 pro starts.

Heavyweight Scott Frank (now back in the Duva fold after a lenthy dispute) scored a knockout over game Mark (Lightning) Lee in 0:17 of the fourth round in a scheduled 10.

Lee, 213¾, Carson City, and Frank, 206¼, Oakland, N.J., stood toe-to-toe and tried to beat each others' brains in. There was no finesse, just unadulterated slugging. Both men got in some hard licks before Frank took over near the end of the third. A left hook dropped Lee, but the bell saved him.

Frank came out quickly for the kill in the fourth, putting Lee away for good with another hook. Referee Frank Capuccino counted him out.

In a third scheduled 10, featherweight contender Rocky Lockridge scored a TKO over rugged Alberto Collazo at 0:57 of the ninth. It could, make that should, have been stopped a lot earlier.

Lockridge, 124½, Maple Shade, N.J., scored with stunning combinations in every round, dropping the iron-jawed Collazo wit a perfect right the the chin in the second. Alberto got up and gamely brawled back, but never won a round. A cut opened over his left eye in the fifth round and from then on, referee Capuccino would have been justified in terminating proceedings. He didn't and Collazo, 127, Pittsburgh, continued to take a nasty pounding until early in the ninth.

The victory raised Lockridge's record to 29-2 (24 kayoes). It was his seventh win of the year (all inside-the-distance) and probably cemented a shot at the title early in 1983. Collazo, who was in over his head, dropped to 20-7-1 (12 kayoes).

Philly southpaw Garry Hinton, 134½, won a unanimous decision over Sam Gervins, 140, Columbus, Ohio, eight. Referee, Capuccino.

Calvin Grove, 128, won a unanimous decision over Antonio Rutledge, 125½, Columbus, Ohio, six. The winner, now 7-0 (five kayoes), boxes out of Pottstown, Pa. Referee, Capuccino.

Kelvin Kelly, 176½, Phila., iced lefty James Stills, 177¾, also Phila., with one big right to the head in 0:39 of the third round in a scheduled four. Both men were making their pro debuts. Referee, Cortez.

The card was televised over several cable outlets throughout the nation.

Judges—Bill Kostrub and John Stewart.

Peltz Boxing Promotions and Main Event Productions, Inc.

Attendance—500 (est.).

(11-24-82)

NIGEL COLLINS

NEW YORK

▲ **LATHAM—Colonie Coliseum**—Danny Ferris, Latham, knocked out Gary Gamble, Indianapolis, with a right to the chin in 0:36 of the first round in a scheduled eight-round junior welter contest. Ferris is now 14-0. He's trained by Dave Zyglewicz.

Elijah Tillery, Staten Island, kayoed Charles Vanderhall, Hempstead, Long Island, New York, with a right cross in 2:53 of the second in a secheduled eight-round cruiserweight battle. Tillery is now 15-2.

Four-rounders: Tui Aloha, Albany, made his pro debut by stopping Robert Milewski, Paterson, N.J., in 0:17 of the first round with a wicked right hand to the ribs, heavies. Cesar Guzman kayoed Darrell (Clyde) Beattie, Cohoes, New York, in 1:22 of the third round, junior welters. Christian McCrudden, Brockport, New York, TKO'd Robert Mladinich, New York, in round three, heavies. Clarence Hudson, 126, Syracuse, won a unanimous decision over Twist Welcome, 125, Albany. Hudson is now 5-1.

Cha Cha Promotions/John Ciarcia.

Attendance—1,700.

(11-10-82)

JIM LEO

TEXAS

▲ **LAREDO**—USBA bantamweight champion Gaby Canizales, 120, Laredo, knocked out Gustavo Martinez, 122, Mexico, in 1:20 of the third round in a scheduled 10.

Victor Gordillo, 135¾, Laredo, kayoed Alejandro Garcia, 133¾, Mexico, in 2:26 of the second in their scheduled 10.

Angel Lira, 123, Mexico, knocked out Rafael Alvarado, also 123, Mexico, in 0:56 of round three in another scheduled 10.

Flavio Taboada, 143¼, Texas, TKO'd Sergio Garcia, 138, Texas, at 0:41 of the fourth round in a scheduled six.

Armando Hilario, 132, Texas, TKO'd Braulio Hernandez, 133, Mexico, at 0:36 of the first round in a scheduled four.

Referees/Judges—Carlos Rodriguez, Felipe Sanchez, Federico Arreazola.

Timekeepers—Caesar Casso, Fernando Ornelas.

Ringside Physician—Dr. Calcano.

Commission Inspector—Benito Cortina.

Promoter—De La Garza.

(11-23-82)

WASHINGTON

▲ **SEATTLE—Eagles Hall**—The beer was free and the crowd was a happy SRO for promoter Bob Oleson's debut card in Seattle.

Sam (Too Sweet) Wilson, 150, Portland, Oregon, outpointed Jesse Toro, 151, Seattle, in an eight-round bout that got a standing ovation after almost every round.

Noeli Ramirez, 154, Seattle, outscored Lamont Santana, 156, Oakland, Calif., six.

Jim Houston, 214, Shelton, Wash., kayoed Jim Ashard, 216, Portland, Oregon, in the first minute of a scheduled six.

Mark (Cannon) Cameron, 202, Portland, Oregon, TKO'd Jerry Timbs, 212, Grants Pass, Ore., at 2:20 of the first round in a scheduled four.

Lance Olson, 175, Renton, Wash., TKO'd Johnny Gains, 174, Seattle, at 1:59 of the first round in their scheduled four.

Carl Owens, 147, Seattle, TKO'd Johnny Gains, also 147, Seattle, at 1:59 of the first.

Referees—Jack Abelman, Tom O'Riley.

Judges—Jimmy McKee, Larry Nelson, Jerry Vandebo.

Ringside Physician—William J. MacDougal, M.D.

Attendance—680. Gross—$6,800.

(11-18-82)

KATHERINE DUNN

EUROPE

UNITED KINGDOM

▲ **WEMBLEY—Arena—**European flyweight champion Charlie Magri, 112½, avenged a defeat six months earlier by narrowly outpointing Mexican Jose Torres, 110½, over 10 by 98-97½.

It was make-or-break for Magri in his quest to fight for the world title, and he made it, but only after a very hard scrap with Torres really turning on the heat in the final round, and with Charlie under great pressure but fighting back gamely.

A real crowd pleaser, with fortunes fluctuating, and plenty os infringements on both sides, the Mexican being the greater offender.

WWWWhen Torres ws decked in round two, the fans erupted, expecting an early victory, but Torres was up at two and soon back in the fight again. In round five came a blatant butt from Torres, which caused an outburst from Magri. The referee took time off to talk to both men.

At the halfway stage, Magri was in front, but Mexicans are noted for their durability, and Torres proved no exception. From the sixth onwards, he came more and more into the picture, and was driving his opponent back by sheer aggression.

It was hard going, but, just as Magri appeared hurt, back he would come, and it was still anybody's fight. The pace was a fast one, and the punching on both sides was hard. Torres had a bruise under the left eye, and Magri had a swelling on the left cheek.

Frank Bruno, 215½, needed only 120 seconds to stop German Georg Butzbach, 210. A left hook to the body did the trick, and the German went down like a punctured balloon. He got up at seven, turned his back in surrender, and fell back on the canvas again.

An efficient performance by Bruno, and the finishing punch was devastating.

It was his ninth successive win, and it will be interesting to see how he fares when the opposition gets a bit tougher. One thing's for sure—he has learned the basics and has a lethal wallop. And that's a lot to start with.

Clinton McKenzie, British light welter champ, 140, took full advantage of his superior weight to stop American Memo Arreola, 133½, in round three, the referee intervening when he thought Arreola had had enough.

McKenzie was just too skillful and too heavy. Arreola was down in round two, partly from a slip, and was quite willing to trade punches, but wilted from a succession of body blows.

Nick Wilshire, Bristol, 155¾, retained his unbeaten certificate by defeating American Fred Boynton, 157½, who retired at the end of round four with an injured nose.

British bantam champ John Feeney outscored featherweight Vernon Penprase, Plymouth, in a non-title fight by 79-77 over eight. Feeney boxed well, and was a comfortable winner, but Penprase shook off cuts by the nose and mouth to extend his man, and prove he is a worthy contender in his own division.

Joey Joynson, Liverpool, 128½, made it three in a row by outscoring Gerry Beard, Nottingham, 130½, over six by 60-58, not losing a round.

Duke (brother of Clinton) McKenzie, Brixton, 114¼, made a fine debut by beating Charlie Brown, Glasglow, 113¾, the bout being stopped in the opening round after the latter had been punched half out of the ring. The referee held him to save him from falling completely out, then stopped the action when he realized the boxer was in no position to defend himself.

(11-23-82)

▲ **LONDON—Bloomsbury Crest Hotel—**Former British, European and Commonwealth heavyweight champion Joe Bugner, 232, knocked out Winston Allen, 200, Cardiff, in 3:09 of the third session.

Allen butted Bugner thrice. (Joe also claimed that he was bitten on the neck, and was told he'd have a scar there for the rest of his life.) On the occasion of the last butt, referee Harry Gibbs told Allen there'd be no more warnings.

As soon as Gibbs said "Box on," Bugner came forward and crashed home a right cross with all his weight behind it. The blow caught Allen flush on the jaw, and down he went.

The count had only reached "one" when the bell rang to end the round, but under British rules the count continued. Allen somehow climbed to his feet at "eight," but needed the support of the ropes, and referee Gibbs counted him out on his feet.

Keith Wallace, Islington, 113¼, scored his most important victory yet by stopping American Steve Whetstone, 111½, the referee intervening in round eight of a scheduled 10.

Whetstone deserves full marks for bravery. He soaked up all the punishment dealt out by Wallace, and kept coming back for more. Whetstone's greater experience (32 bouts) was expected to prove a tough test for Wallace (seven previous contests), but, in the end, it was ability that really counted.

Wallace was voted Best Boxer Of The Year by members of the London Ex-Boxer's Association, and received the Dave Crowley Memorial Belt at the Annual Dinner Dance of this organization. Runner-up for the award was Tony Sibson, last year's winner, and third was Colin Jones.

Former British and European light welter champ, 150½, Colin Power, outpointed Chris Christian, Stoke Newington, 149½, over eight by a narrow 79-78½. A good fight to watch, with Christian cut by the right eye in round seven, but being allowed to continue. A close one throughout.

Gary Knight, 141, outscored Geoff Pegler, Swansea, 144, over eight by 79½-78 is a rugged scrap. In round two, Knight went down from a right hand, but in the fourth it was Pegler's turn to look in trouble when caught by a left hook. Somehow, the latter survived, in spite of Knight's frantic efforts to finish it off.

Knight was cut by the left eye. Pegler fought back, but Gary finished strongly. Both gave everything they had, with Knight a clear winner, but knowing he had been in a fight.

Johnny Andrews, Stepney, 148, stopped substitute Robert Armstrong, Doncaster, 149, the referee intervening in round five when Armstrong sustained eye injuries, but he had been down three times.

Martin Patrick, Tottenham, 153, kept his unbeaten record and didn't lose a round in outpointing Joey Saunders, Nottingham, 151, over six by 60-58½. Too much wrestling spoiled this one.

(10-28-82)

UNITED STATES RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Greg Page (Kentucky)
1. Mike Weaver (California)
2. Renaldo Snipes (New York)
3. Gerry Cooney (New York)
4. Pinklon Thomas (Pennsylvania)
5. Randall (Tex) Cobb (Texas)
6. Tim Witherspoon (Pennsylvania)
7. John Tate (Tennessee)
8. James Tillis (Illinois)
9. Leon Spinks (Pennsylvania)
10. Larry Frazier (Washington)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Jerry Martin (Pennsylvania)
1. Eddie Mustafa Muhammad (New York)
2. Matthew Saad Muhammad (Pennsylvania)
3. Eddie Davis (New York)
4. John Davis (New York)
5. Jerry Celestine (Louisiana)
6. Carlos DeLeon (Puerto Rico)
7. Marvin Johnson (Indiana)
8. Pete McIntyre (California)
9. Murray Sutherland (Michigan)
10. James Scott (New Jersey)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Dwight Davison (Michigan)
1. Frank Fletcher (Pennsylvania)
2. Wilford Scypion (Texas)
3. James Shuler (Pennsylvania)
4. James Green (New Jersey)
5. Bernard Mays (Michigan)
6. James Kinchen (California)
7. Vinnie Curto (Massachusetts)
8. Bobby Czyz (New Jersey)
9. Ray Seales (Washington)
10. Alex Ramos (New York)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Sean Mannion (Massachusetts)
1. Wilfred Benitez (Puerto Rico)
2. Tony Ayala, Jr. (Texas)
3. Gary Guiden (Indiana)
4. Clint Jackson (Tennessee)
5. Mike McCallum (New York)
6. James Green (New York)
7. Jose Baret (New York)
8. Rocky Fratto (New York)
9. Mark Medal (New Jersey)
10. Buster Drayton (Pennsylvania)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Milton McCrory (Michigan)
1. Donald Curry (Texas)
2. Roger Stafford (Pennsylvania)
3. Marlon Starling (Connecticut)
4. Kevin Howard (Pennsylvania)
5. Bobby Joe Young (Ohio)
6. Robert Sawyer (Washington, D.C.)
7. Pete Ranzany (California)
8. Mark Harris (New Jersey)
9. Randy Shields (California)
10. Sean O'Grady (Oklahoma)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Johnny Bumphus (Tennessee)
1. Saoul Mamby (New York)
2. Steve Hearon (Texas)
3. Bruce Curry (Texas)
4. Billy Costello (New York)
5. Ronnie Shields (Texas)
6. Willie Rodriguez (Pennsylvania)
7. Dujuan Johnson (Michigan)
8. Tony Baltazar (California)
9. Jorge Morales (California)
10. Simon Brown (Washington, D.C.)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Howard Davis, Jr. (New York)
1. Edwin Rosario (Puerto Rico)
2. Andy Ganigan (Hawaii)
3. Roger Mayweather (Nevada)
4. Livingstone Bramble (New Jersey)
5. Ken Bogner (New Jersey)
6. Ruben Munoz (Texas)
7. Roberto Elizondo (Texas)
8. Greg Coverson (Michigan)
9. Tyrone Crawley (Washington, D.C.)
10. Gonzalo Montellano (California)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
John Verderosa (New York)
1. Edwin Rosario (Puerto Rico)
2. Hector Camacho (New York)
3. Rolando Navarrete (Hawaii)
4. Johnny De La Rosa (Florida)
5. Roger Mayweather (Nevada)
6. Ruben Munoz (Texas)
7. Tony Santana (New York)
8. Rafael Solis (Puerto Rico)
9. Frankie Baltazar (California)
10. Hector Cortes (California)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Ruben Castillo (California)
1. Rocky Lockridge (New Jersey)
2. Juan (Kid) Meza (California)
3. Bernard Taylor (Tennessee)
4. Jackie Beard (Michigan)
5. Irving Mitchell (California)
6. Bernabe Montanez (Puerto Rico)
7. Paul DeVorce (New York)
8. Mark Davis (California)
9. Rocky Garcia (California)
10. Gino Gelormino (New York)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Mike Ayala (New York)
1. Jaime Garza (California)
2. Carmelo Negron (New York)
3. Alberto Mercado (Puerto Rico)
4. Oscar Muniz (California)
5. Jose Canizales (Texas)
6. Lenny Valdez (Nevada)
7. Jose Parilla (Puerto Rico)
8. Jose Lopez (California)
9. Vince Christian (Pennsylvania)
10. Diego Rosario (New Jersey)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Johnny Carter (Pennsylvania)
1. Albert Davila (California)
2. Oscar Muniz (California)
3. Richard Sandoval (California)
4. Harold Petty (Texas)
5. Freddie Jackson (Texas)
6. James Manning (Oregon)
7. James Pipps (Texas)
8. Julian Solis (Puerto Rico)
9. Mario Chavez (California)
10. Ruben Solario (Puerto Rico)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Willie Jensen (Nevada)
1. Felix Castillo (Texas)
2. Alonso Gonzales (California)
3. Joey Olivo (California)
4. Orlando Maldonado (Puerto Rico)
5. Jerome Coffee (Tennessee)
6. Steve Whetstone (Florida)
7. Henry Brent (New York)
8. Julio Rodriquez (Hawaii)
9. Norberto Castellanos (Texas)
10. Ron Cisneros (Colorado)

The United States Ratings were compiled by the Editors of *Ring*, along with the tabulated ballots of the American panelists on *Ring*'s International Ratings Panel.

LATIN AMERICAN RATINGS
BY THE LATIN AMERICAN BOXING FEDERATION
(AS OF OCTOBER 31, 1982)

HEAVYWEIGHTS
1. Bernardo Mercado (Colombia)
2. Eddie Lopez (Mexico)
3. Dennis Jackson (Puerto Rico)
   Gilberto Acuna (Costa Rica)
4. Juan Figueroa (Argentina)
5. Cisco Maldonado (Puerto Rico)
6. Domingo D'Elia (Argentina)
7. Luis Acosta (Argentina)
8. Fernando Montes (Mexico)
9. Norberto Fiori (Argentina)
10. Hector Ruben Zamaro (Argentina)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Miguel Cea (Chile)
1. Oscar Rivadeneyra (Peru)
2. Carlos De Leon (Puerto Rico)
3. Jose Maria Flores Burlon (Uruguay)
4. Miguel Cea (Chile)
5. Pablo Ramos (Puerto Rico)
6. Abel Bailone (Argentina)
7. Pedro Cesar Duarte (Argentina)
8. Juan Domingo Suarez (Argentina)
9. Juan Carlos Fernandez (Argentina)
10. Angel Salinas (Argentina)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
1. Juan Domingo Roldan (Argentina)
2. Fulgencio Obelmejias (Venezuela)
3. Marcos Geraldo (Mexico)
4. Noberto Sabater (Puerto Rico)
5. Jacinto Fernandez (Argentina)
6. Andres Ramirez (Mexico)
7. Manuel Melon (Puerto Rico)
8. Roberto Ruiz (Argentina)
9. Joaquin Macias (Mexico)
10. Manuel Zambrano (Colombia)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
1. Carlos del Valle Herrera (Argentina)
2. Roberto Duran (Panama)
3. Francisco de Jesus (Brazil)
4. Carlos Santos (Puerto Rico)
5. Patricio Diaz (Argentina)
6. Emiliano Villa (Colombia)
7. Juan Carlos Peralta (Argentina)
8. Walter Gomez (Argentina)
9. Alejandro Garrido (Chile)
10. Jorge Medina (Argentina)

WELTERWEIGHTS
1. Pipino Cuevas (Mexico)
2. Mauricio Bravo (Venezuela)
3. Elio Omar Diaz (Venezuela)
4. Alfredo Lucero (Argentina)
5. Hugo Quartapelle (Argentina)
6. Fernando Castro (Peru)
7. Jose Joaquin Baret (Dominican Rep.)
8. Enrique Sallago (Argentina)
9. Ramon Abeldano (Argentina)
10. Pablo Baez (Dominican Rep.)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
1. Ubaldo Sacco (Argentina)
2. Guillermo Fernandez (Venezuela)
3. Miguel Montilla (Dominican Rep.)
4. Antonio Cervantes (Colombia)
5. Adriano Marrero (Dominican Rep.)
6. Hugo Hernandez (Argentina)
7. Juan Jose Gimenez (Argentina)
8. Alfredo Escalera (Puerto Rico)
9. Mercedes Espinoza (Peru)
10. Felix Reyes (Dominican Rep.)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
1. Edwin Rosario (Puerto Rico)
2. Jose Luis Ramirez (Mexico)
3. Rodolfo Gonzalez (Mexico)
4. Ernesto Espana (Venezuela)
5. Edwin Viruet (Puerto Rico)
6. Orlando Romero (Peru)
7. Ezequiel Sanchez (Dominican Rep.)
8. Amancio Castro (Colombia)
9. Julio Valdez (Dominican Rep.)
10. Lorenzo Garcia (Argentina)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
1. Hector Camacho (Puerto Rico)
2. Jorge Alvarado (Panama)
3. Johnny De la Rosa (Dominican Rep.)
4. Benedicto Villablanca (Chile)
5. Rafael Solis (Puerto Rico)
6. Oscar Arnal (Venezuela)
7. Aquilino Asprilla (Panama)
8. Felix Mendoza (Venezuela)
9. Ildefonso Bethelmi (Venezuela)
10. Carlos Pinango (Venezuela)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
1. Mario Miranda (Colombia)
2. Fernando Sosa (Argentina)
3. Angel Levy Mayor (Venezuela)
4. Jose Caba (Dominican Rep.)
5. Marcos Villasana (Mexico)
6. Victor Torres (Peru)
7. Hector Cortes (Eduador)
8. Rudy Alpizar (Costa Rica)
9. Bernabe Montanez (Puerto Rico)
10. Juan Malvares (Argentina)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
1. Felipe Orozco (Colombia)
2. Sergio Palma (Argentina)
3. Julian Solis (Puerto Rico)
4. Felix Rodriguez (Panama)
5. Oscar Bejines (Mexico)
6. Alberto Mercado (Puerto Rico)
7. Benito Badilla (Chile)
8. Joaquin Acuna (Mexico)
9. Juan Antonio Lopez (Mexico)
10. Antonio de la Paz (Mexico)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
1. Enrique Sanchez (Dominican Rep.)
2. Jorge Ramirez (Mexico)
3. Ramon Soria (Argentina)
4. Victor Callejas (Puerto Rico)
5. Francisco Bejines (Mexico)
6. Jesus Rafael Orono (Venezuela)
7. Miguel Iriarte (Panama)
8. Cardenio Ulloa (Chile)
9. Edgar Roman (Venezuela)
10. Miguel Lora (Colombia)

FLYWEIGHTS
1. Eleoncio Mercedes (Dominican Rep.)
2. Juan Herrera (Mexico)
3. Juan Diaz (Mexico)
4. Raul Valdez (Mexico)
5. Gustavo Ballas (Argentina)
6. Prudencio Cardona (Colombia)
7. Guadalupe Madera (Mexico)
8. Adrian Roman (Argentina)
9. German Torres (Mexico)
10. Ramon Antonio Neri (Dominican Rep.)

▲ **HULL—Tiffanys Club**—Lloyd Christie, Wolverhampton, 142, didn't lose a round outpointing Ricky Beaumont, Hull, 138, over eight by 80-76½. Christie had all the physical advantages, and was a good winner, but Beaumont waded into his man and rarely gave ground. Beaumont was down in round two.

Lee Halford, Leicester, 132, outscored Steve Pollard, Hull, 128, by a narrow 78½-78 over eight. Pollard was down in the opening session, and Halford in round two. Halford was cut by the right eye, and there was a little in it at any time.

Geoff Rhymer, Hull, 169, beat Malcolm Heath, Hull, 167½, the bout being stopped in round four when Heath was cut by the left eye. Heath was down briefly in that round.

Stuart Carmichael, Hull, 127, outpointed Carl Gaynor, Manchester, 128, over six by 59½-58. The latter was a sub.

Bert Myrie, Wolverhampton, 155¾, surprisingly kayoed Gary Petty, Hull, 152, in the opening round with a fusillade of punches after setting him up by a hard right hand.
(10-26-82)

▲ **NEWPORT—Welsh Executive Sporting Club**—Mick Rowley, Merthyr (born in Australia) 135, narrowly outpointed Mervyn Bennett, Cardiff, 133, over eight by 78½-78. Bennett, inactive for nearly a year, did well to overcome two early knockdowns, but just failed to make up the leeway.

Debutant Andrew Gerrard, Risca, 208, outscored Frankie Robinson, Wednesburry, 210, by 59½-58½ over six. Plenty of action for big men, and, at 19, Gerrard has potential.

Graham Clarke, Cardiff, 120½, an 18-year-old debutant, looked good in outpointing Howard Williams, Merthyr, 119½, over six by 59½-58½.

Colin Neagel, Merthyr, 146½, outscored, Jonathan Newall, Newport, another debutant, by 59½-58 over six.
(10-26-82)

▲ **LONDON—National Sporting Club**—Lee Graham, Finchley, 130¼, outpointed Alex Irvine, Corby, 129, and didn't lose a round. Scoreline: 80-77½, but an uneventful contest.

James Cooke, Peckham, 162½, beat Gary Gething, Abergavenny, 161, the bout being stopped in round two after the latter had been down.

Rocky Bantleman, Hayes, 120½, didn't lose a round in outscoring Brett Stiles, Newport, 121½, over six by 60-58.

John Josephs, Hayes, 175, beat Mal Kirk, Ashton, 176½, who retired at the end of round four with a cut by the right eye. Both were warned for misuse of the head.
(11-01-82)

▲ **LIVERPOOL—Rotters Nightspot**—Ray Hood, Buckley, 135, didn't lose a round outpointing Andy Thomas, Swansea, 132, over eight by 80-77½.

Dave Bryan, Rhyl, 130, outpointed substitute Gary Lucas, Liverpool, 136½, by 59½-58 over six.

Rocky Feliciello, Rhyl, outscored John Davies, Swansea, 155½, over six by 59½-57½.

John Daly, Bradford, 140, narrowly outpointed Stan Wall, Liverpool, 137½, over six by 59-58½.
(11-01-82)

▲ **LONDON—Hornsey Town Hall**—Rocky Kelly, Acton, 145, narrowly outpointed Danny Garrison, Birmingham, 144, who came in a substitute. Scoreline: 78½-78 over eight, and the fans liked it so much that they tossed in nobbins amounting to £30.

A crowd-pleaser all the way, with Kelly's aggression clinching it.

Steve-Gee, Birmingham, 217, beat Martin Nee, Paddington, 222½, the bout being stopped at the end of round five when the latter was cut in two places by the left eye and had been down twice.

Gary Hobbs, Acton, 165½, outpointed Dino Wallace, Wolverhampton, 164, over six by a narrow 59-58½. The latter looked unlucky not to get at least a draw.

Steve Ellwood, Brixton, 139¼, comfortably outscored Graham Brockway, Pembroke, 144, over six by 59½-58. Brockway was down in round two.

Sean Campbell, Farnborough, 147, defeated Tony Rabetts, Heston, 146, the bout being stopped in round three after the latter had been floored.
(11-02-82)

▲ **LONDON—Royal Albert Hall**—British light welter champion Clinton McKenzie, 141½, beat Italian Luciano Navarra, 145, the bout being stopped in round five with Navarra still on his feet but outclassed in every department.

McKenzie, loser of his last two bouts on disqualifications for low punching, landed his southpaw jabs and hooks almost at will, and Navarra continually retreated. Apart from a brief spell in round four, when the Italian did make some sort of effort to toss a few punches, it was one-way traffic.

Frank Bruno, 216, kayoed Belgian substitute Rudi Gauwe, 212, with a right to the head. The latter seemed to twist his leg as he fell. It was so easy for Bruno, who jabbed and hooked at will, out his opponent on the nose in round two, and knocked out with a following right hand.

Gauwe once went nine rounds with Britisher John L. Gardner in a European title fight in the same ring, so, in this context, Bruno's victory was a good one.

Mark Kaylor, West Ham, 159¾, beat Eddie Smith, Manchester, 159, the referee intervening in round three after Smith had been decked. Eddie had been inactive for 18 months because of a road accident, and this was evident.

It was Kaylor's 18th victory in a row. He is still unbeaten, and, with Tony Sibson no longer interested in the British title, Mark becomes the leading contender for champion Roy Gumbs.

Tony Adams, Brixton, 139¾, stopped Welsh light welter champion Ray Price, Swansea, 140¾, the referee intervening in the opening round after Price had been down twice.

Nick Wilshire, Bristol, 156, kept his unbeaten record by stopping Tony Britton, Lewisham, 153½, but the referee's intervention in round four was thought by some to be premature.

Cameron Lithgow, 157¾, made a successful pro debut by beating Dennis Sheehan, Nottingham, 155, the stoppage coming in round five after the latter had been down. Both had eye injuries, and there were several head clashes.

T.P. Jenkins, Brentford, 162½, didn't lose a round outpointing Bobby Williams, 161¾, by 60-57½ over six.
(11-09-82)

▲ **AIRDRIE Town Hall**—Scottish lightweight champion Willie Booth, 136, outpointed Welsh light welter champ Ray Price, Swansea, 137, over eight by 79½-78. Price was decked in round five.

Tommy Cooke, Larkhall, 137, comfortably outscored Andy Thomas, Swansea, 129½, over eight by 79-76.

Sam Church, Bradford, 139, stopped Dave Markey, Bellshill, 135, in round two.

Jim Kelly, Wishaw, 148, beat Frank Abercromby, Glasglow, 143½, the bout being halted in round five when the latter sustained an eye injury.

Debutant Dave Haggerty, Paisley, 140, outscored John Daly, Keighley, 141½, over six by 59½-58.
(10-25-82)

▲ **LONDON—Merton Civic Hall**—Patrick Doherty, Croydon, 126, beat Alan Tombs, Guildford, 125, who retired at the end of round two with an injured left eye. The cut needed five stitches.

Keith Bristol, Battersea, 178, won in similar fashion when Chris Lawson, Cardigan, 173, who retired with a cut lip at the end of round three.

Guyanan Derek McKenzie, Fulham, 147, kayoed debutant Mark Good, Croydon, 148, in round three with a right to the jaw.

Mark Crouch, Epsom, 146, outscored Kevin Webb, Bournemouth, 149, over six by 59-58. The latter was down in the final round.

Alan Ash, Carshalton, 173, didn't lose a round outpointing Jerry Golden, Manchester, 175, over six by 60-58. Golden bled from the nose.

Lee White, Morden, 180, outscored Glenroy Taylor, Chiswick, 180, by 60-58, not losing a round.
(11-04-82)

▲ **MANCHESTER—Anglo American Sporting Club**—Martin McEwan, Birmingham, 166, comfortably outpointed Blaine Longsden, Warrington, 164, over eight by 79-77½. Not an inspiring contest to watch, the dominating factor being McEwan's left lead.

Tommy Heffron, Oldham, 152, defeated Cecil Williams, 156, the referee intervening in round two after Williams had been down twice.

Debutant Gordon Pratt, outpointed substitute Alf Edwards, Manchester, 151, over six by 59½-58.

After a year's inactivity, Lee Hartshorn, Manchester, 145, didn't lose a round outpointing Steve Tempro, Leicester, 142, over six by 60-58. Tempro was cut by the left eye.
(11-08-82)

▲ **LONDON—Regent Crest Hotel**—Johnny Andrews, Stepney, 148, scored a narrow points victory over Steve Henty, Brighton, 155, scoreline, 78½-78 after eight. A hectic encounter, both being warned for low punches.

Rocky Severino, Stoke, 150, beat Dave Finigan, Balham, 148, the bout being stopped in round three after the latter had been down twice.

Before the fight, Finigan announced that this would be his last.

Neville Wilson, Wolverhampton, 147, drew with Alan Hardiman, Hemel Hempstead, 149, over six, a popular result. Hardiman had been inactive, and took time to settle down. He was bruised around both eyes, and bled from the nose.

Wilson didn't wear a gumshield, and was cut inside the mouth. He was decked just before the final bell.
(11-06-82)

▲ **BELFAST—Ulster Hall**—Barry McGuigan, Clones, 125½, beat Paul Hoggins, Hastings, 125¾, the bout being stopped right at the end of round five in the scheduled 12-rounder "to save Huggins from further unnecessary punishment."

This was a final eliminator for the British featherweight title, and Huggins was indignant at the stoppage, following the referee to protest the decision.

Full marks to Huggins for courage. He fought his heart out, but, although he hand't been down, it looked as if he was well behind on points and taking more and more puncher as the fight progressed.

Huggin's nose bled from McGuigan's accurate jabs, yet Paul continued to try and trade punches. McGuigan's superior skills enabled him to gradually step up the pace, and, at the time of the stoppage, Huggins was doing little in the way of retaliation.

Hugh Russell, Belfast, 119½, defeated George Bailey, Bradford, 119½, the referee intervening in round two after Bailey had been down twice.

Pete Eubanks, Brighton, 134½, outpointed Mick Rowley, Merthyr, 135¼, over eight by 79-78.

Damien Fryers, Belfast, 138, Jimmy Bunclarke, Liverpool, 139, the bout being halted in round five of a hard-punching contest.

Seamus McGuinness, Belfast, 129¼, drew with Craig Walsh, Bradford, 132½, over six. Walsh was decked in round three.
(11-09-82)

▲ **SOUTHEND—20th Century Sporting Club**—Keith James, Ipswich, 163, narrowly outscored Peter Gorny, Croydon, 160, over eight by 78½-78. Gorny boxed the last five rounds with a broken jaw that will keep out for about six months.

A good fight to watch, and nobbins were thrwon in afterwards. James was cut by the left eye, which needed two stitches.

Alan Power, younger brother of former British and European

light welter champ Colin Power, didn't win a round against Paul Mitchell, Leeds, 156, who gained victory with a scoreline of 60-57½ over six.

Mike Betts, Norwich, 132, knocked out Mick Marsden, Leeds, 127, in round three. The latter went down from a right hand, rose at nine, but immediately toppled down again. It was a few minutes before he fully recovered.

Ian Lazarus, Leeds, 176, outscored Chris Thorne, 181, over six by 59½-58. Not an inspiring contest, and the referee had to call for more action.
(11-09-82)

▲ **EVESHAM**—John McGlynn, Swansea, 149, narrowly outscored Gary Buckle, 143, over eight by 78½-78. An exciting bout, both having their moments.

Alex Romeo, Nottingham, 168, outpointed Willie Wright, Birmingham, 168, over six by 59½-58½, although some voiced their disapproval of the verdict.

Danny Myers, Northampton, 148, narrowly outscored Ian Murray, Birmingham, 147, over six by 59-58½.

John Davis, Swansea, 153, defeated Bert Myrie, Wolverhampton, 156, the bout being stopped in the opening round when the latter was cut by the left eye.

Davy Cox, Northampton, 148, and Elvis Morton, Leicester, 148, drew over six rounds, Cox finishing strongly to ear a share.
(11-10-82)

▲ **GLASGOW—St. Andrews Sporting Club**—Dudley McKenzie, Croydon, 157, kayoed Winston Davis, Rugby, 159, in round six after decking him for nine. It was McKenzie's seventh successive win as a pro.

Stuart Nicol, Glasgow, 121, outpointed Ian Murray, Manchester, 122½, over eight by 79-78. Not a lot to set, enthused over, and spoiled by too much clinching and other infringements.

Ian Lazarus, Leeds, 177, convincingly outscored Gary Jones, Stirling, 177½, over six by 58½-57½.

Gerry Devine, Paisley, 136½, outpointed Mard Duffy, Leeds, 140, by a narrow 59-58½ over six, some thinking the latter deserved a draw.
(11-15-82)

▲ **STAFFORD**—Roy Skeldon, Tipton, 180, was outboxed in the early rounds, but came back well to defeat Chris Devine, Chesterfield, 177, the referee intervening in round seven after Devine had been down from a right hook.

Clifton Wallace, Wolverhampton, 155, narrowly outscored debutante David Maxwell, Leicester, over six by 59-58½. Maxwell was down in the final round.

Clive Beardsley, Melbourne, 174, won every round outpointing Al Stevens, Quinton, 175, by 60-57 over six.

Rocky Burton, Bedworth, 191, easily outpointed Frank Robinson, Wednesbury, 208, by 59½-58 over six. A good fight to watch.

Lee Remekie, Leicester, 136, stopped Sammy Rodgers, Corby, 140, the referee intervening in round four after Rodgers had been floored.
(11-11-82)

▲ **LONDON—York Hall**—Jimmy Bott, Liverpool, 118½, confirmed a previous victory by outpointing Ivor Jones, Holloway, 118½, over eight by 78½-77½.

It looked closer, and Jones' supporters booed loudly, obviously thinking their man deserved the decision.

Vernon Vanriel, Tottenham, 138½, overwhelming outscored Des Gwilliam, Birmingham, 136¾, over eight by 79½-76½.

Paul Cook, Bethnal Green, 134¼, beat Johnny Grant, Enfield, 135¼, the bout being stopped in round two with the latter under pressure.

Gerry Beard, Nottingham, 130, outpointed Tony Connolly, Stepney, 129¾, over eight by 79-78.

Mo Hussein, West Ham, 137, defeated Ray Ross, Ardglass, 142, who retired with an injured right hand at the end of round three.

Joey Joynson, Liverpool, stopped David Miles, Merthyr, 128¼, the referee intervening in round two after Miles had been decked three times.

John Bibby, Bedford, 148¼, won every round outscoring Sam Omedi, Plymouth, 147, by 60-57 over six.
(11-16-82)

▲ **NAVAN—Exhibition Center**—Jonjo Green, Manchester, 173, won the Irish light heavyweight title by beating Ben Lawlor, Dublin, 173, the bout being stopped in round two when Lawlor was cut between the eyes after an accidental head clash.

Lawlor had won the title just under one month earlier by beating Green. He had intimated that he would give Green a return, and now Green has returned the compliment, saying that he will defend against Lawlor any time.

Green's father and grandfather were spectators. The show was held in the afternoon.

Terry Christie, Dublin, 124, kayoed Keith Foreman, Hartlepool, in round seven with a left hook to the body.

Joe Christie, Dublin, 201, drew with Steve Gee, Birmingham, 224, over six. Their third meeting, each having won one previously.

P.J. Davitt, Dublin, 145, outpointed Walter Clayton, Sheffield, over eight by 79-78. The latter was down in round four, but recovered well, and might have earned a draw.

Tommy (brother of P.J.) Davitt, drew with John Lindo Bradford, 145, over eight in an uninspiring bout.
(11-14-82)

▲ **SOLIHULL—Midlands Sporting Club**—Tony Willis, Liverpool, 135, won his eliminator for the British lightweight title by beating Robbie Robinson, Liverpool, 134, the bout being stopped in round five when the latter was cut by the left eye and under pressure.

Alredy holder of the Midlands Area light middleweight title, Cliff Gilpin, 147, won the Area welter crown by outpointing Joey Mack, 146, over 10 by 99-97.

Midlands Area light heavy champ Antonion Harris, Chelmsley Wood, 176, outpointed Roy Skeldon, Tipton, 178, over eight by 79½-77. It was his third victory over Skeldon.

Kostos Petrou, Birmingham, 144½, beat Dave Taylor, Liverpool, 144¾, the bout being halted in round two. Taylor had not been down, and protested strongly at the stoppage.

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Trevor Berbick (Canada)
1. Joe Bugner (England)
2. Neville Meade (England)
3. Gordon Racette (Canada)
4. David Pearce (Wales)
5. Billy Aird (England)
6. Frank Bruno (England)
7. Ken Lakusta (Canada)
8. Eddie Neilson (England)
9. Maile Haumona (Tonga)
10. Cedric Parson (Canada)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Lotte Mwale (Zambia)
1. Tony Mundine (Australia)
2. Mustapha Wasajja (Uganda)
3. John Odehiamba (Uganda)
4. Chisanda Mutti (Zambia)
5. Alex Sua (New Zealand)
6. Tom Collins (England)
7. Don Lalonde (Canada)
8. Kid Power (Zimbabwe)
9. Roddy McDonald (Canada)
10. Graham Murray (Australia)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Tony Sibson (England)
2. Murray Sutherland (Canada)
3. Roy Gumbs (England)
4. Ralph Hollett (Canada)
5. Monty Betham (New Zealand)
6. Steve Dennis (Australia)
7. Wayne Caplette (Canada)
8. Mark Kaylor (England)
9. Glen McEwan (England)
10. Lancelot Innis (Canada)

LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Herol Graham (England)
1. Mike McCallum (Jamaica)
2. Ayub Kalule (Uganda)
3. Kenny Bristol (Guyana)
4. John Mugabi (Uganda)
5. Rocky Mattioli (Australia)
6. Reggie Ford (Guyana)
7. Jimmy Batten (England)
8. Ken Salisbury (Australia)
9. Brian Anderson (England)
10. Hunter Clay (Nigeria)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Colin Jones (Wales)
1. Kirkland Laing (England)
2. Mark Harris (Guyana)
3. Mario Cusson (Canada)
4. Sakarai Ve (Tonga)
5. Frank Ropis (Australia)
6. Josef Nsubuga (Uganda)
7. Colin Power (England)
8. Fitzroy Guiseppe (Belize)
9. Brian Janssen (Australia)
10. Chris Clark (Canada)

LIGHT WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Obisia Nwankpa (Nigeria)
1. Lennox Blackmoore (Guyana)
2. Clinton McKenzie (England)
3. Peter Berrigan (Australia)
4. Jeff Malcolm (Australia)
5. Sylvester Mittee (England)
6. Alan Lamb (England)
7. Mike Parsons (Trinidad)
8. George Peacock (England)
9. Nick Furlano (Canada)
10. Terry Marsh (England)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Claude Noel (Trinidad)
1. Barry Michael (Australia)
2. Langton Tinago (Zimbabwe)
3. George Feeney (England)
4. Davidson Andeh (Nigeria)
5. Hogan Jimoh (Nigeria)
6. Ray Cattouse (England)
7. Charlie Nash (Ireland)
8. Gaetan Hart (Canada)
9. Gary Williams (Australia)
10. David Kotey (Ghana)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Azumah Nelson (Nigeria)
1. Pat Cowdell (England)
2. Patrick Ford (Guyana)
3. Eddie Ndukwu (Nigeria)
4. Charm Chiteule (Zambia)
5. Steve Sims (Wales)
6. Barry McGuigan (Ireland)
7. Kabiru Akendele (Nigeria)
8. Terry McKeown (Scotland)
9. Vernon Penprase (England)
10. Paul Huggins (England)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Paul Ferreri (Australia)
1. John Feeney (England)
2. Francis Musankabala (Zambia)
3. Mike Irungu (Kenya)
4. Hugh Russell (Ireland)
5. Stix Macloud (Zimbabwe)
6. Davy Larmour (Ireland)
7. Glenn Walsh (Australia)
8. Peter Jones (Wales)
9. Little Joe (Nigeria)
10. Hector Clottey (Ghana)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Stephen Muchoki (Kenya)
1. Charlie Magri (England)
2. Wayne Mulholland (Australia)
3. Kelvin Smart (Wales)
4. Keith Wallace (England)
5. Dave George (Wales)
6. Steve Bell (Australia)
7. Ian Clyde (Canada)
8. Kid Sumaila (Ghana)
9. Junior Thompson (Australia)
10. Ducky Dennis (Australia)

The junior lightweigh title is vacant. Contenders: Cornelius Boza-Edwards (England), Tiger Man (Papua), Billy Moeller (Australia), Safiu Okeibadan (Nigeria).

Peter Ahmed, Cardiff, 144¾, outscored Darek McKenzie, Guyana, 145, now living in London, by a narrow 59½-59.
(11-17-82)

▲ **COVENTRY—Sports Centre**—Former amateur champion Errol Christie, 162¾, Coventry, made a successful pro debut, beating Terry Matthews, Swansea, 159¾, the latter being retired by his corner at the end of round three because of a cut by the right eye.

Errol's manager, Bert McCarthy, had been granted a promoter's license, and it was good thinking to show his boxer in front of his own supporters at the start of his career. Christie is already being talked about as a future Randolph Turpin—high praise indeed. But it would be wrong to expect too much too early.

Dave Allen, 149½, Conisbrough, beat Danny Garrison, Wolverhampton, 148, the referee intervening in round five after Garrison had been down twice.

Andrew McDonald, 184, Christie's stablemate, defeated sustitute Eddie Cooper, 179¾, the bot being stopped in round two with Cooper under pressure. McDonald won three British amateur titles boxing under the surname Straughn.

Jeff Decker, Newcastle, 143, kayoed John Daly, 143, Keighley, at the end of the opening session with a right. According to the rules the count continued after the bell.

John Doherty, 127, outscored Stuart Carmichael, Hull, over six by a narrow 59-58½.
(11-18-82)

▲ **LONDON—National Sporting Club**—Nobbins of £74 showed what the patrons thought about the excellent contest in which Julian Boustead, Torquay, 142, beat susstitute John McGlynn, Swansea, 143, the bout being stopped in the eighth and final round with McGlynn still upright but under great pressure.

Boustead would have won anyway, but full marks to McGlynn for a game performance after taking the fight on very short notice.

Mark Harris, Swansea, 137, outpointed Frankie Lake, Plymouth, 139, over six by 59½-58½. It was Harris' debut.

Vince Vahey, Sheffield, 138, won every round outscoring Rocky Mensah, Bradford, over six by 60-57.

Lee Graham, Finchley, 123¼, avenged a previous defeat by outpointing Steve Henderson, Aylesburry, 125¼, over eight by 79-77½. Almost twelve months earlier, Graham was knocked out by Henderson in five rounds, but there was never any danger of a repeat performance.
(11-18-82)

▲ **LONDON—Lewisham Concert Hall**—Perennial heavyweight Billy Aird, who, at 36 years of age, keeps coming back for more, 211, comfortably outpointed Steve Gee, Birmingham, 212, over eight by 79-78.

Gee came in as a substitute, and is 15 years younger than Billy, who had little difficulty in using his much greater experience to outbox and outmaneuver his man.

Gee did as well as could be expected, but Aird was disappointed with his own performance, stating that he had been handicapped by back trouble for a week before the fight.

Danny Myers, Northampton, 147, didn't lose a round outpointing Sam Omidi, Plymouth, 147½, by 80-77 over eight.

Steve Elwood, Camberwell, 141, beat Ricky Dean, Leicester, 143, the stoppage coming in round two with the latter taking punishment.

Kevin Webb, Bournemouth, outpointed Paul McHugh, Leicester, 144¾, over six by 59½-58½.

Shaun Shinkwin, Borehamwood, 128, didn't lose a round outscoring Allen Terry, Islington, 126¾, by 40-38½ over four.

Dwight Osbourne, Tottenham, beat Irving Wilmot, Cricklewood, 169, the bout being stopped in round five.
(11-22-82)

▲ **LONDON—Anglo American Sporting Club**—Lloyd Honeyghan, Bermondsey, 148¾, kayoed Frank McCord, Swansea, 146, in the opening rond with a right cross. McCord's head hit the canvas, and it was several minutes before he recovered.

Andy Thomas, Swansea, 132, outpointed Rory Burke, Ipswich, 129½, with a comfortable 79½-78 socreline over eight.

Harry Cowap, Balham, 179, didn't lose a round in outscoring substitute Glenroy Taylor, Chiswick, 186, over six by 60-57½.
(11-22-82)

▲ **LIVERPOOL—Liver Sporting Club**—Glyn Rhodes, Sheffield, 135, won the vacant Central Area lightweight title by knocking out Kevin Pritchard, Kirkby, in round five with a right to the chin. Pritchard had no chance of beating the count, and the final punch produced a cut mouth that needed three stitches.

Peter Stockdale, Grimsby, 156, outpointed Rikc Warrilow, Kirkby, 155, over six by 59-58.

Mick Dono, Liverpool, 138, outscored Winston Ho Shing, Sheffield, 137, by 59½-58 over six. The latter was decked in the final round.

Debutant Steve Lewsam, Grimsby, 170, outpointed Winston Wray, Bolton, 164½, over four by 39½-38½.
(11-22-82)

RON OLVER

ORIENTAL & PACIFIC RATINGS
BY THE ORIENTAL & PACIFIC BOXING FEDERATION
(AS OF NOVEMBER 21, 1982)

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Maile Haumona (Australia)
2. Marc Ecimovic (Australia)
3. Young Haumona (Australia)
4. Larry Tattoo (Australia)
5. Gary Fuller (Australia)
6. Garry Hubble (Australia)
7. Kevin Wagstaff (Australia)
8. Reno Zurik (Australia)
9. Niki Skoric (Australia)
10. Daniel Saylor (Australia)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Soo-Hang Lee (Korea)
1. Graham Murray (Australia)
2. Byung-Rae Yuh (Korea)
3. Phil McElwaine (Australia)
4. Son-Kap Choi (Korea)
5. Con O'Connor (Australia)
6. Clint Brown (Australia)
7. Nash Bula (Australia)
8. John Layton (Australia)
9. Peter Hewitt (Australia)
10. Ricky Patterson (Australia)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Chong-Pal Park (Korea)
1. Kenji Miyata (Japan)
2. Chang-Il Lim (Korea)
3. Steve Dennis (Australia)
4. Kyung-Min Na (Japan)
5. Kenji Shibata (Japan)
6. Suwarno (Indonesia)
7. Phil (Spider) Davies (Australia)
8. Keitoku Senriba (Japan)
9. Chang-Hwan Noh (Korea)
10. Billy Johnstone (Australia)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
In-Chul Baek (Korea)
1. Katsuhiro Sawada (Japan)
2. Ken Salisbury (Australia)
3. Chong-Ho Kim (Korea)
4. Alex Temelkov (Australia)
5. Kyung-Soon Kim (Korea)
6. Michihiro Horihata (Japan)
7. Dave Sarago (Australia)
8. Jae-Hyung Yuh (Korea)
9. Yohi Arai (Japan)
10. Tomohiro Nagao (Japan)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Jun-Sok Hwang (Korea)
1. Mar Simbajon (Philippines)
2. Frank Ropis (Australia)
3. Seung-Soon Lee (Korea)
4. Jyunya Kushikino (Japan)
5. Jae-Yong Park (Korea)
6. Satanfa S. Pratip (Thailand)
7. Brian Janssen (Australia)
8. Katsuyoshi Kitsumoto (Japan)
9. Mike de Guzman (Philippines)
10. Tongta Kiatvayupak (Thailand)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Sang-Hyun Kim (Korea)
1. Ruben Rabago (Philippines)
2. Kingrag Vocharernrat (Thailand)
3. Kyung-Hwan Chae (Korea)
4. Tatsuya Moriyasu (Japan)
5. Mohammed Solikin (Indonesia)
6. Peter Berrigan (Australia)
7. Gar Atayde (Philippines)
8. Ryutaro Otsuki (Japan)
9. Yong-Dae Kim (Korea)
10. Kanakorn Thaphoothai (Thailand)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Hong-Kyu Lim (Korea)
2. Flash Villamer (Philippines)
3. Fujio Ozaki (Japan)
4. Downthong Chuvatana (Thailand)
5. Barry Michael (Australia)
6. Kai Song (Indonesia)
7. Kwang-Min Kim (Korea)
8. Rolando Aldemir (Philippines)
9. Hayao Shiba (Japan)
10. Jenrub Muangsurin (Thailand)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Tae-Jin Moon (Korea)
1. Albert Duldulao (Philippines)
2. Phadedsuk Pisnurachun (Thailand)
3. Dong-Koo Woo (Korea)
4. Yonekura Ikhoni (Japan)
5. Rod Sequenan (Philippines)
6. Yang Il (Korea)
7. Gary Williams (Australia)
8. Luluk Ushwhir (Indonesia)
9. Carlos Parcia (Philippines)
10. Ryu Fukida (Japan)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Kwan-Kil Yuh (Korea)
1. Nugprachun Kiatkumchai (Thailand)
2. Oh-Yung Lee (Korea)
3. Ronald Sumalis (Philippines)
4. Tishiyuki Tanaka (Japan)
5. Divino Inocian (Philippines)
6. Min-Keun Oh (Korea)
7. Mick Parkinson (Australia)
8. Kid Hassan (Indonesia)
9. Santhi Donjadee (Thailand)
10. Kuniyoshi Kuwabara (Japan)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Soon-Hyun Chung (Korea)
1. Little Bangoyan (Philippines)
2. Hiroyuki Iwamoto (Japan)
3. Chan-Jung Chun (Korea)
4. Monod (Indonesia)
5. Dejavarin Hollywood (Thailand)
6. Poker Peligrino (Philippines)
7. Fusao Imai (Japan)
8. Sung-In Suh (Korea)
9. Sakda Saksuree (Thailand)
10. Sandy Noora (Philippines)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Eijiro Murata (Japan)
1. William Develos (Philippines)
2. Sakpisamai Chorsirirat (Thailand)
3. Shuichi Isogami (Japan)
4. Yong-Hwan Oh (Korea)
5. Glenn Walsh (Australia)
6. Chong-Soo Lee (Korea)
7. Leo Khaki (Philippines)
8. Agus Suyanto (Indonesia)
9. Hurricane Teru (Japan)
10. Phichitsuk Kor-u-sayarm (Thailand)

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Soon-Chun Kwon (Korea)
1. Tsutomu Itokazu (Japan)
2. Diego de Villa (Philippines)
3. Brabtorani Luklumpakchee (Thailand)
4. Ok-Kyung Oh (Korea)
5. Phaktai Osodsapha (Thailand)
6. Siony Carupo (Philippines)
7. Hiroyuki Seki (Japan)
8. Pharyoa Phooltharat (Thailand)
9. In-Wan Hwang (Korea)
10. Moningko Palugan (Indonesia)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Hong-Soo Yang (Korea)
1. Frank Cedeno (Philippines)
2. Petchgnam Chuvatana (Thailand)
3. Wayne Mulholland (Australia)
4. Dan Pisalchai (Thailand)
5. Soon-Jong Kang (Korea)
6. Munadi (Indonesia)
7. Yuto Kazaki (Japan)
8. Yuri Santos (Philippines)
9. Masaru Fuji (Japan)
10. Rocky Pineda (Philippines)

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Sung-Nam Kim (Korea)
1. Moon-Jin Choi (Korea)
2. Dodie (Boy) Penalosa (Philippines)
3. Katsumi Sato (Japan)
4. Wonchai Singchatvan (Thailand)
5. Junior Thompson (Australia)
6. Romy Austria (Philippines)
7. Koki Ishii (Japan)
8. Soon-Yun Ma (Korea)
9. Samart Sakadam (Thailand)
10. Fred Guanzon (Philippines)

The Oriental & Pacific Boxing Federation does not rank boxers ranked by the WBC or WBA.

ORIENT

JAPAN

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—OPBF bantamweight champion Eijiro Murata registered his record breaking 10th consecutive defense. Murata, 118, impressively knocked out Korean boss Yong-Hwan Oh, 117, with a wicked body shot in 2:54 of the fourth round in a scheduled 12. Murata, The Ring International Panel's sixth ranked 118-pounder, is gunning for Lupe Pintor's WBC bantanweight throne.

For Murata, the OPBF's top ranked Oh was nothing but a trial horse, although it was a compulsory defense ordered by the Federation. Murata, 25, improved his log to 22-1-3 including 15 knockouts. Oh, a year his junior, fell to 14-3-2 with five kayoes. Ref was Masakazu Uchida.

The title bout was supported by a couple of good tenners, both ending in knockouts.

Unbeaten Yoshimu Oyama, 121¼, scored a come-from-behind victory, as he caught up with Naoki Kobayashi, the JBC's second ranked junior featherweight at 122, and finished him at 2:38 of the ninth round. Oyama, 19, gave him two standing counts and followed up with sharp combinations, dropping the loser with a short right. An automatic kayo was awarded to Oyama, a lanky but durable puncher who had taken the *Shinjin-o* (Novice King) tourney early this year. (The loser, Kobayashi, became unconscious in the dressing room. He was carried out of the Hall and was immediately hospitalized. He underwent a brain operation, Kobayashi died two days later. The 21-year-old hope Kobayashi was the 19th ring victim in Japanese ring history.

Oyama is 8-0-1 with five kayoes. Kobayashi's final record was 16-4-1 with three kayoes.

The first 10 saw promising Makoto Taguchi, 118, floor hard hitting but fragile Marciano (Masami) Sekiyama, 122, time and again to score a technical knockout at 1:45 of the fourth round. Taguchi, a sparring partner of Murata, bettered his log to 12-2-1 with eight knockouts. Sekiyama impaired to 15-7 with 13 kayoes.

Four-Rounders: Yoshinori Uniwa, 129½, fought to a draw with Hitoshi Maebara, 128¾. Masaru Matsumoto, 127, drew with Masahiro Tsuda, 130. Unbeaten Masaharu Sekine, 121, ran his log to 4-0 (three kayoes) by demolishing Masahiro Sasaki, 122. Takashi Sakakibara, 112, won a shutout nod over Yoshio Mitsuboshi, 111¾. Promising Tomohiro Kiyuna, 105½, decisioned Masato Tanaka, 107, in the opener.

Kaneko Promotions. Telecast by TBS TV.

Attendance—1,600.

(10-18-82)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Unbeaten puncher Hiroyuki Seki, the JBC's top junior bantamweight contender at 113, swarmed over ex-Japanese flyweight champ Masaru Fuji, also 113, flattening him in 2:39 of the second round in a scheduled 10. Seki, coached by former world junior lightweight champ Hiroshi Kobayashi, connected with solid combos to the face and a lethal body shot. Seki, a 24-year-old graduate of Chuoh Univ., is now 7-0-1 with seven kayoes. Fuji, 31, fell to 18-18-2 with five kayoes.

The semi-final saw an upset, as Masahiro Takagi, 129, lost a split nod to neglected Takashi Sengoku, 128½, 10.

Takagi, a lanky boxer, fell to 12-4-2 with five kayoes. Sengoku, 20, is 8-1-1 with only one kayo.

Unbeaten Novice King tourney winner Takuya Muguruma, 125, won a unanimous decision Masayoshi Kashiwakura, 126, eight. Muguruma, 21, is 9-0 (four knockouts).

Four-Rounders: Hiroaki Imazu, 116¼, stopped Ryuichi Kimura, 118, in 2:10 of the second round. Jitsuo Iwasaki, 126, halted Tomomi Shimabukuro, 125½, in the second. Kenji Nemoto, 112, drew with lefty Junichi Hashimoto, also 112. Hirotaka Ishida, 118, outscored Hideaki Sato, 117¾. Tooru Kaburagi, 117½, made a successful debut with a unanimous decision over Katsushi Shimada, 117, in the opener.

Teiken Promotions. Nippon TV.

Attendance—1,400.

(10-01-82)

▲ **OSAKA—Osaka Prefectural Gymnasium**—Former Japanese amateur high school champ of Japan, Satoshi Shingaki, 106¾, engaged in his first professional bout. Climbing off the canvas in the opening round, Shingaki dropped Hiroyuki Aikata, 107, in the same session and embalmed him in 2:50 of the second round in a scheduled six. Ryoji Kashiwagi, referee.

The card was dedicated to ex-Japanese lightweight champ Kiyoshi Kazama's retirement. Kazama, now the Japanese Commission's simon pure referee, was the third man in the semi-final, after the ceremony was over.

Four-Rounders: Masato Takada, 133½, drew with Iwao Nishikawa, 134. Hideaki Yamazaki, 127½, also drew with Hiroshi Yamashiro, 128½. Akio Yamashita, 120¾, decisioned Koichi Satojima, 121. Katsunori Nagamoto, 117½, outscored Toshifumi Aoki, 116½. Hitoshi Iwamoto, 125, won from Keiichi Nakagawa, 123. Hiranobu Watakuchi,107¼, decisioned Hiroo Tsuchiya, 106½, in the opener.

West-Japan *Shinjin-o* Committee, promoter. Mainichi TV.

Attendance—3,200.

(10-04-82)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Kenyan import Isaiah (Yonekura) Ikhoni, 132½, was floored badly about 30 seconds into the opening round, but got up and knocked out Hiroshi Osumi, also 132½, in 2:04 of the first session in a scheduled 10.

Ikhoni, 24, is now 5-1 with five kayoes. The unlucky Osumi, 21, fell to 7-5-1 with seven knockouts.

Japan has had the three-knockdown rule for many years. Under this rule, we saw the most exciting round in the semi-final.

Lefty Keiji Kawamura, 119½, hit the deck twice from the solid rights of Mitsuo Imazato, also 119½, but the former stood up to drop the latter twice—in the second round. One more knockdown, and either would be an automatic kayo winner. The crowd was truly on its feet. But each lasted the critical moment. The give-and-take rallies continued with Imazato winning a unanimous decision. Scoring: referee Masakazu Uchida and judge Yusaku Yoshida, both 97-95, judge Hiroyuki Tezaki, 97-96, all for the gusty hombre coached by ex-world champ Fighting Harada. Imazato, 21, is now 12-6 with four kayoes. Kawamura, 27, is 9-3-1 with five knockouts.

Former Japanese junior welterweight boss Shogun (Noboru) Hatakeyama, 146¼, was stretched unconscious by the looping right of unheralded Kozo Fukutani, also 146¼, in 3:07 of the third round in a scheduled eight. The upset winner bettered his log to 8-3 with six kayoes. Hatakeyama, five years his senior at 29, dropped to 19-10-1 with six knockouts.

Shinji Tojo, 158½, impressively polished off Naofumi Jin, 160, with furious combinations in 2:28 of the first round in a six.

Four-Rounders: Makoto Mochizuki, 145¾, unanimously decisioned Takashi Watanabe, 144¼. Masakazu Tanioka, 134½, drew with Chuji Takahashi, 134. Shingo Ishikura, 108, stopped Hitoshi Ogino, 107¾, in 1:04 of the second round in the opener.

Yonekura Promotions. TV Asahi.

Attendance—1,600.

(10-05-82)

▲ **SHIKI—Shiki City Gymnasium**—Hard-punching Mugen Kawasaka, 142¾, proved too strong for less experienced Tomohiro Nagao, 143¼, stopping him at 2:21 in the third round of a scheduled 10.

The semi-final saw flyweight banger Yoshiyuki Uchida, 112, tab his 10th straight kayo, over Masaki Sono, 116¾, in 2:10 in the second round in an eight. Uchida, the JBC's seventh ranked 112-pounder, was the All-Japan *Shinjin-o* (Novice King) tourney winner. He is now 10-1.

Four-Rounders: Makoto Yagihashi, 145½, outscored Seiichi Ogata, 146¾. Tatsuya Kimura, 135, decisioned Hiroyuki Seike, 131¼. Shingo Hayasaka, 110, outpointed Takeshi Toh, also 110. Tadashi Kuramochi, 107¾, beat Eijun Furusawa, also 107¾, on points.

Kamifukuoka Promotions. No telecast.

Attendance—1,500.

(10-05-82)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Twelve four-rounders made up the card featuring the Annual *Shinjin-o* tournaments in the East-Japan Zone.

Fujio Wakabayshi, 145¾,stopped Minoru Sato, 145¾, at 2:35 of the first round. Norihiro Sekida, 139¾, was also a first-round kayo winner over Toyoharu Aizawa, 139¼, in 1:57. Sekida was previously a high school amateur boxer with a record of 9-3 (five RSCs).

Tiger Michigami, 128¾, sank Katsumi Hashiguchi, 129½, with a wicked body shot at 2:32 of the second round. Mitsunori Sato, 128½, outscored Hiroaki Niitsu, 129¼. Sadaya

Suginaga, 124, halted Masato Teraushi, 125, at 1:02 into the second round. Futoshi Iizuka, 125, stopped Mamoru Nakoshi, 125½, at 2:43 of the third session. Keigo Furuta, 121¾, won from Hisashi Nakayashiki, 121½, Chojun Yara, 122, kayoed Yonemaro Osada, 121½, 0:39 into the third round. Hiroshi Yamamoto, 117½, decisioned Shotgun Suzuki, 116¾. Sumiki Tokutome, 114¾, outscored Masakatsu Sakuma, 114¾. Moriaki Arazaki, 112, won over Koji Nishikawa, 111¼. Masakatsu Toyooka, 111¾, decisioned Ryuji Tanimura, 112, in the opener.

East-Japan *Shinjin-o* Committee, promoter. No telecast.

Attendance—700.

(10-16-82)

▲ **KAWASAKI—Nikko Hotel**—It was a dinner boxing show.

Korean import Jae-Young Park, 145½, showed his strength in halting Golgo (Sadao) Saito, 146¾, in 2:41 of the seventh round in a scheduled 10.

The semi-final saw footworker Miharu Muto, 138¾, outscore Seitaro Chinen, 138½, 10. Scoring: referee Takeshi Shimakawa, 99-98; judges Shoji Nakamori and Yusaku Yoshida, 99-97 and 98-97, respectively, all in Muto's favor.

Seung-Dong Yang, another Korean at 124, pounded out a onesided verdict over Joe Tatsuki, 125, 10. Scoring: double 100-93 and 99-93.

Noriyuki Ota 129½, chalked up a quick kayo over Morio Tokumori, 128½, at 1:23 in the four-round opener.

Keihin Kawasaki Promotions. No telecast.

Attendance—600.

(10-14-82)

▲ **OSAKA—Sakuranomiya Skating Rink**—It was the card featuring the finals of West Japan *Shinjin-o* tournaments in Osaka Zone. All were fought in six rounds.

Junior welterweight: Takashi Tsukada, 139¾, took only 2:56 of the first round to polish off Kiyotaka Tanaka, 137½,, with two knockdowns.

Junior lightweight: Suejiro Kuramura, 128½, stopped Hideaki Yamazaki, 129, at 1:16 of the first session.

Featherweight: Tomikazu Kinjo, 125¾, outscored Hitoshi Iwamoto, 125½.

Junior featherweight: Fumio Ozaki, 121¾, decisioned Akio Yamashita, 121¾. Ozaki, 5-0 with two kayoes, was named Best Fighter in the finals by the Committee.

Bantamweight: Katsunoiri Nagatomo, 117¾, won from Michio Kawakami, 117.

Flyweight: Takuya Tsuji, 111, finished Hiroaki Tanaka, 110½, at 1:34 in the sixth and final round.

Junior flyweight: Hiranobu Watakuchi, 107¾, took a majority decision from lefty Makoto Tatsumi, 107, in the opener.

West-Japan *Shinjin-o* Committee, promoter. No telecast.

Attendance—800.

(10-20-82)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Hard hitting Hammer Itoi, 139½, didn't look sharp but he pummeled Nobuyuki Chisaka, 139¾, into submission at 2:00 of the fourth round in a scheduled 10. Itoi, a stocky bullfighter, downed Chisaka to the ropes, and then the towel was tossed in. Ken Morita, referee.

Itoi, 23, thus upped his log to 11-4-3 with 10 kayoes. Chisaka, a year his senior, dropped to 7-9 with two kayoes.

Former WBC world light flyweight champion Tadashi Tomori boxed a two-round exhibition with his clubmate, Kentoku Nakama, a good southpaw, in preparation for a rematch with Hilario Zapata on November 30. Tomori looked sharp despite the discouraging postponement.

In a supporting 10, Katsuo Katsuma, 112, flattened Koshi Yamamoto, also 112, with a couple of knockdowns at 1:39 in the seventh found. Katsuma, from Osaka, is now 10-5 with six kayoes. Yamamoto fell to 5-9-4 with one kayo.

Four-Rounders: Nobuyuki Sudo, 114¼, stopped Yoshihide Fujimoto, 113¾, at 2:30 of the third session. Kunio Takanami, 122, unanimously outscored Noboru Hayashi, 122. Hiroyuki Kyoda, 121¾, dropped Yasuji Takamatsu, 120¾, twice and polished him off at 2:20 of the first round. Daizo Kan, 114, drew with Koji Kaneda, 112¼. Hideo Kondo, 109, stopped Masahiro Kaise, 109¾, at 2:35 of the first round in the opener.

Co-promoted by Misako and Kokusai Promotions. Fuji TV.

Attendance—1,200.

(10-28-82)

▲ **HACHINOHE—Hachinohe City Gymnasium**—Unbeaten junior welterweight puncher Taijiro Niiyama, 136¾, faced a tough opponent in Tadao Ishido, 137, and won a losided decision, 10. Scoring: referee Yusaku Yoshida, 100-94; judges Ken Morita and Takeaki Kanaya, 100-93 and 100-92, respectively.

The 10-round semi-final saw Hiroyasu Kato, 111¾, halt Mutsuo Watanabe, also 111¾, because of the latter's bad bleeding from a gash over the right eyebrow at 1:24 of the fifth round. Masakazu Uchida, referee.

Kenji Ono, 107½, was a TKO victor over Hideto Osanai, 108, at 2:35 of the fifth round in a scheduled six. The loser was streaming blood from a cut at the right eyebrow, and referee Morita declared a stoppage.

Four-Rounders: Toku Terakado, 112, decisioned Takeshi Suzuki, 111½. Lefty Yoshinobu Fukui, 112, unanimously outscored Ryufuku Ryu, 111½, in the opener.

Kyoei Hachinohe Boxing Club. No telecast.

(10-23-82)

▲ **FUKUI—Fukui Prefectural Gymnasium**—Hayao Shiba, the JBC's top lightweight contender at 135, proved too powerful for Kazuhiro Ishihara, 130½, demolishing him in 2:35 of the opening session in a scheduled 10. It was a mismatch. Shiba, an awkward but pugnacious banger, overwhelmed his less experienced opponent and sank him with a wicked body shot. Shiba thus improved his log to 13-6-1 with 10 kayoes. Ishihara is 1-8 with one knockout.

Four-Rounders: Kenji Higashi, 114, onesidedly decisioned Hitoshi Taniuchi, 113. Yuji Yoshikawa, 132½, stopped fellow debutant Tatsuya Kachiki, 133¾, 62 seconds into the first round. Tatsuya Noritake, 132¼, knocked out Seiichi Muraki, 131½, in 1:16 of the second round. Eiichi Shiba, 139¾, needed only 64 seconds to polish off Kisashiro Asuka, 139¼, in the first round. Kenjiro Kawai stopped Crocky Sugiyama at 2:28 of the second. Shigeru Yamada, 115, scored the quickest kayo of the night, a one-punch stoppage of Keiji Fujimura, also 115, 46 seconds into the first round. Tomoyuki Morimoto, 109¼, decisioned Mitsuya Kamei, 110, in the opener.

Hokuriku Ishimaru Promotions. No telecast.

Attendance—2,000.

(10-09-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

JAPANESE RATINGS BY THE JAPANESE BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF NOVEMBER 19, 1982)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Kenji Miyata
1. Keitoku Senrima
2. Michihiro Horihata
3. Naoto Suzuki
1. Kenji Shibata

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tadashi Mihara
1. Katsuhiro Sawada
2. Yohi Arai
3. Tomohiro Nagao

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Jyunya Kushikino
1. Katsuyoshi Kitsumoto
2. Kazuhiko Yasuda
3. Gorugu Saito
4. Shoji Okishima
5. Mugen Kawasaka
6. Kozo Fukuya
7. Kazumi Nakao
8. Koji Sasagawa
9. Masaji Fujiwara
10. No Listing

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Akio Kameda
1. Ryutaro Otsuki
2. Tatsuya Moriyasu
3. Hammer Itoi
4. Katsuji Muto
5. Nobutaka Kuwata
6. Seitaro Chinen
7. Eiichi Fukumoto
8. Kazunori Shiratori
9. Ryo Asuka
10. No Listing

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Fujio Ozaki
1. Cheyenne Yamamoto
2. Hayao Shiba
3. Jyoken Narita
4. Taijiro Niyama
5. Tadao Ishido
6. Hiroshi Osumi
7. Young Hideo
8. Takashi Sugimoto
9. Kaneatsu Yamamoto
10. No Listing

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Yoshimitsu Azato
1. Yonekura Ikhoni
2. Ryu Fukida
3. Koji Sengoku
4. Hideyuki Shikano
5. Toshiaki Nakamoto
6. Mitsuteru Azuma
7. Jyo Tatsuki
8. Yasuhide Takahashi
9. Masaharu Owada
10. Condor Yamamoto

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Toshiyuki Tanaka
1. Eijiro Kuruma
2. Kuniyoshi Kuwabara
3. Gen Tosa
4. Masahiro Takagi
5. Masao Ogata
6. Takuya Muguruma
7. Tatsunari Kuhiro
8. Yoshinari Tanaka
9. Rusher Kawaguchi
10. Bunji Ando

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Hiroyuki Iwamoto
1. Yoshimu Oyama
2. Fusao Imai
3. Kenichi Ito
4. Toshi Okuma
5. Takeshi Mitsu
6. Sanji Ito
7. Satoru Koguchi
8. Hideharu Mitsui
9. Keiji Kawamura
10. Zenichi Hasegawa

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Shuichi Isogami
1. Makoto Taguchi
2. Hurricane Teru
3. Mitsuo Imazato
4. Kiyoshi Oyama
5. Katsuyuki Ohashi
6. Katsuhiko Fukugomori
7. Kazuhiro Matsuda
8. Dragon Hayakawa
9. Hiroyuki Kobayashi
10. No Listing

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Jackal Maruyama
1. Hiroyuki Seki
2. Tsutomu Itokazu
3. Kazuki Iga
4. Kazumi Sato
5. Marciano Sekiyama
6. Masayuki Kirisaki
7. Mutsuo Watanabe
8. Hiroaki Kato
9. Yasuo Azato
10. No Listing

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Syuichi Hozumi
1. Yuto Kazaki
2. Yoshikazu Funaki
3. Nobuyuki Watanabe
4. Yoshiyuki Uchida
5. Kazuo Katsuma
6. Gojyu Toriumi
7. Takamichi Yamaga
8. Hiroyasu Kato
9. Shinji Suga
10. Susumu Sakima

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Katsumi Sato
1. Masaharu Inami
2. Koki Ishii
3. Yoshiaki Nojima
4. Hiroyuki Tada
5. Yoshiaki Kanda
6. Kentoku Nakama
7. Rikuo Watanabe
8. Road Mitsu
9. Tetsumi Takeshita
10. Tatefumi Taiho

Japanese boxers holding world titles: Jiro Watanbe (WBA junior bantamweight), Katsuo Tokashiki (WBA junior flyweight).

Japanese boxers holding OPBF titles: Eijiro Murata (bantamweight).

Other Japanese boxers rated by world boxing organizations: Hidekazu Akai (#6 WBA junior welterweight), Hikaru Tomonari (#4 WBA junior lightweight), Shoji Oguma #3 WBC super flyweight), Koji Kobayashi (#6 WBA super flyweight), Kazuyoshi Funaki (#5 WBA flyweight), Tadashi Tomori (#1 WBC junior flyweight; #4 WBA).

KOREA

▲ **CHUNGJU—Chunju Gymnasium**—Unbeaten In-Chul Baek, the OPBF junior middleweight champion at 154, broke the Korean record for consecutive knockouts as he battered durable Japanese Yohi Arai, 153¼, and finished him at 2:04 of the 10 round in a scheduled 12.

It was the 20-year-old Baek's 22 kayo in as many bouts. However, ex-Japanese junior middleweight boss Arai put on a good fight, with his tight guard and game retaliations. But Baek was sharper and cleverer. He utilized his left hand effectively and outpunched the short and stocky Arai. A three-punch combination sent Arai to the deck for the full count. Baek, the WBA's third ranked contender, will have some difficulty finding proper challengers against his OPBF crown. Baek is a good boxer-puncher.

Scoring after the ninth round: referee Jin-Kuk Kim and judge Dae-Non Chang both 90-83; and judge Hwan-Soo Yuh, 90-84—all for Baek. Arai, the Japanese veteran, fell to 28-25-2 with 13 kayoes.

In the semi, Chang-Tae Hou, the KBC's second ranked featherweight at 127¾, was held to a draw by Choi-Sun Lee, 127¼, 10. Hou is 7-7-4 with two kayoes. Lee, a rising rookie, is 6-1-1 with three knockouts.

Hyun-Skik Lim, 116¼, drew with Young-Chul Hong, 116½, eight.

Wo-Yong Kim and Yuk-Dong Ahn, both 109, drew, six.

Four-Rounders: Hi-Bong Kim, 109, stopped Byong-Yong Sung, 109¼, at 2:09 of the second. Sung-Kyu Bae, 114¼, decisioned Bong-Hyun Park, also 114¼. Joo-Chul Yum, 125¼, outscored Hong-Sun Kim, 124¾,in the opener.

Kukdong Promotions. Telecast by KBS.

(10-23-82)

▲ **PUSAN—Kudok Gymansium**—Former WBC world junior welterweight champion Sang-Hyun Kim, 143¼, had a very tough time and was held to a draw by Filipino champ Ruben Rabago, also 143¼, 10.

Kim, a tall lanky southpaw, controlled the pace until the seventh round. Rabago absorbed much punishment in round seven, but the Filipino came back hard and scored with good right counters. Rabago's left hook, in the 10th session, exploded on Kim's jaw and sent him to the deck. Kim got up and lasted the final session, it was a critical moment for him.

Kim is now 41-3-3 with 24 kayoes. He had better review how to defend himself properly before his talked off crack at the WBC title.

Korean junior welterweight boss Kyung-Hwan Chae, 141½,

outscored Tae-Wang Kang, 142¼, in a non-title ten.

Sung-Kim Soo, 116, outscored Kyung-Hyun Ha, 116½, eight.

Four-Rounders: Chong-Sam Hou, 107½, decisioned Sung-Wo Lee, also 107½. Young-Chul Park, 114, won from Kwang-Ku Park, 113¾. Ji-Won Sun, 125¼, outpointed Hyung-Chan Lee, 126. Gu-Youl Kang, 118½, beat Sung-Ho Kim, 121¼, in the opener.

Hanjin Promotions. KBS TV.

(10-24-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Ex-WBC world flyweight titlist Chan-Hee Park, 114½, gaged in his second fight on the comeback trail, and won a technical decision over Rocky Pineda, 113½, a Filipino import, at 1:47 of the fourth round in a scheduled 10.

Park had lost his WBC throne via an upset kayo to Japanese Shoji Oguma, and two attempts to win it back resulted in close decision losses. The dejected Park then up gloves once due to a kidney disease, but he returned to the ring warfare by a 10-round decision over Japan's Katsuyuki Ohashi in August.

Park is now 17-3-2 with six kayoes. Pineda fell to 17-4-3.

Ex-Korean junior flyweight boss Soo-Nyun Ma, 109¾, outscored Kyung-Shik Park, 109, 10.

Ki-Yung Jung, 127, was awarded a decision over Hi-Yung Kim, 126¾, in eight. Kong-Ok Chun, 121¼, won from Chan-Yong Yun, 121¾, six.

Four-Rounders: Kyung-Myun Cho, 125, won from Hyung-Ki Lee, 124½. Yong-Wong Ham, 136¾, stopped Jae-Myung Yang, 137½, at 1:55 of the second round. Hyun-Tae Kim, 125¾, outscored Ki-Yung Cho, 128¾. Jung-Ho Lee, 123¼, halted Han-Jung Kim, 123½, at 1:17 of the third round in the opener.

Saeki Promotions. MBC TV.

(10-17-82)

▲ **TAEGU—Taegu Gymnasium**—Unbeaten puncher In-Chul Baek, 154¼, polished off Filipino Fred Galang, also 154¼, at 2:46 of the third round in a scheduled 10. Baek thus tabbed his 21st consecutive kayo against no defeats. His OPBF junior middleweight title wasn't at stake.

The semi-final saw Korean junior featherweight champ Chan-Jung Chun, 121¾, outpoint In-Kil Kang, 121, to retain his throne, 10.

Chun is now 12-2-3 with five kayoes. Kang is 12-6-2 with three kayoes.

Un-Kyu Park, 131, stopped Chul-Kyu Kim, 131¾, at 2:22 of the third round in a scheduled six.

Kuk-Kap Kim, 129, decisioned Han-Taek Lim, 128¾, six.

Hyung-Shik Lim, 116¼, demolished Sang-Mun Lee, 116, at 1:27 of the fifth round in a scheduled six.

Four-Rounders: Ei-Jin Hwang, 126½, outscored Kil-Hwan Yang, 126¾. Jin-Wo Kim, 112½, won from Sang-Mang Lee, 111¼. Sang-Ho Kim, 114, decisioned Myung-Koo Oh, 114¾, in the opener.

(09-26-82)

▲ **KWANGJU—Kwangju Gymnasium**—Il-Bok Lee, the WBC's ninth ranked junior lightweight at 132¼, pounded out a hairline decision over Filipino Rod Sequenan, also 132¼, 10. Having scored two upset wins over Sa-Wang Kim and Tae-Kuk Park in Korea, the Filipino failed to register another upset victory. Lee survived a light fifth round knockdown and fought back hard. He's now 22-3 with 13 knockouts.

In the semi, Korean junior lightweight champ Dong-Koo Woo, 132¼, scored a fine knockout over Sun-Woo Chung, the KBC's top contender at also 132¼, in 1:50 of the fifth round in a non-title ten.

Woo bettered his log to 10-4-2 with six kayoes. Chung is 6-8 with three knockouts.

Suk-Kun Song, 115½, drew with Yang-Lim Lee, 116¼, eight.

Four-Rounders: Kap-Sop Song, 122½, stopped Sam-Yul Yang, 123½, at 0:40 of the fourth and final round. Ki-Chun Lee, 116¼, won from Yun-Kun Park, 114½. Hae-Dong Kim, 109¼, finished Sung-Han Ro, 109¼, at 1:30 of the fourth round in the opener.

Kukdong Promotions. KBS TV.

(10-02-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Previously ranked by the WBA prior to his unsuccessful challenge against Filipino Willie Lucas' OPBF throne, Min-Keun Oh, 127¾, defeated Sandy Noora, a tough Filipino at 126¾, by a unanimous decision, 10. Oh, the KBC's top contender, is now 10-2-2 with two KO's. Noora is 26-7-3 (11 kayoes).

In a companion 10, Chan-Young Park, 117¾, outscored ex-Filipino champ Flash Jagdon, 118. Park improved to 10-2-2 with two kayoes. Jagdon fell to 21-4-1 with nine knockouts.

Ung-Shik Kim, 141½, stopped Myung-Soo Park, 140½, at 2:29 of the eighth and final round.

Yong-Suk Park, 108, decisioned Ki-Shik Yang, 107¾, six.

Four-Rounders: Jae-Mun Yuh, 122¼, outscored Jung-Nam Kim, 122. Yang-Soo Park and Kyung-Young Kim, both 119, drew. Ki-Soo Kim, 114¼, decisioned Uh-Hum Kwak, 114¼, in the opener.

Dong-A Promotions.

(10-03-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Changchung Gymnasium**—Hi-Sop Shin, the WBA's fourth ranked flyweight at 110¾, copped a unanimous nod over Filipino Siony Carupo, 110, 10. The 18-year-old Shin outsped the veteran but lacked his usual zip and was unable to finish the ex-OPBF champ. Shin bettered his log to 22-1-1 with nine kayoes. Carupo fell to 22-6-2 with 6 knockouts. Soon-Chung Kang, 112, outscored Chan Soo Chung, 111¾, 10. Kang is now 12-2. Chung is 10-5-2.

Byung-Kuk Oh, 124¼, drew with Hun-Young Park, 124¼, eight.

Rae-Ki Ahn, 109¼, decisioned Kum-Jung Yun, 109¼, six.

Four-Rounders: Do-Hyun Kwon, 116¾, stopped Tae-Ha Woo, 115¾, at 1:37 of the third round. Chang-Sung Choi, 116¾, outscored Kyung-Hyun Ha, 116½, in the opener.

Kukdong Promotions. KBS TV.

(10-09-82)

▲ **CHUNCHON—Chunchon Indoor Gymnasium**—Fast-rising puncher Kyung-Min Na, the KBC's top middleweight contender at 160, ran his unbeaten record to 6-0 with as many kayoes, as he caught Filipino Romy Angeles, 159½, and stopped him at 2:25 of the third round in a scheduled 10.

Na entered the paid ranks after an amateur career, and was regarded as good opposition against his fellow countryman, OPBF champ In-Chul Baek. An encounter was once slated, but was cancelled once Na, since then, has outgrown the junior middleweight class.

Sung-Kyu Cho, 118¾, drew with Sung-Moon Choi, also 118¾, six.

Four-Rounders: Soon-Dong Kim, 135¾, decisioned Byung-Ki Choi, 136¾. Chun-Keun Kim, 112, outpointed Ki-Jung Chin, 111¼. Tae-Jun Hwang, 120¼, beat Joo-Jung Kim, 121¼, in the opener.

Ilhwa Promotions.

(10-10-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Unbeaten bantamweight Chul Kwon, 123, was chasing Japanese footworker Katsuyuki Ohashi, 121, all the way, but was unable to catch him only to win a lopsided decision, 10.

Kwon, a short but rugged puncher, thus upped his log to 16-0 with 11 kayoes. Ohashi, a lanky dancer, fell to 11-7 with three kayoes.

In a supporting 10, Sang-Myun Choi, 123½, disposed of Sang-Dae Lee, 122½, at 1:30 of the second round. Choi is now 9-3-3 with four kayoes. Lee fell to 9-3-2 with three knockouts.

Four-Rounders: Byng-Kwan Park, 136, demolished Tae-Ho Kim, 136¾, at 1:04 of the third round. Sung-Jung Lee, 122, outscored Chang-Bum Park, 123½. Jung-Taek Lee, 119, stopped Chun-Soo Park, 119, at 1:57 of the third round. Byung-Soo Park, 126¼, outpointed Sung-Hung Cha, 126½, in the opener.

Sangwon Promotions. KBS TV.

(10-16-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI AND YOO-CHANG KIM

PHILIPPINES

▲ **QUEZON CITY—Araneta Coliseum**—Former WBC junior lightweight champion Rolando Navarrete, 131, returned to his native country and engaged in his first fight since his dramatic kayo loss to Mexican Bazooka Limon in Las Vegas on May 29.

Navarrete proved too powerful and strong for Korean Young-Sae Oh, ex-OPBF titlist at 130½, scoring a TKO victory in the eighth round of a scheduled 10. Navarrete's (who had recently been fighting in Hawaii), last showing here was two and a half years ago. The Filipino lefty caught the Korean footworker with a smashing left and floored him for the mandatory eight count. Oh regained his feet, but it was obvious that he was in no shape to continue. Referee Larry Nadayag wisely called a halt and awarded a TKO win.

In the semi-final 10, Bobby Berna, Filipino bantamweight champ at 123, utilized his lefty style and pummeled Korean Sang-Myun Choi, 122½, into submission in the seventh. Berna, the WBC's eighth ranked super bantamweight, is a good, tall and speedy youngster whose future looks bright. Valeriano Deocriza, referee.

Nepatali Alamag, 120, was held to a split draw by Korean Ji-Won Kim, also 120, 10. Joe Lansang, referee.

Mac Espanola, 118½, and Berlin Olivetti, 119, battled to a technical draw in the fourth session of their scheduled 10.

Ernie Cataluna, 119½, tabbed a TKO win over Audy Murphy, 119½, in the seventh canto of an eight.

Ver Gatse, 123, took a unanimous decision over Flash Ursus, 126, eight.

Romy Navarrete, Rolando's younger brother at 108, copped a unanimous nod over Al Tiempo, 107, six.

Bert Gomez, 115, outpointed Lito Zarda, also 115, in the four-round opener.

Jessie Abre, promoter.

Virgilio de los Reyes and Carlos Dizon, GAB witnesses.

(09-10-82)

▲ **NOTES**—The GAB will serve as the headquarters of the AND Pacific Boxing Federation) for the next two years, it was unanimously decided at the OPBF Convention in Seoul on September 24 and 25. The fight-loving country, which produced the first Oriental world champion, Pancho Villa, and great junior lightweight kingpin Flash Elorde, will do a good job as the Federation.

▲ **PARANAQUE—Elorde Sports Complex**—Mar Simbajon, 141, looked impressive, as he scored a TKO winner over Romulo Oguimas, 140, in the fourth round of a scheduled 10. Referee Perez halted the lopsided affair.

Boy Chua, 121½, won a unanimous nod over Rey Arceta, 119½, in the semi-final 10. Larry Nadayag, referee.

Larry Enriquez, 119½, and Fel Cabrera, 116, drew, eight.

Rolando Angel, 125, amazed the crowd by halting Raffy Tadia, 122, in the opening session of a six.

Rablito Laz Ola, 122, unanimously decisioned Alex Sy, 120, six.

Four rounders: Rocky Alapitan, 113, won from Fer Cavanes, also 113. Robert Palarit, 112, stopped Peter Guan, 113, in the fourth and final round. Dionisio Castillo, 142, outscored Lito Vasquez, 141½, in the opener.

Flash Elorde's Galorde Enterprises.

Voltaire Reverente, GAB witness.

(09-04-82)

▲ **ATIMONAN, QUEZON**—Sandy Noora, the GAB's third ranked junior featherweight at 123, was held to a technical draw by Eric Vildozola, also 123, in the seventh session of a scheduled 10. r gvaldez, referee.

Dommy Ursua, Jr., 112, TKO'd Sergio Molabola, also 112, in the third round of an eight.

Romy Freo, 122, took a majority decision from Romy Santos, also 122, six.

Armando Barzuela, 112, eked out a split duke over Ernesto Robiso, 112, six.

Gody Alos, 108, unanimously decisioned Lou Marabe, 109, four.

Helbert Aragon, 125, was awarded a majority nod over Alejandro Tipon, 125, in the four-round opener.

Grego Garcia, promoter.

Romulo S. Santiago. GAB witness.

(09-04-82)

▲ **GENERAL SANTOS CITY**—Fast rising junior flyweight Jemuel Maguinsay, 110, impressively chalked up a TKO triumph over Raul Noble, also 110, in the seventh round of a scheduled 10.

Jun Escalera, 126, earned a majority decision over Jerry Escolano, 126, in the semi-final 10.

Carlos Parcia, 130, was also a winner by a majority nod over Joel Insular, also 130, 10.

Fred Guanzon, the GAB's top junior flyweight contender at 110, lost an upset decision to unheralded Flash Rockman, also 110, in the first 10. Thanks to this victory, Rockman, previously unrated by the GAB, entered the national top 10 in ninth place.

Ernesto Jaudian, promoter.

(09-05-82)

▲ **MARBEL SOUTH COTOBATO**—Rene Anasco, the GAB's sixth ranked junior featherweight at 122, dropped an upset decision to Renato Paulino, also 122, 10. For the Philippines, it was a month of upsets.

Carmelino Buenaflor, promoter.

(09-11-82)

▲ **MANTICAO, MISAMIS ORIENTAL**—Fernando Gloria, 140, won a unanimous verdict over Rey Balaba, also 140, 10.

Edilberto Bustamante, promoter.

(09-12-82)

▲ **CAGAYAN DE ORO CITY**—An upset decision was rendered to Poker Peregrino, 118, who defeated Diego de Villa, Filipino junior bantamweight champ at 117, in a nontitle 10.

Rey Orbino, 128, suprisingly lost to Siony Carupo, also 128, via a fourth round TKO in the semi-final 10.

Ben Ayudtud, 115, unanimous decisioned Antonio Pacupia, also 15, in the first 10.

Edilberto Bustamante, promoter.

(09-18-82)

▲ **PASIG, METRO MANILA**—Amado Cabato, 119, attacked Fred Sta. Igleisa, also 119, and tabbed a TKO victory in the sixth round of a 10. Danny Rodenas, referee.

Returning from his foreign campaign, highly regarded lefty Ali Formentara, 115½, lost an upset decision to Nardo Calugay, 116, 10. Vic Valdez, referee.

Ben Estallo, 130, was awarded a technical decision over Fernando Nargua, 131, in the fourth round of a 10. Danny Rodenas, referee.

Little Young, 113, eked out a majority decision over Jun Santiago, 109, in 10. Vic Valdez, referee.

Cisco Ferrer, 144½, was also a winner by a majority decision over Perry Cruz, 147½, eight.

Four rounders: Nel Piocuinto, 122, outscored Nacor Bulalaque, 123, Jolito Enbana, 120, barely won from Little Freddie, 120½, in the opener.

Carlo J. Caparas, promoter.

Voltaire Reverente, GAB witness.

(09-19-82)

▲ **DOLE CANNERY, PLOMOL, SOUTH COTOBATO**—Boy Morales, 128, defeated Ben Sarte, also 128, by a unanimous decision, 10.

Rene Lozada, promoter.

(09-19-82)

▲ **PARANAQUE—Elorde Sports Complex**—Former Filipino bantamweight champ Ronaldo Sumalis, 124½, displayed, not his lantern jaw, but his power punching scoring a TKO win over Lulu Villaverde, 124½, in the ninth round of a 10. Major Deocariza, referee.

Pablo Pepito, 117¾, registered a technical knockout over Rene Busayong, 115, in the ninth session of a 10.

Eddie Ballaran, 134, TKO'd Virgilio Berdeflor, 135, in the fourth round of the first 10.

Four rounders: Tony Berdida, 108, won from Nick Bautista, 111. Boy Abuela, 116, halted Eulogio Torion, 116½. Efren Aranas, 120, decisioned Cezar Mallari, 120. Rodel Saehan, 109, TKO'd Vic Balong, 108, in the third round. Julius Olegario, 111½, outpointed Raul Madrigal, 111½, in the opener.

Laura Elorde (Flash Elorde's wife), promoter.

Estanislao Binondo and Carlos Roman, GAB witnesses.

(09-22-82)

▲ **BUTAN CITY**—Ric Dolotallas, 136, won a unanimous decision over Rey Balaba, 143, despirte their weight difference, 10.

Teodoro Vesagas, promoter.

(09-25-82)

▲ **ANGONO, RIZAL**—Rocky Pineda, the GAB's fourth ranked flyweight at 113, fought to a technical draw with veteran Tito Abella, also 113, in the fifth round of a scheduled 10. N. Olivetti, referee.

Fel Aporto, 117, was awarded a technical decision over Mar Timbal, 116, in the seventh round of the semi-final 10.

Rito Donayre, 116½, scored a TKO win over Edward Stevenson, 113, in the 10 and final round.

Jun Tito, 115, eked out a split decision over Bert Gomez, 115, six.

Four rounders: Junior Payod, 110, outscored Little Embana, 111. Julie Lunario, 129, decisioned Boy Negro, 129. Tanny Savior, 112, won from Fer Cavanes, also 112, in the opener.

Benjamin Lim, promoter.

Nicanor Celebrado and Romulo S. Santiago, GAB witnesses.

(09-25-82)

▲ **MARIKINA, METRO MANILA**—Former Filipino champ Max (Boy) Toyogon, 135, displayed his ringcraft and tabbed a TKO win over Sandy Torres, 134, in the seventh round of a 10. Larry Nadayag, referee.

Rudy Acaso, 117, and Rolly Barce, 118, battled to a technical draw in the sixth round of the semi-final ten. J. Lansang, referee.

Edward Bucton, 112, halted Teddy Mondejar, 111½, in the

seventh canto of an eight.

Romeo Santos, 122, was held to a split draw by Hilbert Aragon, 122½, six.

Four rounders: Rustom Aguilar, 111, barely outpointed Lou Marabe, 110. Juanito Favila, 125, knocked out Alfredo Adap, 126, in the third round. Zaldy Ovillo, 129, TKO'd Eduardo Garcia, 130, in the third round of the opener.

Grego Garcia, promoter.

Estanislao Binondo and Leonardo Trinidad, GAB witnesses.
(09-25-82)

▲ **CALOOCAN CITY—Our-Lady-of-Grace Gym**—Val de Vera, 116½, won a majority decision over Edgar Palasan, 115½, ten. Vic Valdez, referee.

The semi-windup saw Cesar Gutierrez, 124½, score a TKO over Amado Castro, Jr., 128, in the ninth round of a 10. Danny Rodenas, referee.

Nick Dalisay, 114, fought to a majority draw with Dommy Ursua, Jr., 113, eight.

Ray Torenski, 113, outpointed Godie Alos, 108, six.

Four-rounders: Ernie de Asis, 135, drew with Lito Vasquez, 140. Roy Valentino, 109, decisioned Joel Avdincula, 110½. Freddie Longcayana, 147½, outscored Alez Bulaong, 149, in the opener.

Virgilio de los Reyes and Carlos Roman, GAB witnesses.
(09-25-82)

▲ **MADSAYAP, NORTH COTOBATO**—Fernando Carupo, 108, was awarded a majority decision over Flash Antonio, 109, 10.

Carmelino Buenaflor, promoter.
(09-26-82)

▲ **CLARK AIR BASE**—Romy dela Cruz, the GAB's second ranked welterweight at 146, defeated Dony Soriano, 145, by a unanimous decision, 10.

Cris Pineda, refereee.

Efren Nazal, promoter.

Carlos Dizon and Voltaire Reverente, GAB witnesses.
(09-26-82)

▲ **MUNTINLUPA, METRO MANILA**—Romeo Olivetti, 141½, suffered an upset TKO loss to veteran Joe Lim, 141½, in the fourth round of a 10. Referee Henry Dave halted the lopsided bout.

The semi-final saw Avel Magracia, 118, unanimously outpoint Ernie Mata, also 118, 10. Nestor Olivetti, referee.

Berlin Olivetti, 121, knocked out Danny Espiritu, also 121, in the second round in the eight-round opener.

Salome Tolosa BHO, promoter.

Mauro Dizon and Virgilio delos Reyes, GAB witnesses.
(09-29-82)

▲ **PADADA, DAVAO DEL SUR**—Gar Atayde, the GAB's third ranked welterweight at 140, stopped Al Rodrigo, also 140, in the seventh round of a scheduled 10.

Ric Tanza, 115, impressively knocked out Al Juanio, 115, in the sixth round in the semi-final 10.

The first 10 saw Lec Lancian, 120, win a decision over Robert Sareno, also 120.

Julian Tan, Jr., promoter.
(09-29-82) JOE Y. KOIZUMI

THAILAND

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—The best Thai prospect, Kaosai Galassy, the WBC's tenth ranked junior bantamweight at 116, chalked up an important kayo over American Willie (Birdlegs) Jensen, 115, in the second round of a scheduled 10.

Kaosai, a short but sturdy southpaw, bled profusely from a cut over the left eyebrow after Jensen opened up the gash with his furious combinations. Kaosai, however, then swarmed over Willie with a series of punches to the face. A one-two to the face and chin collapsed the U.S. veteran flat for the count. Kaosai, 23, thus improved his log to 14-1 with 13 kayoes.

Nivatt Laosuvanvatt, promoter.

Attendance—5,000 (estimated).
(10-13-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—The TBC's top junior flyweight contender Jowanaroi Jomkatha, 111, suffered an upset kayo at the hand of rising rookie Sornoi Jokkygym, 114, in the second round of a six.

This victory made Sornoi, 4-0 with as many kayoes, enter the TBC's top 10.
(09-15-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Up-and coming lefty Samart Sakadam, 110, impressively knocked out Sairrang Tianthiran, also 110, in the fourth round of a six. Samart became the top contender in the next TBC ratings.
(09-16-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Sankumpang Buthavee, the TBC's ninth ranked flyweight at 112, proved too strong for Arkas Trabaiho, also 112, stopping him in round three of a six. Arkas had been regarded as a talented lefty youngster, but his two-year lay-off seemed to have made him ring rusty. Arkas, 20, is expected to rebound soon.
(09-17-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Nongbird Na-Pataya, 110, won a decision over Heng Porntavee, 110, six.
(09-18-82)

▲ **BANGKOK**—The TBC lightweight champ Downthong Chuvatana, 138, displayed sharp punching and won a unanimous nod over Kanakoro Thaphoothai, the TBC's top junior welter contender at 137, eight.
(09-20-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Veteran *Muay Thai* (kick boxing) campaigner Manachai S. Vatana, 120, engaged in his first international sytle bout and demolished M-den Chartbandit, also 120, in the second round of a scheduled six. Backed up by the Muangsurin Gym's manager, Sanong, Manachai will continue his career in this new field.
(09-21-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Veerachai Vongprasert, 110, a short and skinny boy, revealed his power in polishing off Charchai Janchira, also 110, in the second round of a six.
(09-22-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Chalao Muangsurin, the TBC's number four flyweight at 110, defeated less experienced Chalongchai Singcarltex, also 110, by a unanimous decision, six.
(09-23-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Unbeaten Loo Sorthanikul, 110, ran his log to 5-0 as he easily outscored Meechai Sithsamthaharn, also 110, six. Loo is the TBC's ninth ranked 108-pounder.
(09-28-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Within a two week interval, Samart Sakadam, the TBC's top contender at 110, appeared again and demolished Kaenpetch Sathiragym, also 110, in the second round of a six.
(09-30-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Hard hitting Pongpan Sawphayathai, the WBC's seventh ranked junior featherweight at 126, dropped Thaveekoon Chorsuenanan, 125, thrice for an automatic kayo in the second round of a scheduled 10. Sombhop Srsomvong, Pongpan's manager, wants to have him challenge the winner of the Cruz-Garza bout.
(10-02-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpineee Stadium**—Sankumpang Bunthavee, 110, scored an easy knockout over Chartchai Romsaithong, also 110, in the second.
(10-05-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Though still unrated by the TBC, flyweight Nongbird Na-Pataya is a very bright prospect backed Lumpinee. Nongbird, 112, defeated Rakyom Chartvanchai, also 112, by a unanimous decision, six.
(10-09-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Three 10-rounders made up this deluxe card. Thai junior bantamweight champion Phaktai Osodsapha (previously fighting as Phaktai Lipovitan-D), 115, lost his national crown, as he was knocked out by Brabtorani Luklumpackchee, 113½, in the fifth round. Brabtorani, the TBC's top contender, was so aggressive as to weaken the defending champ effectively.

The semi-final saw another upset. Dan Pisalchai, Thai flyweight titlist, was battered onesidedly and TKO'd by up-and-coming Pharyoa Phooltharat in the ninth session. Both entered the ring at 116 pounds, but Pharyoa looked more powerful than Pisalchai, who has held the national throne for about five years. This was a non-title bout.

In the first 10, Thai junior lightweight boss Phadedsuk Pisnurachun, 132, proved too strong for Mexican Daniel Montejano Gutierrez, also 132, polishing him off in the opening round.

Thaveesakdi Phoothong, promoter.
(10-10-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

PAN PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

NEW SOUTH WALES

▲ **KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club**—Clint Brown, 163, won on a foul from Steve Wonder, 164, in the seventh round of a scheduled eight, referee Mick Dunningham disqualifying Wonder for what he considered a deliberate low blow. The "no foul" rule has been in force in Australia for almost 50 years, but a deliberate low blow can bring disqualification. And a punch to the testicles would have to be deliberate, unless the boxer who delivered it was so dazed that he had no sense of direction.

Sparrow Freeman, 169, outpointed Bernie Ellis, 132, six.

Bernie Johnson, 137, and Mike Rowley, 140, drew, five.

Bobby Williams, 111, outscored Peter Sherwood, 130, five.
(10-12-82)

▲ **YOUNG—Services & Citizens Club**—Willie Drinkwater, 162, outpointed Billy Smith, 159¾, eight. Trevor Christian, referee.

Russell Sands, 151, outscored Alan Clarke, 146½, six.

Four-rounders: Reno Zurik, 196¼, halted Terry Casey, 183, in the second. Marty Jones, 156½, outpointed Mark Simpson, 158¾. Len Lynch, 135½, outscored John Marshall, 136¾.
(10-16-82)

▲ **MT. PRITCHARD—Community Club**—Dave Edwards, 156¼, decked NSW State junior middle champion Kelly Thompson, 149½, in the first round and knocked him out in the third. Was billed for 10.

Young Haumona, 204, stopped Daniel Saylor, 185, in the sixth round of a scheduled eight-round slugfest. Paul Moore, referee. Saylor should have boxed instead of mixing it.

Brett Young, 130¾, outscored Disco George, 139½, six.

John Stacey, 136½, stopped Dean Thomas, 134½, on a cut eye in the fourth round of their scheduled six.

Craig Terry, 134¼, outpointed Chris Threlfo, 132½, four.
(10-20-82)

▲ **GOSFORD—Central Coast Leagues Club**—Peter Batty, 140, retained his NSW State junior welter title by outpointing Billy Mulholland, 139, 10. Mick Dunningham, referee. Billy was below form.

Saprrow Freeman, 127¾, outscored Bernie Ellis, 131, six.

Frank Miller, 127¾, outpointed Peter Sherwood, 131½, six.

Gary Corbett, 154½, outpointed Greg Jones, 148¾, four.

Mike Rowley, 141, outscored John Marshall, 137¾, four.

▲ **COLLINGULLIE—Football Ground**—Rocky Ward, 146½, outpointed Lou Williams, 136¾, eight. Bruce Price, referee.

Reno Zurik, 191¾, and Trevor Singleton, 172, drew, six.

Tommy Johns, 148¾, outscored Mark Simpson, 158¾, four.

Brian Lynch, 141, halted Dale Beer, 148¾, in the first round of a scheduled three.
(10-31-82)

▲ **CARDIFF—Workers Club**—Jim Bowen, 121¼, retained his Australian junior feather title by outpointing Charlie Brown, 119, over 15 in the best fight seen in Australia in years.

Brown go off to a good lead, decking Bowen with a right to the jaw in the first. He boxed beautifully and throughly outclassed the challenger. Brown, however, did not let that happen again—not to such an extent.

Bowen had Brown almost out in the 10th round, and referee Joe Keegan gave Charlie a standing eight-count. Jim then came in for the kill, but a sudden right hand decked him! The crowd went crazy with excitement.

Bowen was down again in round 13—a right to the jaw putting him flat on his back. He made it to his feet, but he was rocky. He came back, however, and there was little doubt that he had won when the final bell came. Scoring: referee Joe Keegan, 141-141; judge Clive Greedy, 145-141; judge Trevor Christian, 147-145—a majority decision in favor of Bowen. *The Ring* scored it for the champ by 146-142.

Ringsiders tossed a shower of money that amounted to $98.

Four-rounders: Steve Cox, 144½, and Dave Duke, 145½, drew. Neil Maybury, 145½, outpointed Mick Ryan, 148¾. Alex Duff, 163½, stopped Mark Maverick, 175¼, in the fourth and final session. Punch Pevy, 143¼, outscored Nick Conditis, 140,.
(10-26-82)

▲ **KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club**—Australian junior middleweight champion Ken Salisbury, 158, outscored Benny Tabua, 152, non-title, 10. A good fight, but a clear win by the champion.

Tommy Woods, 141, outpointed Tony Mark, 161, six.

Bobby Williams, 108, and Richard Windell, 117, drew, five.

Robbie Sang, 163, outscored Alan Horumia, 154, four.
(10-26-82)

▲ **BROOKVALE—Manly—Warringah Leagues Club**—Sparrow Freeman, 123½, and Frank Miller, also 123½, drew, eight.

Kevin Hogan, 147¾, halted Tony Mark, 158¾, in the third round of a scheduled six.

Shawn Gray, 154½, and Gary Corbett, 150, drew, six.
(11-03-82)

▲ **DAPTO—Leagues Club**—Billy Mulholland, 138½, outpointed Big Jim West, 145, 10. This reporter was the referee and sole judge, scoring 98-93. A good fight that drew a shower.

Armstrong Waremaki, 125¾, outscored Peter Sherwood, 129, six.

Four-rounders: Jimmy Greco, 155½, outpointed Tim Jarne, 161. Adam Gray, 152, halted Steve Dukes, 154, in the first round. Jimmy Savo, 148¾, and Brad Fredrics, 142½, drew.
(11-04-82)

▲ **SMITHFIELD—RSL Club**—Former Australian flyweight champion Steve Bell, 112½, won a unanimous decision over NSW State junior fly champ Bobby Williams, 110¼, 10. One of the best fights of the year. Williams was down in the eighth frame, but went on to take the last session.

Scoring: referee Billy Males, 97-94; judge John Cauchi, 98-97; judge Don Marks, 97-94—all for Bell.

Six-rounders: Jimmy Greco, 156½, stopped Ron Donahue, 152½, in the fourth round. Steve King, 145½, outscored John Stacey, 141. Glenn Hillier, 138¾, halted David Atkins, 125¼, in the fifth.
(11-05-82)

▲ **BATHURST—Leagues Club**—Pat Leglise, 143¼, halted John Siriotis, 147¾, in the sixth round of the scheduled 10 round main event. No knockdowns, but Siriotis was outclassed and dazed when referee Trevor Christian called things off. Leglise is one of Australia's biggest young prospects.

Ducky Dennis, 110¾, and Willie White, also 110¾, fought to a split draw, eight rounds.

Roger Henry, 134½, outpointed Roy Hughes, 130, eight.

Bobby Williams, 110¼, outscored Richard Windell, 114¾, four.
(11-12-82)

▲ **WEST WYALONG—Ex-Serviceman's Club**—Gil McGrath, 154¼, outpointed the comebacking Sugar Ray, 163 (absolutely *no* connection with either of the great Sugar Rays), eight.

Rocky Ward, 154¼, halted Tommy Johns, 150, in the fifth round of a scheduled six.

Len Lynch, 139, stopped John Marshall, 137¾, in the first round of a scheduled four.
(11-13-82)

QUEENSLAND

▲ **BOONDALL—Homestead Hotel**—Billy Johnstone, 157, halted Clint Brown, 161, Sydney, in the fifth round of a scheduled 10. Johnstone was too good, and too consistent.

Kevin Wagstaff, 174, and Abe Johnson, 176, drew, eight.

Neil Pattel, 160, outscored Geoff Kanofski, 153, eight.

Tom West, 171, stopped Alan Black, also 171, in the first round of a scheduled six.

Davis Mickelo, 152, outscored Chris Board, also 152, three.
(10-22-82)

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▲ **TOWNSVILLE**—Australian junior flyweight champion Junior Thompson, 115, clearly outscored Jesus Sanchez, 117, Mexico, 10.
(10-25-82)

▲ **BRISBANE—Festival Hall**—Brian Janssen, 146, knocked out Dave Sarago, 144½, with a right hand in round seven of their scheduled 10-round rematch. This one was another war, and the scores on referee Alan Moore's card were dead even after six.

The 19-year-old Janssen is a great hitter, courageous and a great prospect. The way that he takes punishment, however, his career could be cut short. He must revert to boxing—at which he's quite capable, if he is to realize his full potential.

Doug Sam, 155, the 1982 Commonwealth Games Middleweight Silver Medalist, made his pro debut by stopping Manny Trickilis, 152½, in round three of a scheduled eight.

Tom West, 169, and Ken Morris, 172, drew, six.

Graham Looker, 147, stopped David Mickelo, 156, in round four of their scheduled six.

Keith Arnold, 127, outscored Dave Desatee, 123, four.
(11-08-82)

NORTHERN TERRITORRY

▲ **DARWIN—Greyhound Race Track**—Local middleweight Ricky Patterson knocked out Townsville's Gerard (Gonzo) Hooper in the first round of a scheduled eight.
(11-11-82)

AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY

▲ **CANBERRA—Workers Club**—This was the first pro card held in this city since September, 1971, and Bobby Williams, 112½, outscored Richard Windell, 114¾, in the 10-round main event.

Six-rounders: Andy Roberts, 134½, outscored Mick Ryan, 150. John Marshall, 136¾, halted John Groves, 143¼, in the second.
(10-31-82)

VICTORIA

▲ **RICHMOND—Town Hall**—Mick Parkinson, 121, knocked out Bimbo Morris, 124, in the first round of the scheduled 10-round main event, Norm Foster, referee.

Tony Russell, 122, stopped Billy Connelly, 127, in the fourth round of a scheduled six.

Darryl McKenna, 146½, outpointed Hercules Hazelman, 142, four.

Three-rounders: Ray Anderson, 151, and Steve Scott, 155, drew. Charlie Arnoutovic, 126, outscored Alan Forbes, 128.
(10-14-82)

NEW CALEDONIA

▲ **NOUMEA**—Australian light heavyweight and heavy champion Tony Mundine, 181¾, kayoed Milosav Mikan Popovic, 185¼, in the seventh round of the scheduled 10-frame main event. Popovic, who stopped Jean Pierre Coopmans in five rounds last year, was dominated by Mundine, being dropped twice in the third round and once in the fifth.

Former Australian amateur middleweight champion Pat Hailwood, 163, made his pro debut by outpointing former Fijian amateur champ Inoke Qarau, 165¾, six. Qarau was also making his pro debut.
(11-06-82)

MARTY CARSON

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5-YEARS AGO

IN A GRUELING FIFTEEN ROUND BOUT, KEN NORton defeated Jimmy Young in a bout that later proved to be the WBC heavyweight championship, though no one knew it until several months after.

Rodrigo Valdez captured undivided world middleweight championship honors with a fifteen round decision over Bennie Briscoe. The title had been vacated by the retirement of Carlos Monzon.

Bob Arum, the promoter, announced, that Leon Spinks, fresh from his not particularly impressive win over Italian Alfio Righetti, would get a crack at Muhammad Ali's heavyweight crown.

15-YEARS AGO

IN THE WBA HEAVYWEIGHT ELIMINATION TOURnament, Jimmy Ellis beat Oscar Bonavena in a match that saw both men on the verge of a knockout. The Ring reported that the likelihood of Ellis becoming the champion was disturbing because in the fight, Jimmy didn't seem to display championship qualities.

The great lightweight champion of 1926-30, Sammy Mandell, passed away. Mandell beat some of the best of the time including Jimmy McLarinin, Jackie Fields and Rocky Kansas.

22-year-old Boone Kirkman was being touted as a cross between Billy Conn and Max Schmeling. The heavyweight, managed by Jack Hurley, had, up until then, split two bouts with Doug Jones and beaten Eddie Machen.

40-YEARS AGO

DESPITE NOT BEING A WORLD CHAMPION IN ANY weight class, Ray Robinson was named Ring Magazine's fighter of the year. Welterweight champ, Freddie "Red" Cochrane was only ranked fifth in the second grouping of that class in the Ring's annual ratings.

From 1942's annual ratings, only Joe Louis and Tony Zale retained their number one rankings in their respective divisions.

Willie Pep took the world featherweight crown from Chalky Wright with a fifteen round decision at Madison Square Garden. With the title bout, the "Will o' the Wisp" raised his record to 56-0-0.

JOHN SCHEINMAN

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

GEORGE "SUGAR" COSTNER

BY MICKEY ZEZZO

THE SLENDER, STRAIGHT-POSTURED MAN leaned back in his swivel chair and placed his still-strong hands on the desk. The hands, slim and with just a trace of age, were graceful but deceptive. They failed to tell the real story of this former prizefighter. They failed to tell a story of supreme courage, of the hard times and the hardships endured in a lifetime of high living, heartbreak and then a determined struggle for survival and respectability.

Looking across the Ohio Civil Rights Commission desk of George "Sugar" Costner, it's difficult to recognize that the man facing you is blind. The head nods and he offers a broad smile. The gray-flecked hair and heavy gray mustache offer a distinctive warmth.

He tells you of his good fortunes in life and the many setbacks. He tells you, "The Good Lord has been good to me" . . . and you can't help recall an ancient proverb which went, "I complained because I had no shoes . . . then I met a man who had no feet—which, mingled with oft-used boxing cliches like "Getting off the floor" and "Keep Punching," best describe Sugar Costner.

Sugar Costner got off the floor and stayed in there punching all his life, literally — and figuratively. But, following an illustrious ring career — which had him on the threshold of the welterweight championship back in 1950 — an eye injury, the result of detached retina, threw him into poverty and virtual obscurity for nearly twenty-five years.

Today, at age fifty-eight, he is the Intake Specialist at the Civil Rights office high atop Dayton, Ohio's Miame Valley Towers Building. His position represents the culmination of a man to fight his way back to overcome the obstacles. He earned an associate degree at Tri-City College in Cuyahoga, Ohio, prior to attaining a business degree with honors at Cleveland State University in 1979.

"I feel very fortunate to be where I am today," Costner offers. "It wasn't easy, of course, but I still feel like a very lucky man."

Costner was born and raised in the old Mount Auburn are in Cincinnati, the son of Calvin and Alder Costner. One of nine children, he was the youngest of five boys. A street fighter who never fought as an amateur, Costner started boxing as a pro. "When I started boxing at around 16 or 17 they put me in a couple of three-rounders and then six-rounders," he recalls.

It all began on June 28, 1940, in Cincinnati when Costner debuted with a second-round knockout over Red Knox. Costner went on to engage in a total of 92 bouts over a 10-year career and can point with a great deal of personal pride to a record of 77 wins with 48 KO's against only ten set-backs and five draws.

Two of the defeats came at the hands of the great Sugar Ray Robinson. And both were one-round knockouts. Despite a sensational comeback both in the ring and in life, Costner modestly admits "great disappointment" over those two losses.

"Ray's big punch was his left hook but he took me out with his right in our first fight in 1945 in Chicago (after only two minutes and fifty-five seconds). I think the lack of amateur experience hurt me in this one. Ray had almost 100 amateur fights."

Five years later they were matched again, this time for Philadelphia, and in the days leading up to the fight, Costner, was quoted as disparaging Robinson.

"Listen, boy," Robinson said to him at the weigh-in, "I've been readin' what you've been sayin' in the papers about what you're gonna do to me."

"Why there are no hard feelings, are there, Ray?" Costner said. "I just did that to boost the gate."

"That may be all right," Robinson said, "But when I boost the gate I do it by praisin' my opponent."

The logic of publicity, revolving as it does around the build-up of the underdog, was all on Costner's side, but this time Robinson knocked him out in two minutes and forty-nine seconds.

"There's only one 'Sugar,' " Robinson was quoted as saying right after the fight.

Costner admits to "laying down" in his second scrap with the Sugar Man, explaining: "My mental outlook was poor, I couldn't see out of my right eye and I had big bouts with Kid Gavilan and (lightweight champion) Ike Williams coming up. Ray hurt me with a hook but I think I could have gotten back up."

Costner earned $10,000 in the first Robinson fight, his best purse ever, and bought a home for his parents. His father died several years ago but his mother, now 92, still lives in Cincinnati. "She's spry, has a little arthritis but feels fine. Yes, I think I must have inherited her spunk."

And the spunk Costner speaks of was never more prevalent than in 1949, when he injured his eye in the sixth round of his fight against Chico Varona, whom he flattened in the tenth.

"They diagnosed the injury at first as a broken blood vessel and treated it thusly," he remembers. "But it kept bothering me off and on until I realized I had almost no vision in one eye."

But Costner was higly ranked at the time and was closing in on every fighter's dream, a world championship.

"No, I wouldn't tell anyone about it (the eye). I wanted that title so bad."

The last four fights in the career of George Costner, including his second meeting with Robinson, were fought by a partially blind man. Still, the second loss to Robinson, on March 21, 1950, wasn't enough to discourage Costner. He came back the following May 8 and outpointed the famed Kid Gavilan—who would go on to dethrone Johnny Bratton for the world welterweight crown the following year—in 10 rounds in Philadelphia.

In Costner's last two fights, he outpointed Charlie Cotton on June 12, 1950, in Toledo and decisioned lightweight king Williams in a July 12 non-title bout in Philadelpia.

"I was called into the office of the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission the day after the Williams fight," he remembers. "My close friend, John 'Ox' DeGrosa, a member of the commission, gave me the bad news. The NBA (National Boxing Commission) had ordered me to retire.

"The Commission knew about my eye injury and had ruled that I was no longer able to compete. DeGrosa handed me the gloves I had used to beat Williams. I saw my dream of a lifetime vanish. It was probably the saddest moment in my life . . . because *Ring* had me rated the No. 1 welterweight contender at the time."

"I have no regrets. I was close to a dream and . . . well, I don't dwell on the past."

Costner underwent six operations following his retirement from the ring at the age of 26. The surgery failed to save his vision. The blindness was gradual. By 1960, George Costner existed in a world of darkness.

And for the next 20 years that's all Costner did, exist.

"Naturally, it was tough finding work. I had a bunch of odd jobs, in between welfare payments, including one job in a home for the retarded. My pay there was just carfare and lunch."

The decision to finish his education, first by acquiring his high school diploma, was Costner's alone. "I was 50 and I was never a loser by nature, so I simply made up my mind that George Costner could still be somebody."

During his four years at Cleveland State, he trudged through the bitter Cleveland winters, taking four different buses to attend classes. "I almost froze a few times and would jump on the wrong bus just to keep warm."

Small type in the 1951 *Ring Record Book* will tell you that George Costner was one helluva fighter. What *The Record Book* doesn't disclose, however, is that one intangible known only to true champions: the ability to keep on fighting. George Costner never really quit fighting.

MICKEY WALKER: THE TOY BULLDOG

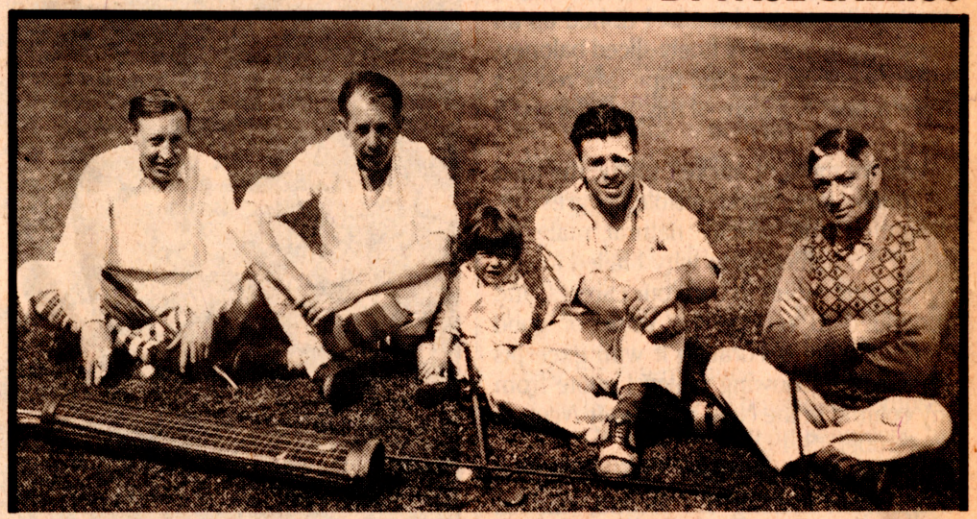
THE SMILER would be pushing 80 now, give a year, take a year, as record books go. You will remember him as Mickey Walker, or Smiling Mickey Walker, the welterweight-middleweight-light-heavyweight-heavyweight and two-time world champion they used to call The Toy Bulldog back in the Roaring Twenties of the Golden Decade.

BY PAUL GALLICO

WHEN I LOOK BACK OVER HIS RECORD in the *Ring Record Book* and see the names of his opponents listed there, a kind of ring aristocracy bridging two generations of fighters, the years seem to melt away and all the memories come flooding back of the wacks, the screwballs, the tough guys, their managers, the dolls and dames they were involved with, the fixes, tank acts, crosses and double crosses, the drunks and the thugs, the gossip and intrigue, the shenanigans in the hotel rooms and lobbies, and all the hundreds of fights I saw in those dear departed days—and half the time didn't know what I was looking at.

Check the names appearing in his record: In the early days, there were Soldier Bartfield and Georgie Ward, Jock Malone and Lou Bogash, Pal Reed, Dave Shade, and the great Jack Britton, who was a holdover from the Benny Leonard era. There were the Latzo boys Pete and Steve, two tough coal miners from Scranton, and a couple of Philadelphia boys, Bobby Barrett and Lew Tendler, who were famous in their own right before World War I.

He encountered Mike McTigue early in his career, and Bert Colima, a tough Mexican from California; Sailor Freedman, and that marvel of marvels, Harry Greb. And as you pass the median mark of the Golden Decade, you run into the names of Joe Dundee, Tiger Flowers, Tommy Milligan and Paul Berlenbach, Tony Marullo and Ace Hudkins, Tommy Loughran and Leo Lomski. And the story of each one of these men alone would fill a book, and the tale of, around, in, and behind Mike's fights with them would make a full-sized novel.



Left: Middleweight champ Mickey Walker, weighing in, shakes hands with the man whom he will knock out the next day: challenger Tommy Milligan; Above: Showing the effects of his 15-round draw with future heavyweight champ Jack Sharkey, Mickey takes a breather with his young son, and, from left, Billy Lahiffe, manager Jack Kearns, and Senator "Wild Bill" Lyons.

The Twenties gave way to the Thirties and Mickey, who started ring life as a lightweight and never in his life weighed more than 175 pounds, won the welter and middleweight championships of the world. Then he began to tangle with the heavyweights, and what is more, the best of them around. There is Paul Swiderski (remind me to tell you about *that* one), Johnny Risko, the India Rubber Man from Cleveland, K. O. Christner, Bearcat Wright, Jack Gagnon, and Joe Lohman. Not big names, but remember they were all heavies outweighing him as much as 35 pounds, and they could all punch.

But the big names are there, too. He

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fought the great Jack Sharkey; Max Schmeling; Paolino Uzcudun, the tough Basque; and King Levinsky, who later was knocked stiff by none other than Joe Louis and who, when he emerged from it, related that he felt "mum" all over, that it was like walking around in a transom.

Mickey climbed into the ring against Salvatore Ruggirello, and Arturo (Coo Coo) DeKuh (that must have been one, DeKuh being over six feet, three inches tall and Mickey must have had a stepladder to get at his lantern jaw of pure Wedgwood to knock him out), Les Kennedy, Lou Brouillard, George Manley, Maxie Rosenbloom, Bob Godwin, Paul Pirrone, and Natie Brown. He didn't win all of these brawls by any manner of means, but the point is he got in there with those big hamdonnies and never for a single moment, unless he happened to be on the deck unconscious, left off trying to knock their brains out.

What a truculent little devil he was, and what a lot of rubbish I wrote about him in my day. In fact, one of the most illuminating results of this series of reminiscences is the discovery by me and at a very late date, I must say, that in my time as a sportswriter and columnist I dished up an inordinate amount of finely-sliced baloney, not to mention assorted tripe. My readers were probably aware of this, but darned if I was.

When I think of Mickey today, the kind of tough, gay, irresponsible, aggressive, delightful, and wholly natural male he was, I am baffled as to why I failed to recognize this earlier in both our careers, and continued to reduce the value of good wood-pulp by decorating it with excerpts such as the following which I quote from my column in the New York *Daily News* of September 19, 1925.

"Upon advice of counsel, this column refrains from naming the second, minute, and round in which Dave Shade will knock out Mickey Walker on Wednesday night."

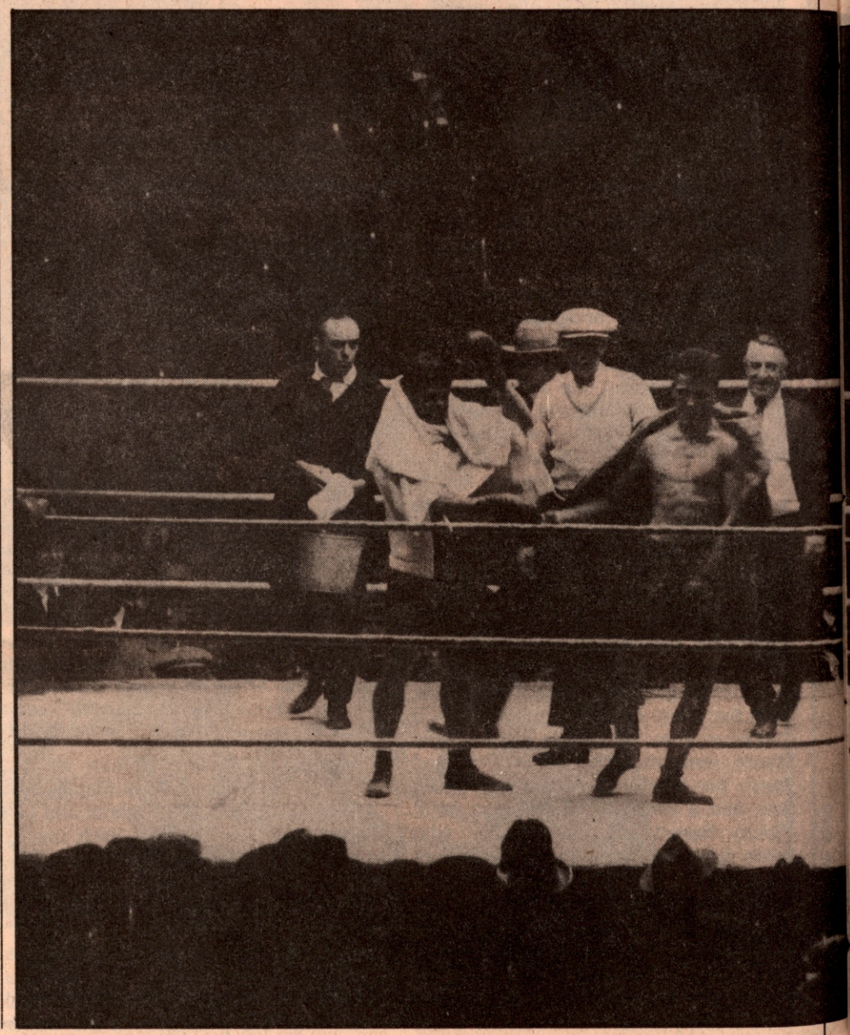
Mickey Walker was then the welterweight champion of the world and was managed by Jack Kearns, whom it was fashionable to dislike for a certain raffishness in dress and morals and an addiction to scented water. Dave Shade was managed by Leo P. Flynn, and both of them were golfing pals of mine at Grassy Sprain. Well, that was how *I* picked fights, I mean the outcome of them, strictly on the basis of the virtues and moralities and my personal likes and dislikes of the participants. I don't know how it is now, but in those days, if you were personal friends with a pug, it was considered the height of disloyalty to select his opponent to stiffen him and write this in your paper, even if you thought so. The pug would promptly disown you and put the chill on you the next time you met, which of course was a fate worse than death.

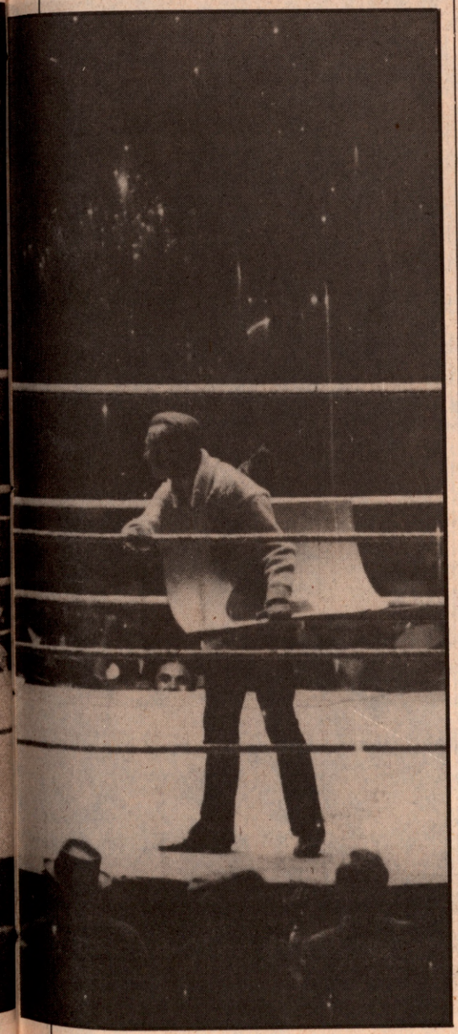
But much worse is to follow, and I continue to quote " . . . this column sees no reason why we should not have a new welterweight champion. As a matter of fact, it is going to conduct a dignified campaign for one. The platforms on which this column expects Mr. Shade to ride into office are: (1) More and Better Fights For the People; (2) Less Smiling—More Action; (3) No More Logical Contenders.

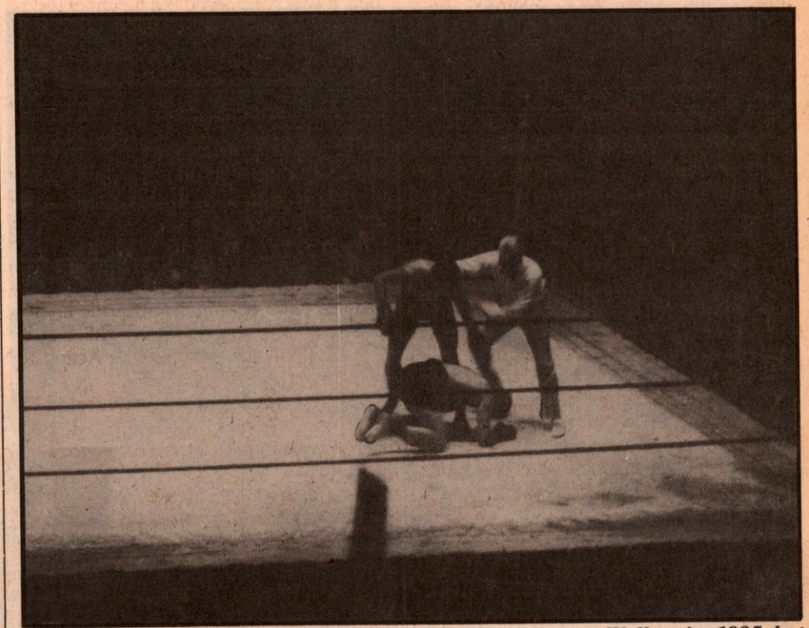
"This column's main quarrel with Mickey Walker is that he capitalized on a smile . . . As long as he was Mickey Walker, welterweight champion, I stood ready to support him for re-election. But the moment he became 'Smiling Mickey Walker,' I began to groom a new candidate."

Well, man proposes, God disposes and successfully defended his title. It was a split decision, but I note I had the grace not to complain about it the day after the fight when I wrote, "Believe it or not, for one minute of his life, Dave Shade was the welterweight champion of the world. That minute was the one between the 14th and 15th rounds. Up to that point, Shade had won. But Mickey licked him in the 15th. There's no question of that, either. I think the verdict was extraordinarily just. Mickey kind of fought his way back into my heart . . . He quit his eternal smiling."

What was all this smiling business? Well, I elected to look upon Walker as a professional grinner, particularly after someone of my craft, or maybe it was Kearns, who took over his management when his friend and chaperone Jack Bulger died, who pinned Smiling Mickey Walker on him! He did have a smirk on his Irish kisser when he came into the ring, and it was very difficult for any opponent to wipe it off. But actually, he wasn't smiling for the cameras, or even to live up to his nickname, but just because life was such a hell of a lot of fun and there was more in it to laugh at than cry over, particularly if you could get paid large sums of money for something you loved to do—which was to get in there and mix it.







Dave Shade went the distance with welterweight champ Walker in 1925 but couldn't take the crown (left); Mickey had won the title from Jack Britton in '22 (above).

The world was also full of a number of very funny people (including sportswriters) which tended to keep one cheerful, and if one was a goodlooking Irish kid with wavy hair, bright blue eyes, and the chest and muscles of a boilermaker, plus the title of welterweight champion of the world, why there were dolls galore to be had for the asking, or even the smiling. Whoever heard of a normal, healthy twist going for a guy with a long, sour puss on him? Money, title, friends, fame, dames, laughs, fun and games, why *shouldn't* Mickey Walker smile? Life was one long, huge, gay, enjoyable joke—on someone else.

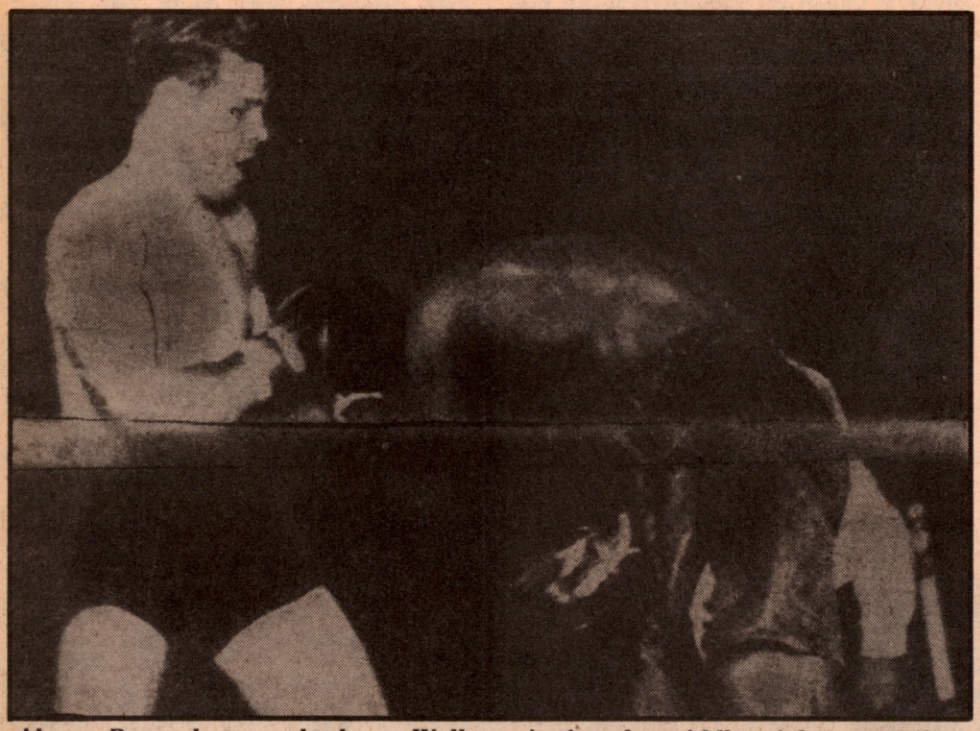
Mickey was a miniature Dempsey in build, and since the big heavyweight champion was his idol, he also fought a little like him, but without Dempsey's swaying, weaving attack. Just like the champion, Mickey Walker piled in aggressively and acrimoniously, throwing left and right hooks, piling and throwing as long as he or his opponents was able to stand.

He was, as has been previously noted, also nicknamed the "Toy Bulldog," but whether this was on account of his appearance, or his style of fighting (which certainly displayed all the tenacity and ferocity for which that breed is famous) I was never able to determine. Probably there was a little of both involved.

Walker had a kind of bulldoggish, *retrousse* nose to begin with, and the more it got punched the more it retroussed. Then as they began to beat him about the brows and eyelids, the scar tissue started to form a kind of slanting droop about his eyes, which might have tended to increase the resemblance.

And toy he was, compared to Dempsey, with narrow waist, sloping shoulders, big arm muscles, and powerful legs. I don't remember that he ever bothered much with boxing or the sweet science of self-defense, though he could slip a blow upon occasion. But like Dempsey he believed that the best defense was to keep the other chap so busy evading and defending against swarms of hooks that he would be inclined to give his own intended offense second place in the scheme of things for the evening. It was this similarity to Dempsey that attracted Kearns to Walker. The Doc sure loved those fellers who threw their hooks from the hips and kept crowding their man.

Mickey was born Edward Patrick Walker, the eldest of a family of three, on July 13, 1901, in the tough Kereighhead section of Elizabeth, New Jersey. This was one of those untrammeled Irish neighbor-



Above: Rare photograph shows Walker winning the middleweight crown from Tiger Flowers, December 3, 1926; Right: The forgettable Lefty Cooper bit the dust in round 1 against Walker in '25.

hoods where a young lad learned to fight very early, or else. Mickey was one of those who did.

Mick was born and raised in Kereighhead with all the consequences of such a district and that his formal education ceased when he emerged from the Sacred Heart Parochial School. In place of high school, he chose the more enticing and delectable immediate career of pinboy at the Elizabeth Elks Club Bowling Alley where he remained for a spell until seduced away from the Elks by the offer of 50 cents more a week from the Knights of Columbus around the corner. Thus, progress.

Later, he went to work in the boiler shops of the New Jersey Central Railroad near Elizabeth. For entertainment and relaxation, he began to hang out at St. Michael's Lyceum, where some of the local crop of boxers (including his pal, Georgie Ward) used to come to spar and train. It was inevitable that he draw a pair of skins over his knuckles to try out his skill on roped-in canvas.

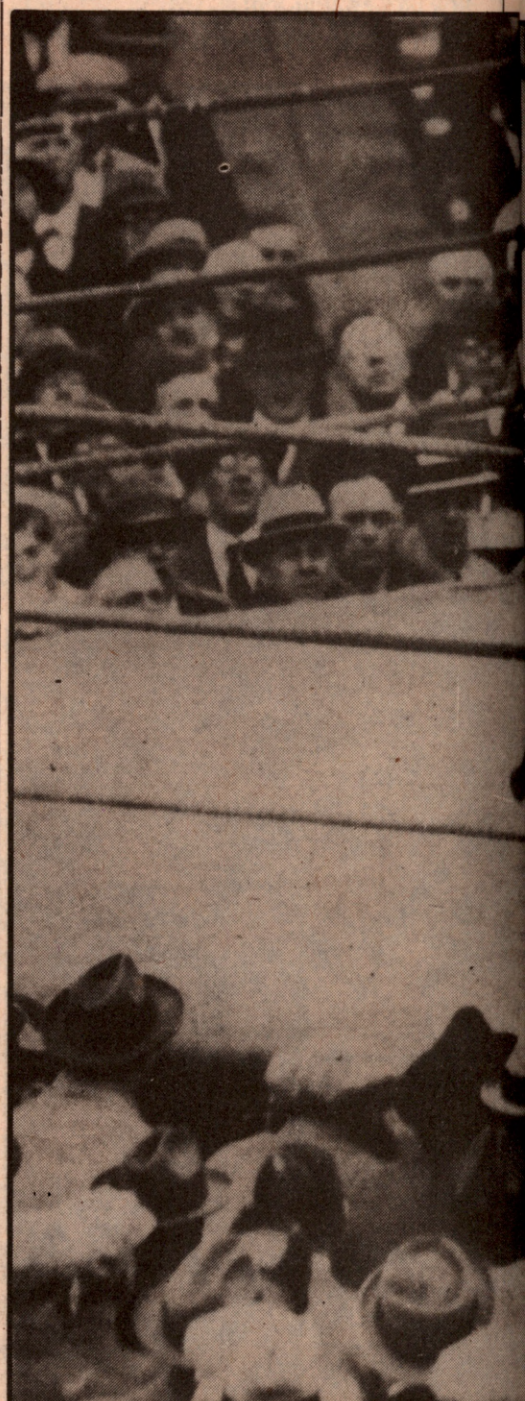
According to available records, his first fight took place on Washington's Birthday, 1918, at a benefit show at the "Y." He and his foe, a chap named Young Orsini, who does not appear again in this story, got into such a tangle of irascibility, blood, arms, legs and punches, that they mauled one another sick, dizzy, and insensible to the canvas and the Physical Instructor at the "Y" had to stop the bout to save them both from injury. But Mickey thought the whole thing was just fine. He had never had so much fun in his life.

He fought two more bouts, winning them by knockouts, and then ran up against the kind of thing that almost every champion meets early in his career and which remains ineradicably on the record books to plague him for the rest of his life. In this case, the party was named Phil Delmont—and he also plays no subsequent part in this tale. But during his brief appearance, he hung one onto young Mickey's jaw in round one and knocked him stone cold for a count of about 43. Mickey was stopped more than once later in his career, but this was the only time he was ever completely parted from his senses for the full count.

However, Mickey was not exactly the sensitive neurotic type, likely to carry the scars of this disaster around him for a lifetime. As a matter of fact, he forgot it by the next morning and went on from there to become a local attraction and win a half dozen or so bouts via the left-hook-and-lay-'em-in-the-sweet-peas method at the old Laurel A.C. in Newark, where the late Jack Bulger was the matchmaker.

Bulger, who knew a natural battler when he saw one, promised Mickey that if he would sign with him he would have him in the ring inside of six months with Jack Britton, the welterweight champion of the world. Walker, who was just 19, signed. And Bulger made good. True, he only produced Britton in an overweight, no-decision match in 1921, but it was the move of a wise and smart manager, for he wanted the truculent little slugger to get a taste of what it ws like to tangle with an old cutey-pie who knew better than to leave his head hanging around within range to be used for a punching bag. A tireless, slugging hooker can be made to look very bad by a cool, experienced boxer the *first* time out—but not often the second.

That was the way Bulger had it tagged, figuring it wouldn't hurt this punch-generous young slugger to have a little boxing

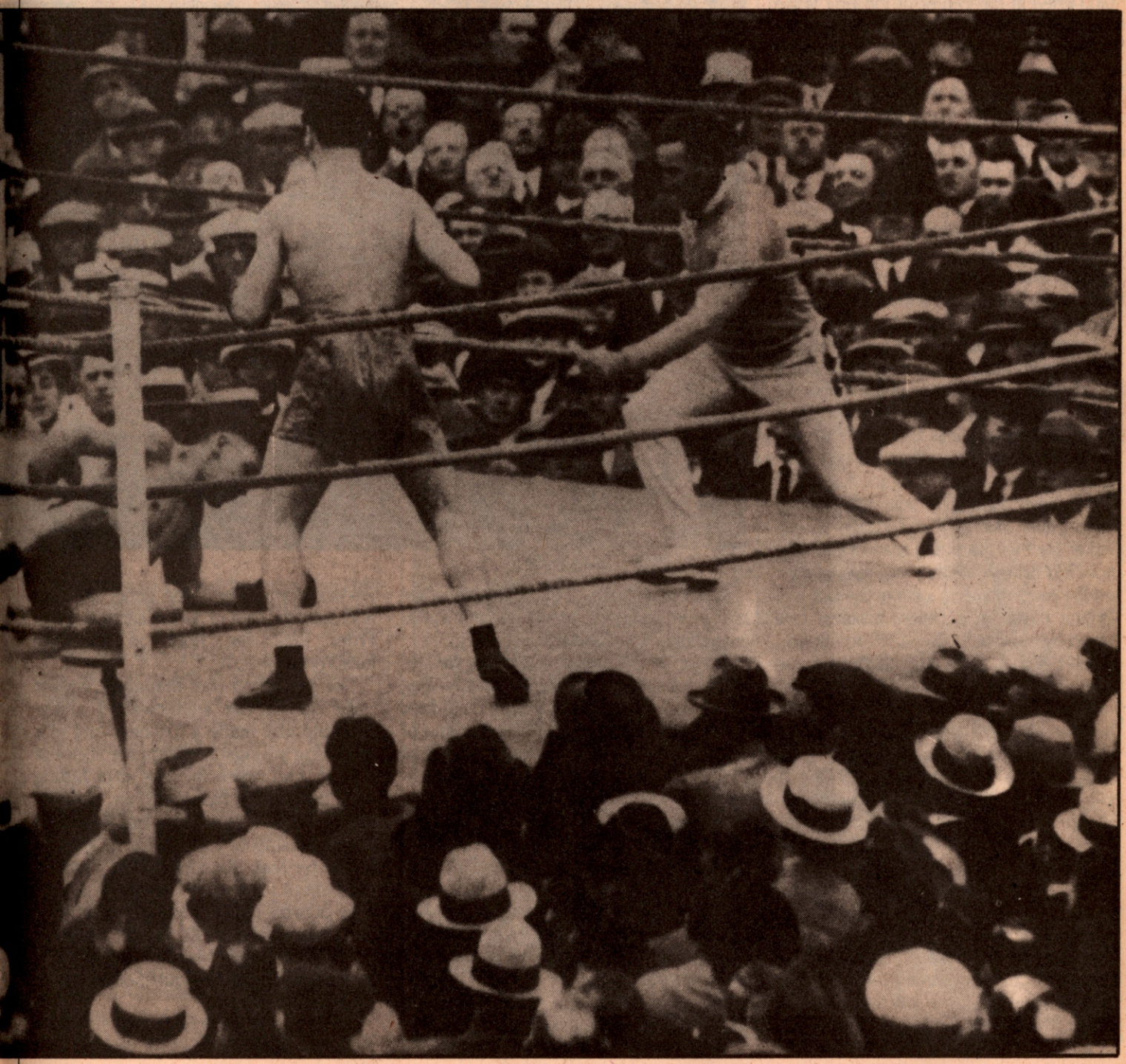


lesson from a master of economy of action, strategy, timing, and pacing. And since it was a no-decision bout, it couldn't go into the record books as a loss. But the lighthearted, irrepressible, ebullient, and bellicose Walker wasn't thinking along those lines and refused to cooperate. He wasn't impressed with Britton's age, cunning, and experience. Or with his title. He just waded in and all of a sudden, Boom! Before anybody knew what was happening, there was Britton on the deck from a slap on the lug with the arbiter tolling seconds over him. Mickey very nearly won that welterweight championship right then and there.

His inexperience did tell at that point and Britton was cute enough to survive the knockdown by applying all the tricks and cunning he knew. But when the fight was over, the newspapermen who attended awarded *their* decision to the pugilistic baby. So the way it turned out, Britton was one man Mickey knew he could lick the next time he met him at weight and for the title. For the rest of 1921, Walker fought his closest rival, Dave Shade, three times, knocking him out once, winning over him and losing to him, as well as conquering a string of local Joe Nobodies.

In 1922, Bulger really began to groom him for the championship and moved him into hotter company, including Lou Bogash, Jock Malone, Georgie Ward, and Pal Reed. Mickey won some and lost some, but all the time he was gaining experience and a record. When, finally, on November 1, Bulger maneuvered Jack Britton into Madison Square Garden (the old, old smelly one, of course) to lay the welterweight title on the line, Mickey was primed.

This business deal was consummated in the old Madison Square Garden beneath the statue of Diana under the aegis of Tex Rickard, promoter, and Frank Flournoy, matchmaker, and was the occasion of a



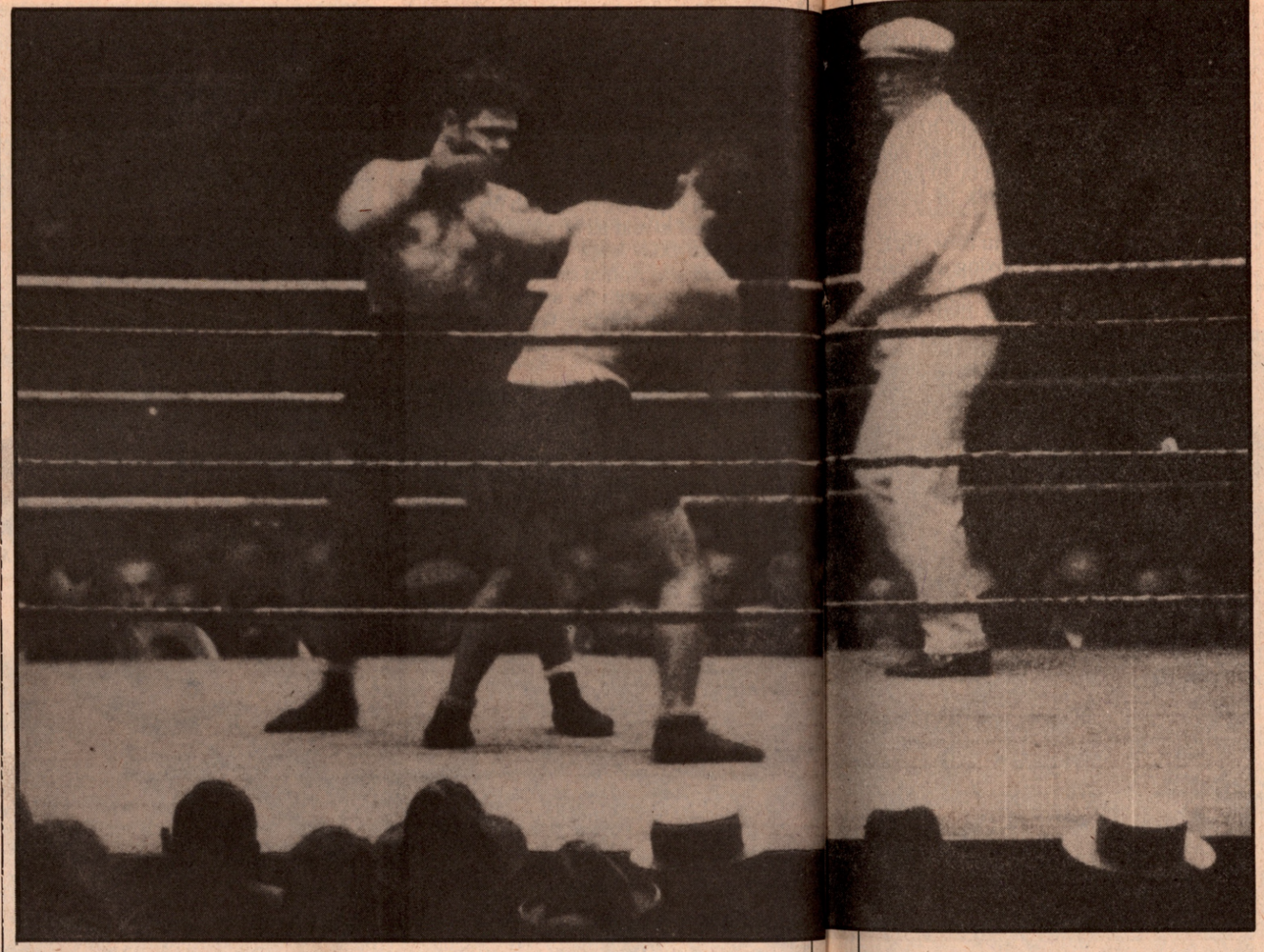
teary and sentimental binge when Britton surrendered his title but walked away with all the chips.

Remember, this was 1922, and we were just beginning to toddle down the high road to the abysmal cynicism of the later years of the decade. The spectacle of an old man of the ring (37), veteran of some 286 fights, being battered, thrice floored, and finally dethroned by a boy just turned 20, 17 years his junior, was an occasion for tears—at least Britton's—and, of course, many a sportswriter oiled his typewriter with fluid from his lachrymal ducts.

Wrote Harry Newman in the *Daily News:* Poor Jack Britton! The old champion cried in the center of the ring while the crowd gave him probably the greatest ovation that ever was accorded a fallen champion. Three times during the conflict, Jack was pounded to the floor by his youthful opponent. In the 10th round, Britton was battered down and only the bell saved him from a knockout. A left hook to the chin scored most of the knockdowns. Walker used the left with deadly effect through the fight. Mickey gave Britton an awful pounding throughout the entire journey and there was no hesitancy in the end, when the officials declared in favor of the Jerseyite. Youth had to be served."

I cannot find any of my own deathless prose celebrating this event for a very good reason. I had just been fired from the job of movie critic of the New York *Daily News* and kicked into the sports department, where, as a new boy, I was not yet allowed to go to prize fights. However, had I been there, I would most surely have pulled out all the stops on a tear-jerker for that grand old man of the ring, poor old Britton, for that was yet the style on the sports pages in spite of the fact that Britton made an excellent business deal whereby he sold the title to Bulger, Walker & Co., for a very high price, as was also just beginning to be the custom in those days. Not that Britton did not give his best effort in the ring, but the deal was that Bulger, for Walker, agreed to take 50% of the net and pay Britton a guarantee of $30,000 for laying his title on the line and coming in at weight. Since the gross amounted to but $49,000, this left Mickey $10,000 short and Britton sitting pretty. But Walker had the title, and before he was finished with the ring, Mickey had won and laughed his way through several millions of dollars.

And so, after a three-year campaign from the age of 17, this gay and avid little slugger from New Jersey had, at the age of 20, achieved what sometimes we liked to call the pinnacle of fame, and on other and more festive occassions, fistiana's prized bauble—the world title.



There then came a bad break for the new champion, for early in the following year his best friend and manager, Jack Bulger, died suddenly, leaving the ship of the fighter's career pilotless. A friend of Bulger's, Joe Degnon, filled in, but it wasn't the same. Shortly after winning the championship, Walker married Maude, a girl from his neighborhood, and a year later their first son was born. The marriage ended in divorce.

He was a manager's delight, this kid from Jersey, light-hearted, easy to handle, loved to train, loved to fight, good family man devoted to his wife, didn't smoke, never touched a drop. The question of how long it would be before this effervescent, tough Irish kid broke loose was answered when he came under the care and management of Jack Kearns in 1925. From then on, hold on to your hats!YeeeeeeeeOW!

The perfumed one managed Walker right out of the welterweight championship and made a has-been out of a blooming youngster within the space of a year. And seven months after hitting rock bottom, he managed him right into his second title—the middleweight championship of the world. In spite of this latter feat, distance fails to lend enchantment to brother Kearns as a manager of prize fighters. He was matchless as a colorful character, but his influence on Walker and his acuteness as a matchmaker must be questioned, as we shall see later.

At any rate, Kearns began the year 1925 by sending Mickey against the cleverest and cagiest boxer in the light-heavyweight division, the-then champion, Mike McTigue, a cutey if ever there was one. This was in a 12-round, no-decision match in Newark, the only way McTigue would risk his title—if it could be called a risk. Walker would have had to knock him out to win. You might call it a good gamble on Kearns' part, but if memory serves me, the fight turned out to be a stinker and Walker lost the newspaper decision. And considerable prestige.

Followed two knockout victories on the Coast over Bert Colima and a party by the name of Lefty Cooper and then, on July 2, Walker fought Harry Greb 15 rounds for Greb's middleweight title at the Polo Grounds on the big charity card promoted by Humbert Fugazy for the benefit of the Italian Hospitals fund.

This was a night of nights, and I note from the file that not only was I in attendance at the ringside as reporter and critic, but I also broadcast this set of bouts over that somewhat new-fangled instrument, the radio of Barney Gimbel's station, WGBS, to the great distress of many listeners.

I remember the evening very well. My friend and golfing pal, Dave Shade, scored a sensational upset by knocking out Buffalo's boxing marvel, Jimmy Slattery. Harry Wills, the perennial Logical Contender for Dempsey's title, flattened Charley Weinert in two heats and the unorthodox, windmiling Greb gave Walker the licking of his life in 15 thrilling rounds.

There was a story that Walker, close to collapse in the 14th round from the shellacking Greb had given him following a stunning right to the jaw, clung desperately to his opponent in a clinch and begged, "Don't knock me out, Harry." But I didn't hear it and I never particularly believed it because Mickey wasn't the type to beg for mercy. Walker made one game rally in the final round through a froth of blood and finished a badly beaten little man.

Walker had now failed dismally against two heavier men. In September of that year, he barely escaped with his title against a legitimate welterweight, Dave Shade, winning the decision only after a desperate 15th-round rally. The following year Kearns took Walker to Pete Latzo's home town, Scranton, Pennsylvania, and staked Walker's title in a 10-round championship bout. Mickey wasn't in the best of shape. Latzo was primed and was fighting before the home folks and his brother coal miners,

Left: Pete Latzo won a wild ten-round brawl to capture the Bulldog's welter crown in '26; Below: Mick and Slick—The champ and Doc Kearns in a sober moment.

Above: Mickey couldn't seem to get his baby interested in learning the rudiments of a boxing stance; Left; Walker finished Tommy Milligan off in the 10th, but in the sixth the Bulldog was cautioned by referee Eugene Corri.

who had bet hundreds of thousand of dollars on him. When Kearns and Walker left Scranton they no longer owned the world welterweight title, for which Bulger had so successfully planned and intrigued.

This disaster took place in May. A month later, in Madison Square Garden, Mickey was stopped in eight rounds by Joe Dundee, a Baltimore Italian and no more than an average good welterweight. Walker appeared to be washed up at the ripe old age of 25.

On December 3, he fought the middleweight champion of the world, Tiger Flowers, in Chicago, took a beating for 10 rounds, and at the conclusion was awarded one of those mysterious and wholly undeserved decisions that happen every so often in the sweet-scented game. It took months for the uproar over that one to die down, but Mickey was the champion and that remained on the books. And actually, nobody but Walk Miller, manager of Tiger Flowers, and a few people with a sense of justice and outrage, cared about what had happened to Tiger Flowers.

The Tiger was a kindly, good-hearted Negro, a reader of the Bible and a church deacon, who was always being skinned, diddled, crossed, robbed and hornswoggled. In the pre-Joe Louis days of the Golden Decade, it was still the custom to do this, and sometime if you really want to be made to feel sick, you can go back in the files and read a famous sportswriter's article praising Flowers for being a Negro who "knew his place." That is to say, he maintained an humble and servile attitude in the presence of the white blackguards who cheated him right and left. I didn't see the Walker-Flowers fight, but was present on several other occasions when the deacon was publicly bilked in Madison Square Garden.

Having won the middleweight title, Walker, with a few exceptions, fought anyone and everyone except middleweights. But you wouldn't want to look down your nose at him for that, at least I don't from where I am sitting today, because he wasn't taking on little men, suckers or setups, but big light heavyweights and heavyweights. And the best.

Kearns and Walker were always embroiled with the New York State Athletic Commission and were under suspension for this or that real or fancied breach of august commission edicts most of the time. They also defied the NBA, the National Boxing Association.

This may have been smart, but I never thought so and the record will bear me out. If you will examine it, you will come across the astonishing fact that from June 24, 1926, when Walker was stopped by Joe Dundee, until July 22, 1931, after he relinquished the middleweight title, Walker did not have a single fight in New York, although during that period he took part in 40 fights against excellent opponents in other cities in the United States.

But the big money was in New York. Kearns' defiance of the boxing authorities cut him out of many a huge purse on the big open-air cards that were coining fortunes in New York during the great dollar boom. New York was really Mickey's hometown, pugilistically speaking. A fighter boxing on the home grounds gets a certain amount of protection, and if nothing else, he *feels* that he is—which is important, too. On those out-of-town jaunts, Walker was exposed to all kinds of frames, crosses, and local shenanigans because the boys could get away with more away from the vigilance of the New York sportswriters and the commission.

One of those things that went wrong I remember seeing in Philadelphia back in 1929 when Walker went there to fight a tough Pole by the name of Leo Lomski. Nobody had seen Walker for a couple of years, and in the meantime he had knocked out Mike McTigue, beaten Paul Berlenbach and Ace Hudkins, as well as lost a decision to light heavyweight champion Tommy Loughran in Chicago. Philadelphia was close enough for a bunch of us to drop down to have a look at Mickey in action.

I forget the exact details, but I think the boys were supposed to step 10 nice, easy rounds to a draw with an understanding that there was to be no roughhousing or hooliganism during the evening but just a pleasant educational demonstration of the manly art of self-defense.

This being the case, Mickey was quite within the limits of usage and custom when he entered the ring wearing a nice life preserver of suet around his midriff. But in less time than it takes you to say the word "sucker," he found himself on the deck because Lomski had forgotten his lines and was hitting for keeps. Check me if I'm wrong, but I have a vague recollection that brother Will Duffy, the well-dressed man who was later to be named Public Enemy No. 1, was somewhere in the vicinity of Lomski's corner.

Such a fretting and scrambling as there was on the Walker side of the ring you never saw, with Kearns applying restoratives and all known means of resuscitation, including artificial respiration and stimulants. Eventually, he got Mickey going again, but not before he had absorbed a prodigious slamming in the early rounds. That Mickey was able even to eke out the decision was more a tribute to his gameness and fighting ability and nerve than the success of Kearn's arrangements with the officials, if any.

A similar disaster was encountered in Louisville, Kentucky, the following May, where Kearns took Walker to pick up some easy coin in the annual prize fight promoted there on the eve of the Kentucky Derby. In this instance, the sucker was a not very well-known light heavyweight from Walker's home state by the name of Paul Swiderski, a boy with a lantern jaw, sandy hair, and baleful eyes. He also proved to have a kick like a mule.

This time, Mickey was not only carrying a load of lard on his frame, he was also carrying a load, having learned about liquor from the versatile Kearns and during their junket in Europe, about which more later. In the Lomski fight, Mickey had only buffeted around a little, but after Swiderski had knocked him down about six times in the first round and finally dropped him for what looked like keeps with a free throw to the chops, the little warrior was colder than a pickled mackerel. To all intents and purposes, he was finished for the evening, if not for the season.

In this emergency, and before the count of 10 had reached its fatal conclusion, the agile Kearns, who *could* think

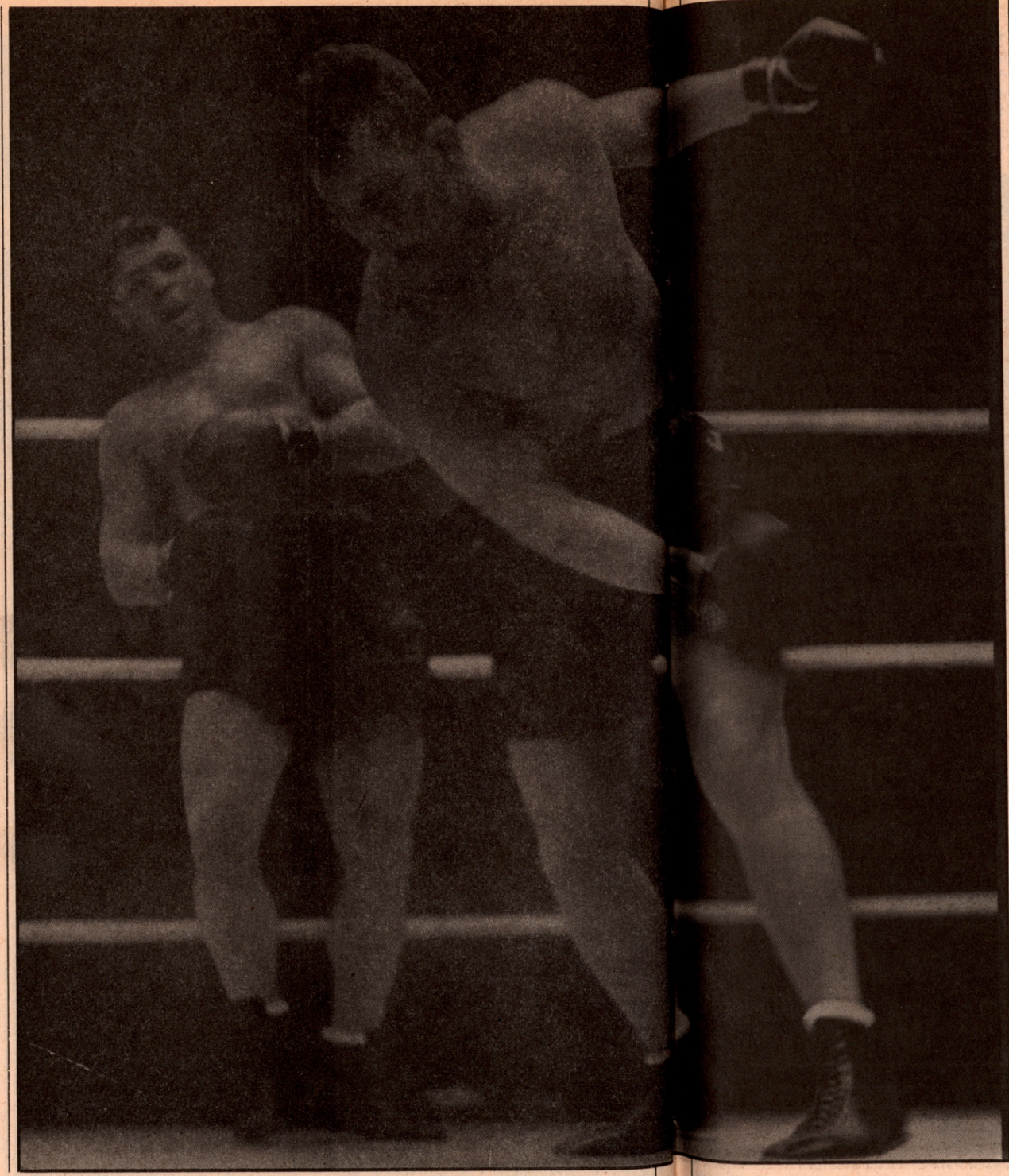
quickly even if his long-range planning was at times imbecilic, ran around to the side of the ring where Walker was laid out and dumped a bucket of cold water over his head. By this time, having acquired a taste for both beer and whiskey, not to mention ale, hock, and champagne, Mickey was highly allergic to water. The shock raised him from the dead shortly before the bell came to his rescue. Kearn's first aid was, of course, strictly against the rules, but as I said before, you could get away with a lot more in the provinces.

Eventually, Mickey lasted out the 10 nightmarish rounds (it was a no-decision affair) but absorbed another harrowing pummeling. I was never able to believe that a fellow who could guide his charge into traps like that could really be much good as a manager. In a later return engagement, for which Walker prepared propérly, he had no difficulty giving Swiderski an uncomfortable evening.

But, you know, the whole thing was just a big joke to Mickey, knockdowns, beatings and all, and he never stopped laughing at all the fun there was in life. How he and Kearns and the mob that hung out with them enjoyed life! Mickey had his first drink of champagne in England after he knocked out Tommy Milligan, the Scot champion. He got quite merrily stiff on it and stayed stiff for days. They all did, having something to celebrate since the confident and light-hearted Kearns had bet their end of the purse and they had collected double.

This was the occasion of Mickey's famous trip to Ireland to visit the old folks, or at least the haunts of the old folks, of which you have probably heard. But it will bear repeating.

After his triumph over Milligan, whom he knocked kicking in 10 rounds, Walker, nicely steeped in vintage bubbly, demanded a sentimental journey to Ireland. Kearns, willing to humor this foible, sent Walter (Good Time Charley) Friedman to purchase the tickets for the cross-channel boat ride that would see them all treading the ould sod. But Friedman, on the voyage across from the USA, had encountered a blonde on the liner. She had accepted his attentions but resisted his advances. However, she had indicated that she might possibly not be quite so adamant were Mr. Friedman to pay her court in Paris, where she was domiciled, and had forthwith surrendered her address.



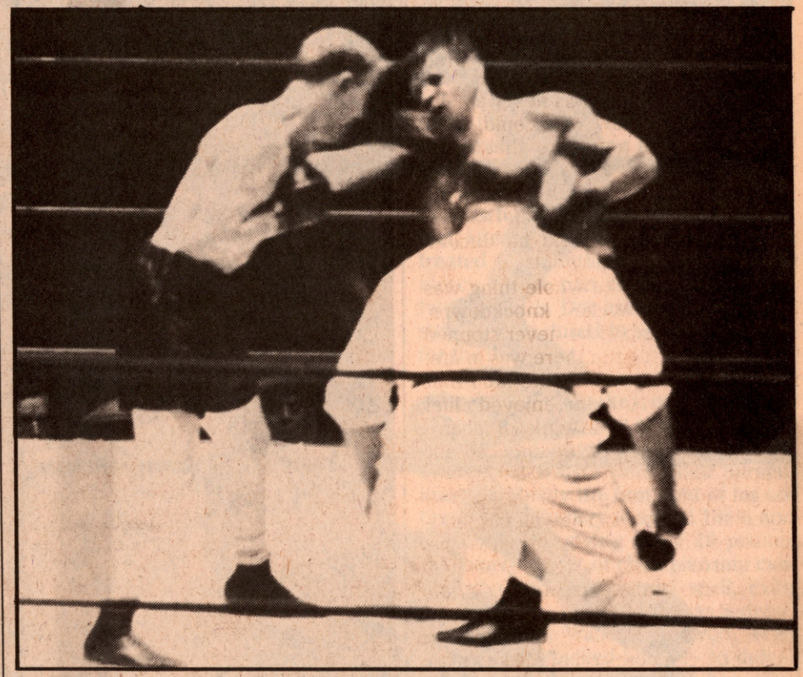
This slip of paper was burning in brother Friedman's pocket as he went to the Cook's Tours office to invest in the pasteboards. And since he was definitely the one who had no ties whatsoever with anything Hibernian, he purchased tickets to France instead, counting upon the fact that both Kearns and Walker would be too plastered to notice which way there were going until they got there—after which, provided the champagne kept flowing, they wouldn't care.

This indeed proved to be the case, except that it took Walker about four days to find out that he was in France and not in Ireland. He thought, and not unnaturally, when he heard the natives on the quayside, in the train, and on the streets, conversing in a strange language, that they were talking Gaelic. He never did get to Ireland. Ever.

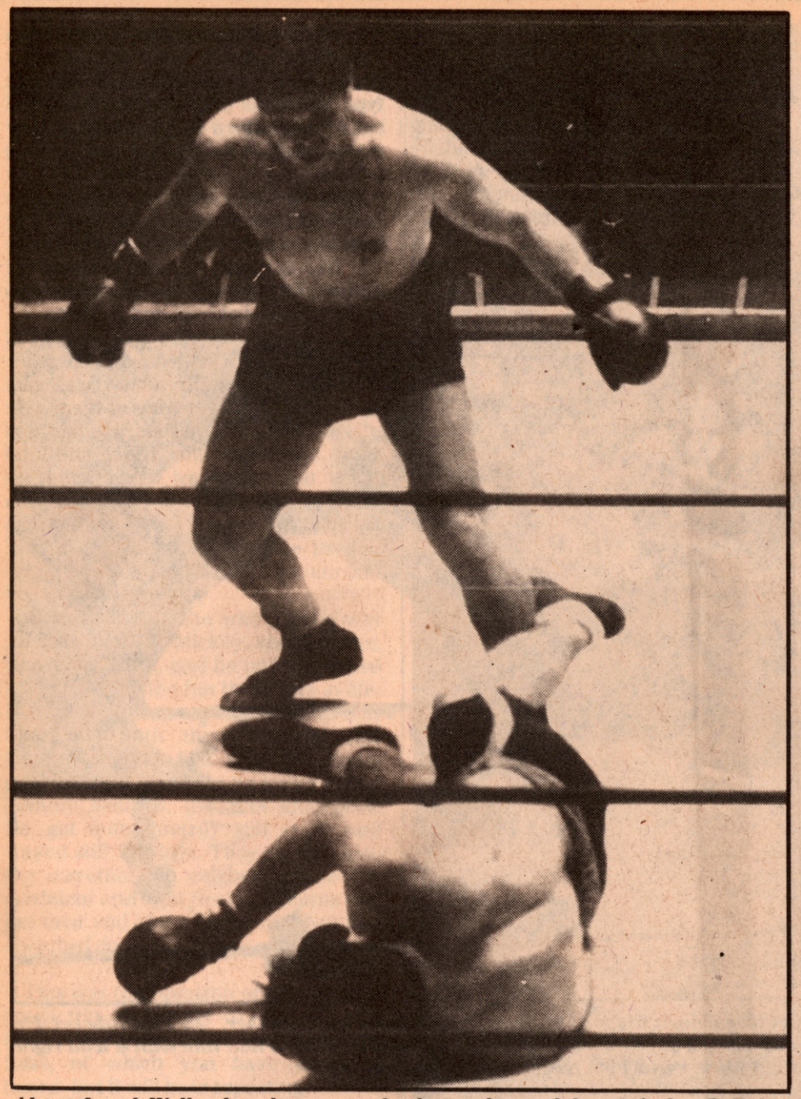
Well, picture yourself *that* trip. A bunch of crazy, irresponsible guys, a young kid who had never tasted the grape or much al fresco alley-catting, and who had just won a pile of money stiffening a Joe who had tried to take his world's chamionship away from him, all let loose in Paris, and you can begin to get an idea of the fun. Not the type that wins praise from the pulpit, but Mickey was a rough, tough young animal, full of spirits and merry as a grig.

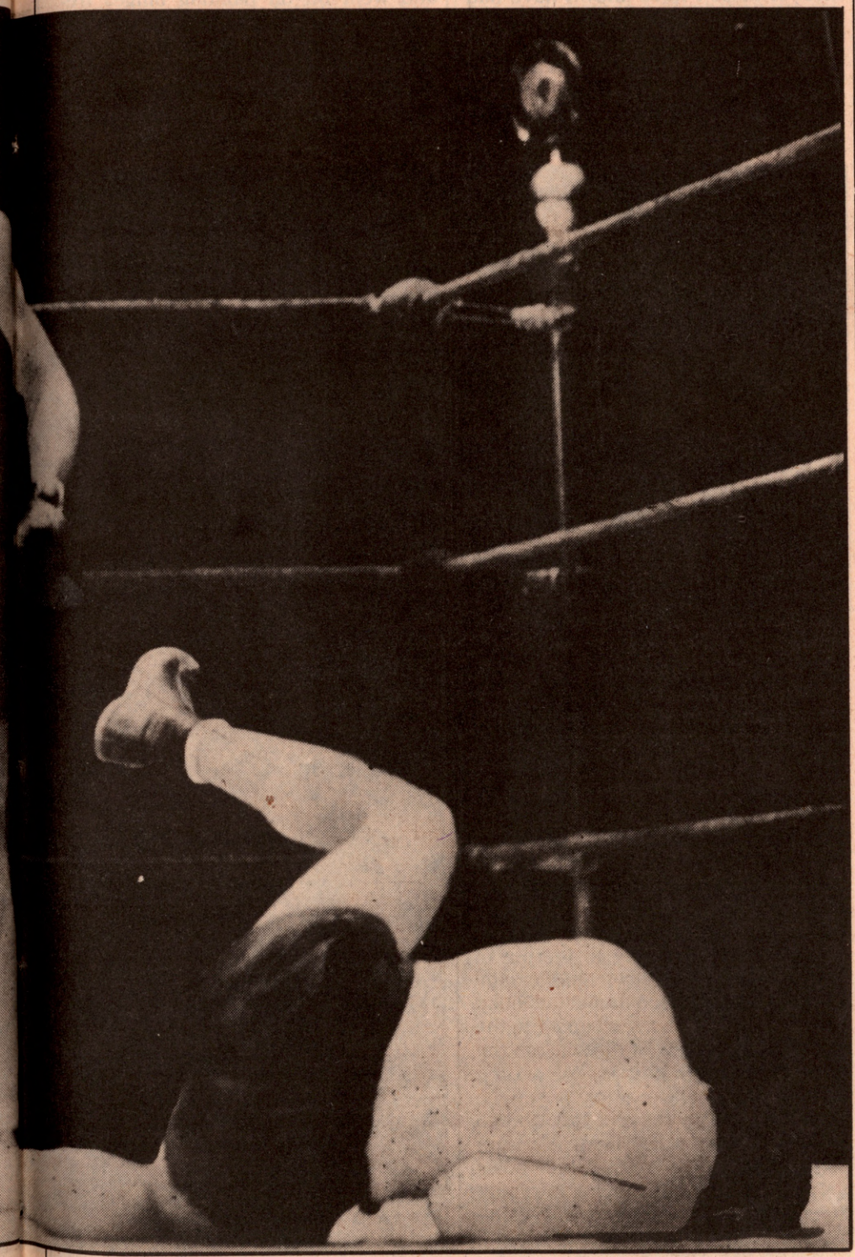
Some idea may be had from a look at the divorce testimony of Maude, his first wife, which was to the effect that ". . . he has made our home a clandestine meeting place for married men and women. This has resulted in three divorce suits already . . . Mickey threatened me, beat me, threw me out of the house. He started to go wrong when he went to Paris. When he returned, he just kept chasing booze and women . . ."

His second wife, Clara, had also departed from his midst shortly after their marriage when, as she gave evidence, she and her mother came home to surprise Mickey with a number of empty bottles and a full blonde on the premises. Of course you mustn't believe *everything* you read in divorce testimonies, as there is a tendency on both sides to lay it on a little thick. But one gathers that the Kid from Elizabeth was



Walker caught a good left from Ace Hudkins in November, '29 bout (above). He stepped out of harm's way when King Levinsky tried to nail him with a wild right (left). Mickey won both ten-rounders on points.





Above: It took Walker less than a round to batter the much-larger Arthur DeKuh to the canvas four times and score a knockout in December, 1932 in Los Angeles. Right: Ten weeks earlier, it was Walker who was battered down in eight, when he dared to challenge former Heavyweight Champion, Max Schmeling.

no angel, and can anyone please tell me why he should have been one?

The company he kept! Chased out of New York, as has been noted, he did a lot of his fighting around Chicago and Detroit in the days when the Purple Gang was operating in the Motor City, and Capone and his merry company controlled the Chicago underworld. Whether or not they really influenced the referees and the officials, they no doubt *said* they did and it behooved a pugilist to receive them politely and meet them socially. When you found yourself with Mickey and he was in the mood you could get him to tell you the lovely story on the shenanigans in the Morrison, or one of those Loop hostels, involving the drunken Midwest football alumnus. Machine Gun Jack McGurn, on for the big game with several ladies of not too difficult virtue, Mickey, and, of course, Doc Kearns. What else could Walker do but smile at the antics of these wonderful screwball people?

And so he went on through his late twenties and early thirties keeping pace with the era, fighting, boxing, wenching, suffering, laughing, and at all times in the ring displaying a most indomitable courage and superb aggressiveness. I was about to say unquenchable aggressiveness, but this was not so, for when he elected to tangle with the heavyweights and they had some class and a punch in addition to heft, like Max Schmeling, the German who served a brief spell as heavyweight champion of the world, they could quench him all right.

I must say I find my prose describing this Schmeling event a trifle lush, but that's how we wrote in those days, and evidently the folks liked it or they would have tossed us out on our ears. Dripping my pen in gore, I wrote: " . . . In case you missed the eighth and last round of that little prizefight in Long Island tonight between Mickey Walker and Max Schmeling, you might run down to the slaughter house on First Avenue and 44th Street and watch them dress beef. If you want to know what it was like, it was like the slaughtering of an ox, a desperate little ox . . . Once, Herr Schmeling, the German butcher who appeared to be fixing up a side of beef for the trade remembered who he was, that he had human attributes, and signaled to referee Jack Denny that he thought the beef was well-dressed, and would he not end this horrid, bloody inhuman dream. The referee, however was for more slaughter.

"Walker was a study in pain in that last round. Can you imagine how he must have hurt? His mouth was cut. Both eyes were shut. One of them was cut, his lips were mashed. He had nothing but a smear for a face and into this smear Schmeling kept driving his fists . . ."

Walker was down for two counts in that awful round but finished on his feet, after which the happy clients were treated to something rare, a show of mercy on the part of Doc Kearns. Between rounds, Doc asked the referee to stop it and refused to send Walker out for the next heat.

Against Jack Sharkey, one of the really good heavyweights of the day, as far as skill and physical equipment was concerned, Walker performed miraculously, probably the best fight of his entire career. Sharkey weighed 198½ and Walker 169½, giving away 29 pounds to a heavyweight of championship caliber who once, for a brief spell, even held the title. The verdict was a draw, but I thought Walker had won, even though I had picked Sharkey to defeat him decisively. I gave Walker nine rounds to five for Sharkey and one even. The referee Arthur Donovan, also voted for Walker.

When this was over, I treated my readers to one of those rare moments of self-accusation which come to sportswriters now and again, and it might amuse you: "A thorough digest of the articles pertaining to the recent prize fight between Mickey Walker and Jack Sharkey leaves me a little wearied with some of my colleagues . . . I hasten to include myself in this category. Nobody will ever know how tired I am of myself right now and I think pretty soon I will go away on a little cruise and try the Mickey Walker recipe for health, strength, and success, which is to pickle the innards thoroughly with beer and vintage, stay up all night, and look at

the brighter side of life . . . "

"When it was over, there was only sadness in my heart that Gallico should have demonstrated himself such a sap . . . that after all these years he had not learned that, basically, Mickey Walker was a great fighter and a great champion in his own class. I would be happy to exclude myself from this gathering if I could; that is, from my present low opinion of boxing experts, but I don't see how I can without buying up all available back copies of *The News* where I sneered at Walker's ability, his method of living, etc., and destroy them all . . . "

All this, I assure you, was upsetting to me to read later. So I was on the side of the moralists and panned Mique for his mode of living. Priggish sort of a fellow I must have been in those days. Walker really had something to smile about now. His was the dough, the dames, the glory, and the fun.

The Schmeling debacle took place in 1932. Walker fought on through '33, '34, and '35, winning a couple here, losing a couple there, still playing with the heavyweights and still getting himself knocked out upon occasion. In 1934, Paul Pirrone stopped him in Philadelphia. On November 29, 1935, Walker fought a workhorse German heavyweight by the name of Eric Seelig, probably at one of the smaller fight clubs. Seelig knocked him out in the seventh round. And that is the last time the name of Mickey Walker appears in the record books. The doughty little man put away his gloves at the age of 34 after a 17-year campaign of 162 battles, two world titles, and the display of much valiance, and settled down, apparently to the painful career of doing nothing for the rest of his life.

This is one of the major tragedies of the prize ring, that the successful pugilist must end his active career between the ages of 30 and 40, if not sooner, and if he has retained some of his earnings, not to mention all of his buttons, he is at a loss for what to do. The usual thing is for him to open a saloon, attract the clientele by lending his name and presence to the establishment, and round out his days in an atmosphere of beer and bull.

This Walker did. A restaurant and bar on 8th Avenue bore his name for a time, but it developed that he never actually had much to do with it. A saloon he actually owned and operated in Elizabeth appeared more yielding and prosperous. But Walker was no saloonkeeper. There was more to the man than just that.

There is, you know, more to almost all great ring champions. They all have a touch of genius. They must be special kind of people to be able to rise to the top in this dreadful profession, and most of those I have known have had extraordinary talents that manifest themselves in other lines of endeavor. Gene Tunney, for instance, was a clever mimic and could have made good on the stage. He did make good in business. Tony Canzoneri became a first-

Above: Mickey did other things on canvas in later years. Right: A by-then washed-up Walker managed a draw with Natie Brown, between his losses to Young Corbett III and Paul Pirrone in 1934.

rate comedian, as did Maxie Rosenbloom and Max Baer. Most of them, it turns out, can act better than the average amateur.

The thing is, no man capable of subjecting himself to the brutal and uncertain trade of prize fighting, able to punch and talk his way to the pot of gold at the end of the pugilistic rainbow, can be dismissed as a stupid hulk. True, boxing harbors a good many dumb oxen, but few of those climb out of the muck into the lap of luxury. Mickey Walker was one of those who simply refused to be kept down. Step on him all you want, he'd bob right back up again.

Mickey Walker did two things that stamped him as being touched with the spark. Having tasted life to the full and having had himself a whale of a time, he grew up and went on the wagon and found a means and a medium for expressing and fulfilling himself—creative painting in oils. He literally took art as a new mistress. This was the divorce complaint of his third wife, Mrs. Eleanor Marvil Walker, who charged that Mickey had deserted her for his art and went off on painting binges frequently when he disappeared with his tubes of oil paints, brushes, and canvases, and she did not see him for weeks. By all odds, a strange charge to bring against a man had up by other wives for booze, brawling and blondes.

And yet, it was true. Mickey fell head over heels in love with painting as he had with fighting, wenching, laughing, boozing, and living. And like all of those things, he gave it all he had.

It began, he tells, about seven years after he had quit the ring. He had been to see the movie "Moon and Sixpence." The next day, he bought an easel, palette, canvas, and a fistful of brushes, and went to work. At once a thousand questions, a thousand problems beset him. Gone was all boredom, all sense of frustration, all questions as to what he was put on earth for, all feeling that his career was over and his life's work done. He knew it had just begun. And painting became a happy obsession with him. For the first time that merry, devil-may-care smile departed from his lips and from his spirit. This was something that was going to be tougher to lick than anything he had ever faced before, in or out of the ring.

In 1944, Mickey Walker had his first one-man show in a Manhattan art gallery to the sound of considerable merriment and wisecracks from the sporting fraternity. And in 1945 another at which the catcalls and raspberries were conspicuously absent because there were some darned good primitives in the collection (A primitive, I gather, is a painting by somebody who doesn't know how to draw or paint very well, but has a feeling for colors and composition and loves it.)

Esquire Magazine ran a full page in color of reproductions of the works, and a serious art critic wrote a nice little piece with a few long hairs on it and one that was not in the slightest degree patronizing to the artist because he happened to have been a prize fighter and a world champion at two weights.

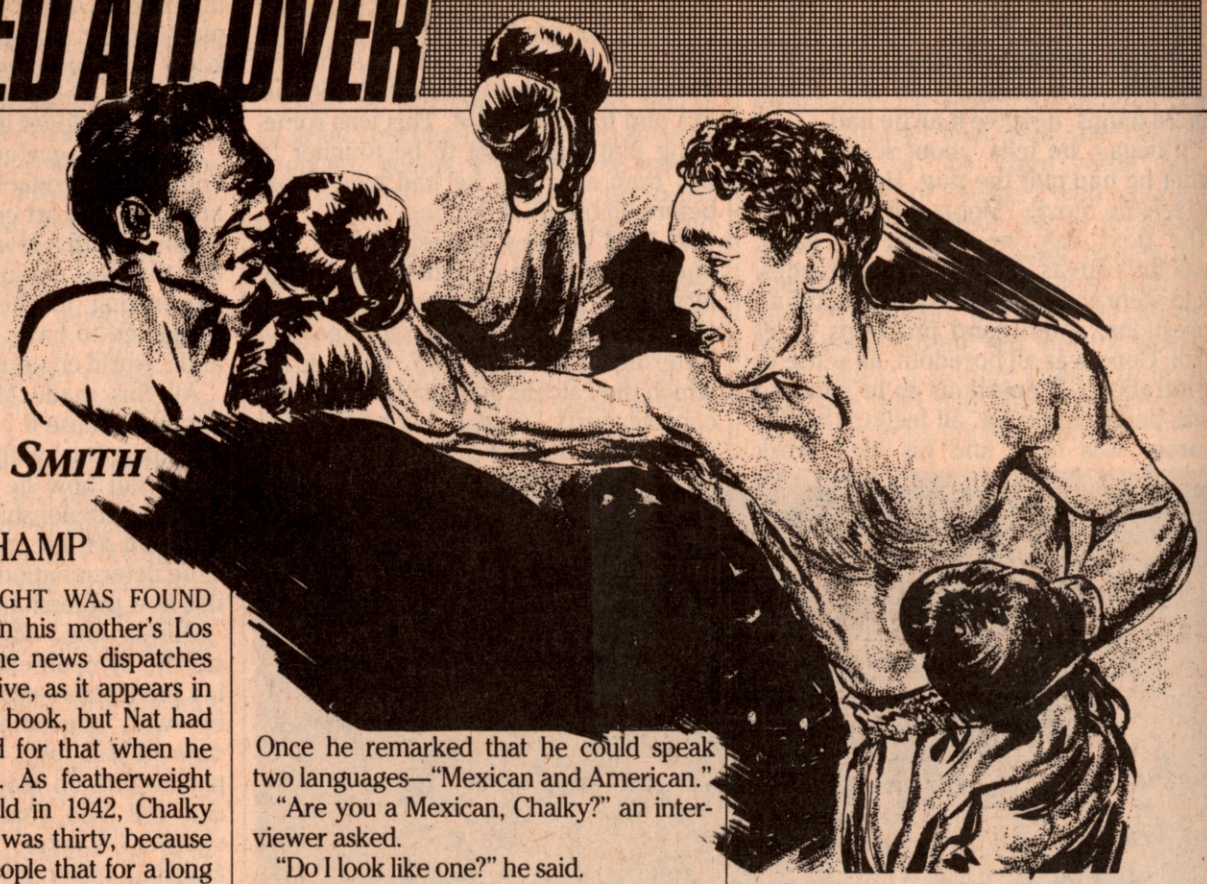
All this made Mickey Walker very happy, because if you had discussed art and painting with him you'd have found out how he came to win those world championships. You would hear, feel, and see the most fierce and invincible determination to get to the top in this new profession.

During the war, Walker rendered sturdy, sympathetic service entertaining the troops—particularly the wounded—with anecdotes and tales of his days in the ring. And since I accompanied him on many of these jaunts, I can tell you that I never heard a sweeter, franker, more delicious or amusing talker on those subjects. He was self-revealing, honest, and natural, honest as to himself, frank about his own shortcomings, including his days of drinking bouts, and excruciatingly funny when describing evenings that had gone a little haywire, such as the pre-Kentucky Derby affair with Paul Swiderski. And always he sang the praise of painting as a Godsend to occupy the idle hands and the bored and frustrated mind.

A restless soul, but with many of the talents of the creative artist, Walker tried the stage and the night-club floor, and did a brief comedy turn with that veteran night-trap comic, Tony Canzoneri. I then heard he was on the Coast trying to interest the movies in his life story.

Of course, if some smart picture company had put his story on the screen exactly has he lived it and saw it and tells it, with all the guys and dolls and muggs and managers and thugs and fall guys, it would have made one of the most fabulous and amusing films ever screened. But who ever heard of doing such a thing, really taking a little champion as he was and showing him with all his human failings and greedy little appetites and great zest for loving, living, liquoring, and larruping?

RED ALL OVER



BY RED SMITH

OLD CHAMP

WHEN CHALKY WRIGHT WAS FOUND dead in the bathtub in his mother's Los Angeles apartment, the news dispatches gave his age as forty-five, as it appears in Nat Fleischer's record book, but Nat had to take Chalky's word for that when he compiled the records. As featherweight champion of the world in 1942, Chalky used to tell people he was thirty, because he had been telling people that for a long time and saw no reason to change his story.

He was a great little man and a perfectly wonderful craftsman, and the chances are he fought on as late into life as Archie Moore or Jersey Joe Walcott. In 1942 Willie Pep, just turned twenty, stabbed and ran, jabbed and fled, and stole away with Chalky's title in fifteen rounds.

"I'd hate to win the championship of the world with a fight like that," a fellow said that night in Chalky's dressing room.

"If I was a kid like him," Chalky said, "fighting an old man like me, I'd box the same as he did."

After more than two hundred professional matches, Pep admired and respected Chalky above any other opponent. Many of the marvelous moves that, even today, Willie can make better than anyone else in the world, were learned in their forty-three rounds together. Four years after winning the title, having outpointed Chalky a second time in fifteen rounds and again in ten, Willie knocked him out in the third round in Milwaukee.

"Hey, boy," Chalky said, "you learned to punch."

"Learned to punch!" Willie said wryly afterward. "I knocked out an old man."

Whenever it actually happened, Albert Wright was born in Durango, Mexico. Once he remarked that he could speak two languages—"Mexican and American."

"Are you a Mexican, Chalky?" an interviewer asked.

"Do I look like one?" he said.

His father, a regular soldier in the United States cavalry, had jumped the border into Mexico and married the granddaughter of a slave escaped from Georgia. He left home when Chalky was a baby and Chalky barely remembered him, though in later years he heard that his father was working as a Pullman porter.

The boy grew up in Los Angeles, learning much that isn't found in books, like how to make eight the hard way. Though books never were a paramount interest—he found flaws even in a classic like Nat Fleischer's, which listed only 125 fights for him, whereas he reckoned he'd had at least three hundred—he was something of a scholar in his way.

When Chalky held the title, Harry Markson, then writing publicity for Mike Jacobs, confided in a press release that the challenger was devoted to great music. Around came a reporter from *Etude* for an interview.

"What do you think of Mendelssohn?" the long-hair asked.

"Who'd he ever lick?" Chalky said.

"How about Brahms?"

"A little heavy for me," said the featherweight.

"Do you know Schubert?"

"I can't say I know him exactly," Chalky said, "but my actor friend, Canada Lee, introduced me to J.J. Shubert and his brother Lee, both."

"The guy stuck his pencil in his pocket and walked away like he thought I was crazy," Chalky told Markson reproachfully. "You got me in a lot of trouble."

About that time the whole fight game was heading for trouble, though Chalky and the others who had a hand in it didn't realize it. An old press release in Markson's file announced that Chalky's return match with Pep, in which he failed to regain the title, would be witnessed over television by wounded veterans in hospitals in the Philadelphia and Schenectady areas.

There had been experimental telecasts locally, but this, the announcement said, would be "the first time in history a fight will be shown on television on such an extensive scale." They didn't know the monster they were creating.

Chalky really did like classical music, but loved craps. Chances are he got about as much out of life as he expected. He never expected to wind up with money.

"Do you play the horses?" he was asked.

He said no, that game was too slow for him. Betting a race, a fellow had to wait too long to discover what happened to his money.

"The dice," Chalky said, "tell you right away."

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The RING's
FORMER CHAMPIONS

JOHNNY DUNDEE

Seagram's V.O. SALUTES The RING's FORMER CHAMPIONS

Born Giuseppe Carrora in Sicily on November 22, 1893, . . . Height, 5′ 4½″ . . . Like most stars of his day, he never fought as amateur . . . First manager was Scotty Monteith, who gave him the ring name "Dundee" after his birthplace in Scotland . . . Became a main event fighter in 1911, and victories over Tommy Houck and Joe Shugrue in no decision battles put him up with the world's leading featherweights . . . Shifty boxer, always moving head and torso . . . Referee Charles Eyton declared his 20-round meeting with champ Johnny Kilbane at the Vernon (Calif.) Arena a draw on April 29, 1913 . . . Kilbane would never meet Dundee again . . . Johnny spent the next eight years meeting the best featherweights and lightweights in the country . . . Fought a thrilling eight-bout series with Benny Leonard . . . A smart, fast man, Dundee was never knocked out until Willie Jackson caught him coming off the ropes in the first round in Philadelphia on January 15, 1917 . . . Won the vacant world junior lightweight crown by winning on a foul over George (K.O.) Chaney in Madison Square Garden on November 18, 1921 . . . New York Commission declared the featherweight title vacant in 1922, and Dundee won the crown by knocking out Danny Frush in the ninth round in Brooklyn . . . Won unanimous decision over Eugene Criqui, Kilbane's conqueror, a year later to win universal recognition . . . Lost junior lightweight crown to Jack Bernstein in the New York Velodrome, May 30, 1923 . . . Regained 130-pound title when he got the duke over Jack in a return go in the Garden on December 17 of same year . . . Lost the diadem again to Steve (Kid) Sullivan at Henderson's Bowl in Brooklyn on June 20, 1924 . . . A complicated series of maneuvers caused Dundee to resign the world featherweight title on August 10, 1924 . . . Three years later, he claimed he was still the champ, and his October 25, 1927 15-rounder with young Tony Canzoneri was considered a title bout by many fans and experts . . .Dundee retired after losing six out of 11 fights in 1929, tried a comeback in 1932. Died in East Orange, N.J. April 22, 1965 . . . Overall record: 113-31-18, with one "no contest" and 159 no decision

JOHNNY DUNDEE'S TITLE BOUTS

Apr.	29,	1913—Johnny Kilbane, Vernon, Calif . . . D	20
Nov.	18,	1921—George (K.O.) Chaney, New YorkWF	5
July	6,	1922—Jack Sharkey, Brooklyn . . . . . W	15
Aug.	15,	1922—Danny Frush, Brooklyn . . . . . KO	9
Aug.	28,	1922—Pepper Martin, New York. . . . . W	15
Feb.	2,	1923—Elino Flores, New York. . . . . W	15
May	30,	1923—Jack Bernstein, New York L	15
July	26,	1923—Eugene Criqui, New York . . . . . W	15
Dec.	17,	1923—Jack Bernstein, New York . . . . . W	15
June	20,	1924—Steve (Kid) Sullivan, Brooklyn . . . L	10
Oct.	25,	1927—Tony Canzoneri, New York. L	15

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